

The Complete  
Little Stories for Bedtime  
by  
Thornton W. Burgess  
1915

*The Complete Little Stories for Bedtime by Thornton W. Burgess, 1915.*

Edited by Peter W. Oehlkers.

Smiling Pond Press, 2024.

Most of the content collected here is in the public domain and may be freely distributed. New editorial content and the overall arrangement of the volume are distributed under a creative commons license. Please share but give the editor credit. By no means should it be sold.



# Contents

Introduction.	1
903. New Year for Peter Rabbit	3
904. Some New Year Resolutions	4
905. Peter Rabbit Fails to find Buster Bear	5
Illustrations. January 1 to January 2, 1915.	6
906. Peter Rabbit's Talks with Prickly Porky	7
907. A Hard Thing to Believe.	9
908. Jumper Loses His Sleep	10
909. A Grand Hunt for Buster Bear	11
910. How a Nose May be Better than Eyes	13
911. Peter Rabbit Investigates	14
Illustrations. January 4 to January 9, 1915.	15
912. Peter Rabbit's Nose Tells Him Something	16
913. Peter Rabbit's Great Discovery	17
914. Billy Mink Turns a Back-Somerset	19
915. Billy Mink Makes Reddy Fox Angry	20
916. Reddy Fox Visits Peter Rabbit	21
917. All on Account of Their Secret	23
Illustrations. January 11 to January 16, 1915.	24
918. Three Rogues Get Together	25
919. Blacky the Crow Unfolds a Plan	27
920. Spying on Peter Rabbit	28
921. Peter Rabbit Sees a Feather	30
922. Peter Rabbit Too Smart for Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow	31
923. Reddy and Granny Fox Miss a Good Dinner	32
Illustrations. January 18 to January 23, 1915.	33
924. Peter Rabbit's Joke Found Out	35
925. Everybody Goes Looking for Holes	36
926. Buster Bear is Forgotten	37
927. Jack Frost Sharpens Wits	39
928. Jerry Muskrat Sorry for His Neighbors	40
929. Solid Comfort in the Smiling Pool	41
Illustrations. January 25 to January 30, 1915.	43
930. Danny Meadow Mouse Laughs at Nanny	44
931. Nanny Meadow Mouse Might Have Laughed	45
932. Danny Learns What Frightened Him	46
933. Hooty the Owl's White Cousin	48

934. The Mistake of Reddy Fox	49
935. Hooty Quarrels with His Cousin	50
Illustrations. February 1 to February 6, 1915.	52
936. A Foolish Fight	53
937. Happy Jack Gets a Warning	54
938. Happy Jack's Run for Life	55
939. Who Saved Happy Jack Squirrel?	57
940. Happy Jack Misses Farmer Brown's Boy	58
941. Tommy Tit Brings News	59
Illustrations. February 8 to February 13, 1915.	61
942. Happy Jack Squirrel Decides to Make a Call	62
943. Tommy Tit and Happy Jack Make a Call	63
944. High-Cockalorum! Chick-Chickadee!	65
945. Happy Jack Squirrel Becomes Very Bold	66
946. Happy Jack Dares Tommy	67
947. Sammy Jay is Quite Upset	69
Illustrations. February 15 to February 20, 1915.	70
948. A Dream Comes True	71
949. Happy Jack Squirrel Has a Happy Thought	72
950. Farmer Brown's Boy Wakes With a Start	74
951. Happy Jack is Afraid to Go Home	75
952. New Home for Happy Jack	76
953. Farmer Brown's Boy Takes a Prisoner	77
Illustrations. February 22 to February 27, 1915.	79
954. A Prisoner Without Fear	80
955. What Farmer Brown's Boy Did With the Weasel	81
956. Happy Jack is Perfectly Happy	82
957. Sammy Jay Upsets Happy Jack Squirrel	83
959. Happy Jack Gets Busy	85
960. Blacky the Crow Makes a Discovery	86
Illustrations. March 1 to March 6, 1915.	88
961. Blacky Makes Sure	89
962. Blacky Finds Out Who Owns the Eggs	90
963. The Cunning of Blacky the Crow	91
964. Blacky the Crow Calls His Friends	93
965. Hooty the Owl Doesn't Stay Still	94
966. Blacky Tries Another Plan	95
967. Hooty Comes to Mrs. Hooty's Aid	96
Illustrations. March 8 to March 13, 1915.	97

968. Blacky Thinks of Farmer Brown's Boy	99
969. Farmer Brown's Boy and Hooty the Owl	100
970. Farmer Brown's Boy is Tempted	101
971. A Tree-Top Battle	103
972. Blacky Has a Change of Heart	104
973. Buster Bear Wakes Up	105
Illustrations. March 15 to March 21, 1915.	106
974. Blacky the Crow Laughs Himself Almost Sick	108
975. What Happened When Farmer Brown's Boy Jumped Down	109
976. Buster Smells Something Good	110
977. Buster Bear Sees Strange Things	111
978. Buster Bear is Perfectly Happy	113
979. The Piggishness of Buster Bear	114
Illustrations. March 22 to March 27, 1915.	115
980. Farmer Brown's Boy Runs All the Way Home	116
981. It is Planned to Give Buster Bear a Surprise	117
982. Farmer Brown Ready for Buster Bear	119
983. Buster Bear has His Picture Taken	120
984. A Happy, Happy Easter	121
985. Jimmy Skunk is Puzzled	123
Illustrations. March 29 to April 3, 1915.	124
986. Jimmy Skunk Sees his Friends	125
987. The Hunt for Old Mr. Toad	127
988. Peter finds Old Mr. Toad	128
989. Old Mr. Toad's Music Bag	129
990. Peter Discovers Something More	130
991. A Shadow Passes Over the Smiling Pool	132
Illustrations. April 5 to April 9, 1915.	133
992. Old Mr. Toad's Babies	134
993. The Smiling Pool Kindergarten.	136
994. The Little Toads Start Out to See the World	137
995. Old Mr. Toad's Queer Tongue	138
996. Old Mr. Toad Shows His Tongue	140
997. Peter Rabbit is Impolite	141
Illustrations. April 12 to April 17, 1915.	142
998. Old Mr. Toad Disappears	144
999. Old Mr. Toad Gives Peter a Scare	145
1000. Peter Rabbit Becomes a Quaddy	147
1001. Polly and Johnny Chuck Join the Quaddies	148

1002. Peter Rabbit Calls a Meeting	150
1003. Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies	151
Illustrations. April 19 to April 24, 1915.	152
1004. The Quaddies Talk it Over	153
1005. Sammy Jay Wants to be a Quaddy	155
1006. Sammy Jay is Told to See Peter Rabbit	156
1007. Sammy Jay is Very Polite to Peter Rabbit	158
1008. Sammy Jay Does a Kind Deed	159
1009. Another Meeting of the Quaddies	160
Illustrations. April 26 to May 1, 1915.	162
1010. Sammy Jay Now Becomes a Quaddy	163
1011. How Reddy Fox Became a Quaddy	164
1012. Buster Bear is Interested	165
1013. Buster Bear Has Visitors	166
1014. Little Joe Otter Springs a Surprise	168
1015. Peter Rabbit Goes Looking	169
1016. Little Joe Otter's Home	170
Illustrations. May 3 to May 8, 1915.	171
1017. Peter Rabbit Learns by Sitting Still.	172
1018. The School in the Green Forest	173
1019. The First Lesson in Swimming	175
1020. Great Fun on a Slippery Slide	176
1021. Farmer Brown's Boy has a Holiday	177
1022. A Family Fishing Party	178
Illustrations. May 10 to May 15, 1915.	179
1023. Old Man Coyote Catches a Young Fisherman	180
1024. Sammy Jay Again Proves Himself a True Quaddy	182
1025. The Funniest Babies in the World	183
1026. The Interest in the Possum Family	185
1027. How Many Children Had Unc' Billy Possum?	186
1028. Peter Rabbit Has a Shock	187
Illustrations. May 17 to May 23, 1915.	188
1029. Peter Rabbit Misses a Chance	189
1030. The Call of the Great World	191
1031. Three Little Possums in the Great World	192
1032. Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy See More.	193
1033. Frumpy's Great Adventure.	195
1034. Grumpy Learns His Lesson	196
Illustrations. May 24 to May 29, 1915.	197

1035. Bumpy Lives Up to His Name	198
1036. The Three Little Possums Meet Granny Fox	199
1037. Granny Fox is Very Pleasant	200
1038. Three Little Possums and Granny Fox	202
1039. Sammy Jay Again Proves a True Friend	203
1040. Old Granny Fox Shows Her True Self	204
Illustrations. May 31 to June 5, 1915.	205
1041. Old Granny Fox Tries Again	206
1042. Sammy Jay Does a Little Talking	208
1043. Old Granny Fox Comes Back	209
1044. Merry Little Breezes Bring a Message	210
1045. Frumpy Finds a Way	211
1046. Grumpy Makes a Discovery	213
Illustrations. June 7 to June 12, 1915.	214
1047. The Great World Seems Cold and Cruel	215
1048. Peter Rabbit is Consulted	216
1049. Peter Offers to Lead the Little Possums Home	218
1050. Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Talk it Over	219
1051. Old Granny Fox Tries a Sharp Trick	220
1052. Three Little Possums Find Granny Fox	221
Illustrations. June 14 to June 19, 1915.	222
1053. Old Granny Fox Comes to Life	224
1054. Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy are Caught	225
1055. Peter and Old Mr. Toad Talk it Over	226
1056. Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Have a New Home	228
1057. Old Mr. Toad Was Right	229
1058. A Great Big Splendid Surprise	230
Illustrations. June 21 to June 26, 1915.	231
1059. Grumpy Disappears	232
1060. Where Grumpy Was and What He Did	233
1061. Grumpy Gets Into Mischief and is Happy	235
1062. Farmer Brown's Boy Suspects Something	236
1063. Grumpy Has a Disappointment	237
1064. Grumpy Finds a New Nest	238
Illustrations. June 28 to July 3, 1915.	239
1065. The Box That Seemed Alive	241
1066. Grumpy Rejoins His Brothers	242
1067. Unc' Billy Possum Visits His Children	243
1068. Bumpy Runs Away	244

1069. Bumpy Shuts His Eyes and Holds His Nose	245
1070. Black Pussy Surprises Bumpy	247
Illustrations. July 5 to July 10, 1915.	248
1071. Bumpy Feels Sharp Claws	249
1072. Bumpy Flies Without Wings	250
1073. The End of Bumpy's Adventure	251
1074. Helping Farmer Brown's Boy	252
1075. The Birds Have a Busy Time	253
1076. Peter Rabbit Wishes He Could do Something	255
Illustrations. July 12 to July 17, 1915.	256
1077. Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Help	257
1078. Peter Discovers Another Helper	258
1079. Workers of the Night	260
1080. Farmer Brown's Boy Repays His Friends	261
1081. Tiny the Warbler Makes a Discovery	262
1082. A Scandal in the Old Orchard	264
Illustrations. July 19 to July 24, 1915.	265
1083. Mrs. Tiny Thinks of a Way	266
1084. Owner of the Strange Eggs Discovered	267
1085. The Troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Redeye	268
1086. All is Well That Ends Well	270
1087. Peter Rabbit Does a Little Boasting	271
Illustrations. July 26 to July 31, 1915.	273
1088. Jimmy Skunk Sends out Invitations	274
1089. Jumper Agrees To Do His Best	275
1090. The Jumping Match	276
1091. The Most Wonderful Jumper of All.	277
1092. Peter Goes A-Calling	278
1093. Timmy Offers to Share His Lunch	280
1094. Timmy Shows Peter How He Jumps	281
Illustrations. August 2 to August 7, 1915.	282
1095. Peter Tries to Jump Like Timmy	283
1096. Peter Rabbit Learns Timmy's Secret	284
1097. Peter Looks for Timmy's Home	286
1098. Farmer Brown's Boy Gives Timmy a Fright	287
1099. Timmy Doesn't Know What Has Happened	288
1100. A Joke on Farmer Brown's Boy	289
Illustrations. August 9 to August 14, 1915.	290
1101. Little Mr. Garter Snake Makes a Request	292

1102. Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Consider	293
1103. Mr. Garter Snake States a Few Facts	294
1104. Little Mr. Garter Snake is Admitted	295
1105. Trouble for Sticky-toes the Tree Toad	297
Illustrations. August 16 to August 21, 1915.	298
1106. Old Mr. Toad Gives Warning	299
1107. Sticky-toes Hides in Plain Sight	300
1108. The Hunt for Sticky-toes	301
1109. At Last the Voice of Sticky-toes is Heard	302
1110. The Glad News Spreads	303
1111. A Little Cloud Saves Sticky-toes	304
1112. Sammy Jay Says He Is Sorry	306
Illustrations. August 23 to August 28, 1915.	307
1113. Sticky-Toes Shows How He Hid	308
1114. Sticky-Toes Changes Color	310
1115. The Funny Toes of Sticky-Toes	311
1116. Buster Bear Has a Reminder	313
1117. Buster Bear Watches Busy Bee	314
1118. Buster Bear Tries to Put Temptation Away	315
Illustrations. August 30 to September 4, 1915.	316
1119. Buster Bear Consults Peter Rabbit	317
1120. Peter Rabbit Puts Two and Two Together	318
1121. Chatterer Visits Buster Bear	320
1122. Chatterer Tries to Help Buster Bear	321
1123. Buster Bear Visits the Old Orchard	322
Illustrations. September 6 to September 11, 1915.	324
1124. Buster Bear Finds the Honey	325
1125. An Exciting Night	326
1126. What Happened Among the Bee Hives	327
1127. Busy Bee and Her Sisters are Angry	328
1128. A Cheerful Worker	330
1129. Bob White has Visitors	331
1130. Bob White Decides to Build a Home	332
Illustrations. September 13 to September 18, 1915.	333
1131. Bob White Becomes Peter Rabbit's Neighbor	335
1132. Peter's Curiosity Too Much for Good Intentions	336
1133. Others Are Interested in Bob White	337
1134. The Cunning of Mr. and Mrs. Bob White	339
1135. Bob White Finds that Mrs. Bob is Right	340

1136. Bob White Fools his Neighbors	341
Illustrations. September 20 to September 25, 1915.	342
1137. Peter Has Hard Work to Believe His Eyes	344
1138. A New Family in the Dear Old Brier Patch	345
1139. Watch Your Step!	346
1140. The Little Bob Whites at School	348
1141. Reddy Fox Finds the Bob Whites	349
1142. How the Bob Whites Went to Bed	350
Illustrations. September 27 to October 2, 1915.	351
1143. A Double Scare	353
1144. Peter Rabbit Tells a Wonderful Story	354
1145. Bob White Plays a Little Joke	355
1146. Peter Rabbit Becomes a False Hero	357
1147. Why Peter Didn't Tell	358
1148. Farmer Brown's Boy Becomes Thoughtful	359
Illustrations. October 4 to October 9, 1915.	360
1149. A Little Lesson in Arithmetic	362
1150. Farmer Brown's Boy Grows Indignant	363
1151. Farmer Brown's Boy Talks Things Over	364
1152. Farmer Brown's Boy Warns Bob White	366
1153. A Beautiful Day Made Dreadful	367
1154. The Disappointed Hunter	368
Illustrations. October 11 to October 16, 1915.	369
1155. Frightened, Wounded and Alone	370
1156. Farmer Brown's Boy Speaks His Mind	371
1157. What Happened to the Little Bob White	373
1158. Bob White and Mrs. Bob Count Noses	374
1159. The Wisdom of Bob White	375
1160. Bob White Has a Thrill	377
Illustrations. October 18 to October 23, 1915.	378
1161. Love Makes Bob White Bold	379
1162. Bob White Sees Many Strange Things	380
1163. A Joyous Day for the Bob Whites	381
1164. The Red Terror	383
1165. Peter and Mrs. Peter See a Strange Sight	384
1166. How Universal Fear Draws All Together	385
Illustrations. October 25 to October 30, 1915.	386
1167. The Merry Little Breezes Do Their Best	387
1168. Old Mother West Wind and the Merry Little Breezes Save the Green Forest	389



1169. The Little People Seek Their Homes	390
1170. A Voice From the Sky	391
1171. Honker the Goose Finds Old Friends	392
1172. Honker Tells the News	394
Illustrations. November 1 to November 6, 1915.	395
1173. Glutton the Wolverine	396
1174. What Glutton the Wolverine Did	397
1175. Glutton the Wolverine and the Trapper	398
1176. Peter Speaks a Good Word for Glutton	400
1177. The Troubles of Flathorns the Moose	401
1178. How Flathorns the Moose Got Even	402
Illustrations. November 8 to November 13, 1915.	403
1179. Flathorns the Moose is Smart	405
1180. Some Visitors to Paddy's Pond	406
1181. What the Twinkling Little Stars Saw	407
1182. Peter Rabbit Keeps Guard	408
1183. A Thump and a Slap	409
1184. Honker Sends His Thanks to Peter	410
Illustrations. November 15 to November 20, 1915.	412
1185. Peter Rabbit Has a Close Call	413
1186. Old Man Coyote Warns Peter	414
1187. Peter Thinks Things Over	415
1188. Bowser the Hound Finds Peter	416
1189. Unc' Billy Possum Thinks Peter Crazy	418
1190. Bowser Wonders What Ails Peter	419
Illustrations. November 22 to November 27, 1915.	420
1191. Mrs. Peter's Heart Nearly Stops Beating	421
1192. Peter Tells Mrs. Peter All About It	422
1193. Brother North Wind and Jack Frost Arrive	424
1194. Prickly Porky Grunts Contentedly	425
1195. Why Some Birds Fly South and Some Stay	426
1196. Why Some People Sleep All Winter	428
Illustrations. November 29 to December 4, 1915.	429
1197. The Queer Case of Buster Bear	430
1198. Old Mother Nature's White Magic	432
1199. Peter Rabbit Tracks His Neighbors	433
1200. Peter Learns Many Things	434
1201. Peter Finds Some Strange Tracks	436
1202. The White Hunter	437

Illustrations. December 6 to December 11, 1915.	438
1203. Peter is in Despair	439
1204. Hooty the Owl Proves a Friend	440
1205. How a Tail Saved a Life	441
1206. Peter Sees a Chance	442
1207. Peter's Heart is in His Mouth	443
1208. Peter Asks for Help	445
Illustrations. December 13 to December 18, 1915.	446
1209. Peter Goes Home at Last	447
1210. Shadow the Weasel is a Coward	448
1211. Christmas in the Dear Old Briar Patch	450
1212. A Christmas Party in the Old Orchard	451
1213. Christmas in the Green Forest	453
Illustrations. December 20 to December 25, 1915.	454
1214. A Green Meadows Christmas	455
1215. Christmas Under the Ice	457
Illustrations. December 27 to December 31, 1915.	459
Appendix 1. Thornton W. Burgess's 1000th Story and "Quaddies" Brand Launch	461
Appendix 2. Thornton W. Burgess "Personal Letters" 1915	463
Letter 1.	463
Letter 2.	465
Letter 3.	466
Letter 4.	467
Letter 5.	468
Letter 6.	469
Letter 7.	470
Letter 8.	471
Letter 9.	472
Letter 10.	473
Letter 11.	474
Letter 12.	475
Letter 13.	476
Letter 14.	478
Appendix 3. Bedtime Stories Club. <i>Cincinnati Times-Star</i> , 1914.	479
Appendix 4. Bedtime Stories Club, <i>New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser</i> , 1914-1915.	498

### **Acknowledgements.**

I am grateful for the bibliographical and biographical work that made this volume possible:

Dowhan, Michael W. (1990). *Thornton W. Burgess, Harrison Cady: A book, newspaper, and magazine bibliography*. New York: Carlton Press.

Lowrance, Christie Palmer (2013). *Nature's Ambassador: The Legacy of Thornton W. Burgess*. Schiffer Publishing

Wright, Wayne W. (2000). *Thornton W. Burgess: A descriptive book bibliography, revised and enlarged edition*. Sandwich, MA: The Thornton W. Burgess Society.

# Introduction.

Thornton W. Burgess's success reached new heights in 1915. His 1000th story, published on April 23, was celebrated in newspapers running his "Little Stories for Bedtime" feature (see Appendix 1), and was a platform for launching a brand—"Quaddies"—attached to his books and other merchandising opportunities from that point forward. He entered the political arena, using the platform of "personal letters" (see Appendix 2) to spread the gospel of love—while Europe erupted in war—and his daily story to try to stop the annual persecution of bobwhite quail. The activities of the Bedtime Stories Club of the *New York Globe* provided his first taste of mass adulation and his first real involvement in show business (see Appendix 4).

Overall, during 1915, Burgess became the kind of writer he had been advertised as being: knowledgeable about the facts of the natural world, sophisticated in his moral messages, including just enough humor and danger to keep his younger readers engaged. While he was still mistaken about the "blindness" of great-horned owls during the day and misrepresented the period of the year when bobwhites make their "bob-white" call (both mistakes were corrected in the book versions of the newspaper stories), he made a point of stressing the fact that Peter Rabbit's coat remained brown during the winter, a direct correction of his 1913 depiction of the cottontail's fur turning white during that season. New characters introduced during the year included Whitey the Snowy Owl, Sally Sly the Cowbird, Tiny the (Yellow) Warbler, Slatie the Junco, and, at the end of the year via the storytelling of Honker the Goose, Flathorns the Moose and Glutton the Wolverine.

Burgess linked several episodes and "personal letters" to ongoing national bird protection campaigns, urging readers to feed birds during the winter and recognize their "usefulness" to farmers as insect and weed-seed eaters, their usefulness being a key argument supporting the pending Migratory Bird Treaty Act. The northern bobwhite, despite being as "useful" as other birds, was not protected under that framework because it was classified as a "game bird." Burgess's fiercely anti-hunting Bob White stories may have been influenced by an essay by William T. Hornaday, "Eulogy on the Bob White," that circulated in newspapers the previous year:

To my friend the epicure: The next time you regale a good appetite with bluepoints, terrapin stew, filet of sole and saddle of mutton touched up here and there with the highlights of rare old sherry, rich claret and dry monopole, pause as the dead quail is laid before you on a funeral pyre of toast and consider this:

"Here lie the charred remains of the farmer's ally and friend, poor Bob White. In life he devoured 145 different kinds of bad insects and the seeds of 129 noxious weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm, he was the most marvelous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his small life was blameless. And here he lies dead, snatched away from his field of labor and destroyed, in order that I may be tempted to dine three minutes longer after I have already eaten to satiety."

Then go on and finish Bob White.

In letters to Hornaday, Burgess would use his Bob White stories as evidence of his commitment to wildlife conservation, but it was a "monster meeting" of the Bedtime Stories Club of *The New York Globe* in September that convinced Hornaday that

Burgess had the power to move mass audiences.

The Bedtime Story Club “outing” had been introduced by the *Cincinnati Star-Times* chapter in 1914 (this is detailed in Appendix 3 of this volume). *The Globe’s* chapter had been a conventional chapter with modest enrollment before being suspended in August 1914 because of the war. In 1915, under the direction of Horace S. Tibbs, its goals became more ambitious, starting with the arrangement of a large meeting of its 40,000 or so members at Bronx Park on September 30. (Details of this event and its elaborate planning can be found in Appendix 4 of this volume). Thornton W. Burgess and Ernest Thompson Seton spoke before an audience of thousands, a costumed “Peter Rabbit” greeted children, and “patrons” supplied sampling opportunities of their goods. Burgess wrote a special story for the day, published in a souvenir magazine, and news reel crews filmed the event.

*The Globe*, unlike other Bedtime Stories Club chapters, had not shied away from selling things to its members, beginning with color character prints in 1914, and poster stamps, membership rings and banners in 1915. Meanwhile, in Kansas City, a new company, The Quaddy Playthings Manufacturing Company, would have Burgess character-themed toys ready for Christmas of 1915. Burgess’s characters, supported by Harrison Cady’s visuals, had become commodities in their own right.

As these commodities became more valuable, Burgess would lose some control over them. This is best seen in *The Globe’s* second major activity, the production of a “pantomime extravaganza,” at the end of the year (detailed in Appendix 4). The “monster meeting” in Bronx Park had proven to *The Globe’s* publishers that the Bedtime Stories Club deserved a more prominent place in its newspaper, and the daily column was given additional room, sometimes taking space from Burgess’s story itself. Meanwhile, Horace S. Tibbs introduced a daily letter from “Peter Rabbit,” evidently written by himself, not Burgess, and began writing “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland,” a stage show that drew on Burgess’s stories, characters, and settings but ultimately had little to do with them. This may be seen by characters in its cast list, which included—in addition to “Peter Rabbit” (played by Tibbs himself), “Reddy Fox,” and a chorus of “Bob White” dancers—“Miss Columbia,” “Little Red Riding Hood,” and “The Spider Queen.” The plot features Peter Rabbit’s escape from his would-be predators not through the intervention of Farmer Brown’s boy, but via a magic horn given to Peter by the “Good Fairy.” Nevertheless, Thornton W. Burgess and Harrison Cady seemed to approve of the production, and were in attendance during the December 31st performance, along with the likes of Lionel Barrymore, Roscoe (“Fatty”) Arbuckle, and Mabel Normand. Music for the show by Ted D. Ward, including “Peter Rabbit Hop,” was soon available for purchase.

As in previous volumes, the numbering of some stories can be said to be unofficial—there appears to be a one-story discrepancy from the official count at the beginning of the year. This is reconciled with the official count at story 959. Stories and illustrations for this volume were largely pulled from the *Boston Globe* versions of “Little Stories for Bedtime.” Note that while this volume has been proof-read and spell-checked, there are likely OCR-related errors remaining in the text. Footnotes are included when necessary, especially to point out differences between the newspaper stories and their book versions. An index is provided at the end of the volume for the benefit of readers wanting to see a full list of characters/species appearing in the stories during the year.

## STORY 903. January 1, 1915

### New Year for Peter Rabbit

Peter Rabbit was very happy. At first, he couldn't think why he felt so happy. He just did, that was all. His heart was full of happiness, so full that it fairly bubbled over. It seemed to Peter that never had the dear Old Brier Patch looked so beautiful. The ground was covered with soft snow and Peter wondered if ever before there was snow so white and pure and altogether lovely. It had made even the ugliest old bramble bush so beautiful that Peter held his breath as he looked at it. The Green Meadows were white, such a glistening, sparkling white that it was hard to believe that they ever had been green. Way over beyond only the pine trees and the spruce trees and the hemlock trees retained their green needles that no one should forget that this was still the Green Forest, and even these were all powdered with white and were more beautiful than ever as 1,000,000 little sparkles flashed in the rays of jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun, just beginning his daily climb in the blue, blue sky. "Dee-dee-dee! Happy New Year, Peter Rabbit. Happy New Year! Dee-dee-dee!" called a merry voice.

Peter looked up to see Tommy Tit the Chickadee hanging head down from a branch of the ugliest old bramble bush, which was now so beautiful, and Tommy Tit looked as happy as Peter felt. Peter jumped straight up in the air and kicked his long heels together. "That's it!" he cried excitedly. "I had forgotten all about it, but that's it! That's why I feel so happy."

"What's it?" asked Tommy Tit, just as if he didn't know.

"Why, New Year's Day, of course!" cried Peter. "Everybody must be happy on New Year's Day because everybody wishes good wishes, and good wishes make happiness. I must hurry and leave my good wishes with all my friends, and I'll begin with you. I wish you a very, very happy New Year, Tommy Tit."

"Dee-dee-dee! Thank you, Peter Rabbit. Dee-dee-chickadee!" replied Tommy Tit, and laughed a merry laugh as he watched Peter scampering toward the Green Forest.

On the way there he stuck his head in at Jimmy Skunk's door. "Happy New Year!" he shouted. "Too cold; altogether too cold," grumbled a sleepy voice way down below. Peter laughed. "It's just like Jimmy to say that, but he doesn't mean it at all," thought Peter, as he hurried on. In the far corner of the Old Orchard he poked his head in at Johnny Chuck's door and shouted "Happy New Year!" but he didn't wait for a reply because he knew that Johnny was fast asleep, and would stay asleep all Winter. But he felt better for having left his good wishes there, for he and Johnny are great friends.

Just then he heard Chatterer the Red Squirrel scolding as only Chatterer can scold. "Happy New Year!" shouted Peter. Chatterer stopped scolding, stared at Peter, started to scold again, then broke off right in the middle to grin.

"Same to you, Peter Rabbit," he replied, almost without knowing it, and didn't scold again all the day. Down in the Green Forest Peter heard a harsh voice screaming "Thief, thief, thief!" He hurried in that direction. "Happy New Year, Sammy Jay!" he shouted.

"Thi—" Sammy stopped right in the middle of a scream. Peter looked up at him and smiled. Sammy started to scream again, and then looked foolish, and finally grinned sheepishly. "I wish you the same," said he, and screamed no more.

So all the bright day Peter hurried around leaving his good wishes. He left them with Unc' Billy Possum and Bobby Coon and Prickly Porky the Porcupine. He even poked his head out of a hollow log and shouted them at Reddy Fox, who happened along (that was why Peter was in the hollow log) and Reddy actually changed his mind about trying to catch Peter that day, and politely wished Peter the best year of his life, for you know Reddy can be very polite when he pleases.

Late that afternoon Peter once more sat in the dear Old Brier Patch, and his heart fairly bubbled over with happiness. "I believe that wishing happiness for others is the surest way of getting happiness for oneself," thought Peter.

And you know, and I know, that Peter was just exactly right.

## STORY 904. January 2, 1915

### Some New Year Resolutions

Res-o-lu-tion sounds very, big, but it is like a great many other words that sound big—it is quite simple and easy to understand. It means just a promise to yourself which you mean to keep. A promise to someone else is not always a res-o-lu-tion, but a promise to yourself, which you really and truly mean to keep, is a res-o-lu-tion. That is all there is to it. Simple, isn't it?

The beginning of each new year is a great time for the making of res-o-lu-tions. Almost everybody makes them. Usually they are good, very good, indeed. That is why everybody goes about wishing everybody else a happy new year. It was just that way on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, but it was curious, very curious, how different some of those res-o-lu-tions were. Peter Rabbit's great difficulty is curiosity. He knows it just as well as you and I do. So at the beginning of this new year Peter made a res-o-lu-tion.

"I am resolved," said Peter R.,  
"Less curious to be by far.  
My own affairs hereafter'll be,  
I promise, quite enough for me."

"I hope so," said little Mrs. Peter, who, you know, used to be little Miss Fuzzytail. "It will save me a lot of worry, Peter."

Sammy Jay made a res-o-lu-tion, too. You wouldn't suppose that Sammy was the kind to make res-o-lu-tions, would you? But Sammy isn't all bad. O, my, no! So Sammy made a res-o-lu-tion, and here it is:

"I'll try my best no more to steal.  
I'll try my best the truth to tell.  
For once I'd like to really feel

That all my neighbors wish me well."

Probably some of Sammy's neighbors would have laughed at him if they could have heard that, but he really meant it, and for a while he did try. Reddy Fox did not forget that it was res-o-lu-tion time. No, indeed, Reddy didn't forget. But Reddy's thoughts were very different from those of Peter and Sammy. You see, he has been brought up differently. He has been taught to think that smartness and cleverness are the most important things, which, of course, isn't so. He thought of how often he had been fooled by Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse, and it hurt his pride.

"I am resolved," said Master Red,  
"To prove I have the better head;  
That when I really try I can  
Catch Peter R. and Master Dan."

If Peter and Danny had known of that res-o-lu-tion it wouldn't have worried them any. They would have just grinned, for they feel quite equal to taking care of themselves. Jimmy Skunk didn't make any res-o-lu-tions, because he doesn't believe in them, says they are too easily broken, and so it doesn't pay to make them. Johnny Chuck didn't make any. You see, he was fast asleep for the winter. It was the same way with Grandfather Frog and his cousin, Old Mr Toad.

But Farmer Brown's Boy did, and his was one of the very best, if not quite the best, of all. It was this:

"Each day I'll do some little deed  
Of kindness as I see the need,  
And show that love for big and small  
Is quite the greatest thing of all."

## STORY 905. January 4, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Fails to find Buster Bear

No longer were the Green Meadows, green, they were white. Sometimes, especially when his stomach was full, Peter Rabbit thought that they were almost as beautiful when they were covered with snow as when they were green. Peter likes the snow. Yes, sir, Peter likes the snow. He likes to see it glint and sparkle in the sun, and he dearly loves to make tracks in it. It always tickles Peter when he finds that his tracks have fooled someone. You know when Peter is in a hurry he puts his long hind feet down in front of his forefeet, and so his tracks look for all the world as if he had been going in just the opposite direction. People who don't know this often are fooled, and this Peter thinks is one of the best jokes ever.

Peter long ago found out that the snow tells him a lot of things he wants to know. Nobody can walk on soft snow without leaving tracks behind them, and so it is quite easy to learn a lot about one's neighbors and what they have been doing just by following their tracks. It was great fun to look for snow tracks. Peter hopped about this way and that way all through the Green Forest and he learned many things. He



## Illustrations. January 1 to January 2, 1915.



**903. New Year for Peter Rabbit**  
On the way there he stuck his head in at Jimmy Skunk's door.



**904. Some New Year Resolutions**  
So at the beginning of this new year, Peter made a res-o-lu-tion.

followed the tracks of Reddy Fox. He learned where Mrs. Grouse had made a new hiding place. He laughed when he found the tracks of Unc' Billy Possum. They didn't go ten feet away from his old hollow tree before they turned back. It was very clear that Unc' Billy didn't like the snow and had gone back to try to sleep until it was gone.

Peter went way, way into the Green Forest, and when he got way in there he remembered something. It came into his mind so suddenly that it made him jump right up in the air. He remembered that it was there toward the last of the last winter that he had seen Buster Bear's great tracks for the first time, and had wondered and wondered who could have made them. And this reminded him that he didn't see Buster's tracks anywhere now. That was funny. He hadn't heard that Buster had left the Green Forest, and he was quite sure that he would have heard of it if Buster had. Still it was queer, very queer, that he hadn't found Buster's tracks anywhere. Of course, Buster couldn't possibly walk around without leaving tracks. Why, even tiny Danny Meadow Mouse left tracks, the cutest little tracks, everywhere he went. Peter sat down and scratched his left ear with his long right hind foot. Then he scratched his right ear with his long left hind foot. If he could he probably would have scratched both ears with both hind feet at the same time, because he was so puzzled and was trying so hard to think what could be the reason that Buster Bear had made no tracks.

"I'll just look a little farther," thought Peter "There must be some somewhere around. Such a big fellow as Buster must have to eat, and how can he get anything to eat if he doesn't walk around?" As Peter couldn't answer his own question, he started around to all of Buster's favorite places. He looked and he looked, but not a single one of Buster's big tracks did he see. He asked every one he met if they had seen Buster or his tracks. No one had. Peter grew more and more puzzled. He went over to the pond of Paddy the Beaver to ask him, but when he got there, he found that the pond was covered with ice, and he knew that Paddy was in his house with the thick walls out in the pond, where no one could get at him.

All night long Peter scampered around in the moonlight looking for some sign of Buster Bear. All through the Green Forest he left his own tracks, but not a single track of Buster Bear's did he find. He was a very tired Rabbit, was Peter, when at last he started for the dear Old Brier Patch. His head was quite as tired as his legs, for all the time he had been running around he had been thinking and thinking, and it hadn't been a bit of use.

"Buster Bear isn't here, that's all there is to it!" said he. Yet somehow, he couldn't get rid of the feeling that perhaps he was mistaken, and that Buster Bear was there after all. And Buster Bear was.

STORY 906. January 5, 1915.

## Peter Rabbit's Talks with Prickly Porky

What you don't know another may,  
So use your tongue to find things out.  
That's always Peter Rabbit's way

With things he doesn't know about.

Peter Rabbit couldn't get Buster Bear off his mind. It seemed to him the queerest thing ever that when almost everybody else made tracks in the snow he couldn't find one of Buster Bear's. He thought of it the last thing before he went to sleep and the first thing when he awoke. He was still thinking of it as he hopped along down the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest and quite unexpectedly met Prickly Porky the Porcupine. At the first glimpse of him Peter remembered that Prickly Porky used to know Buster Bear before either of them had come down from the Great Woods to live in the Green Forest. He would know what had become of Buster. Of course, he would.

Peter had it right on the tip of his tongue to ask Prickly Porky when he remembered that Prickly Porky is a queer fellow and doesn't like to be bothered with questions. You know that there are many people just like him in this matter. So Peter swallowed hard, just as if he were swallowing the question on the tip of his tongue.

"Good evening, Prickly Porky," said he in his most polite and best manner.

"Tisn't a good evening," grunted Prickly Porky fretfully. "What do you want to say it's a good evening for when there's all this snow on the ground? I don't like it. I wouldn't be out in it now if it wasn't that I'm so hungry. I just HAVE to eat."

"O" said Peter, because he couldn't think of anything else to say. Then he added: "I rather like the snow myself. You see, I'm not so heavy as you are and I guess it is easier for me to get about."

"Huh! I guess it is," grunted Prickly Porky.

"Yes," said Peter, "I guess it is. I don't sink in the way you do. It must be because I'm lighter. I should think Buster Bear would sink 'way, 'way in. It can't be that he does, though, for I haven't found a single track of his, and I've been all through the Green Forest. I don't see how he gets around without leaving tracks, great big tracks."

"Huh!" grunted Prickly Porky, and stared very hard at Peter. "Huh!" he grunted again. "Buster Bear's got more sense than to be wandering about this weather. He's asleep."

"Asleep!" Peter fairly shouted it.

"I said asleep," replied Prickly Porky gruffly. "Is there anything the matter with your hearing? If I could sleep and not get hungry the way Buster Bear can I'd do it myself. Buster Bear's lucky."

With this Prickly Porky began to climb a poplar tree to get his dinner of bark, and Peter knew that it wouldn't be the least use to ask any of the questions that fairly burned his tongue. So he bade Prickly Porky goodbye and went on.

"Buster Bear asleep!" he muttered over and over to himself as if he couldn't quite believe it. And the truth is he couldn't.

STORY 907. January 6, 1915.

## A Hard Thing to Believe.

“Buster Bear asleep Buster Bear asleep!” If Peter Rabbit said that once he said, it 50 times. It was so hard to believe that Peter just couldn’t believe it. Could it be, could it really be that Buster sleeps the winter away as Johnny Chuck does. “Pooh! I don’t believe it! It can’t be,” said Peter right out loud.

“What can’t be?”

Peter looked up. There sat Blacky the Crow in the top of a tall pine tree.

“It can’t be that Buster Bear sleeps all winter,” replied Peter

“Who said he does?” demanded Blacky.

“Prickly Porky,” replied Peter “At least he said that Buster is asleep now, and he spoke as if he were likely to stay asleep just the way Johnny Chuck does.

Blacky looked as if he didn’t believe it. “Prickly Porky was just talking to hear himself talk,” said he.

“No,” Peter replied. “No, I don’t think he was.” Then he told Blacky just how Prickly Porky happened to tell him about Buster Bear. “You know Prickly Porky and Buster Bear knew each other before they came to the Green Forest to live,” added Peter. “Prickly Porky ought to know about Buster Bear if any one does.”

“That’s so.” Blacky scratched his head as if he thought that would help him to understand better. “Still, I can’t believe that such a great fellow as Buster Bear, and with such a splendid fur coat, sleeps all winter. That is too much to ask anyone to believe. I think I’ll have a look around and see if I cannot find him.”

“I’ve looked everywhere through the Green Forest and couldn’t find so much as one of his tracks,” returned Peter. “Your eyes are very sharp, Blacky, but if they are sharp enough to find so much as a single track made by Buster Bear, they are sharper than I think they are. If you do find any let me know.”

Blacky promised that he would. He started off in high spirits. He would show Peter just how sharp his eyes were. Pretty soon he met his cousin, Sammy Jay.

“Hello Sammy!” exclaimed Blacky. “Have you seen Buster Bear lately?”

“No, I haven’t,” replied Sammy. “Fact is I haven’t thought of him. Now that you mention the matter I can’t remember having seen him since the snow came.”

“Peter Rabbit says that Prickly Porky says that he is asleep,” said Blacky, “and Peter seems to think that he is asleep for the winter just the same as Johnny Chuck and Grandfather Frog are. I don’t believe it myself, do you?”

“Of course not!” Sammy spoke very, very scornfully. “What would a great chap like him be asleep for? He can’t go down underground the way Johnny Chuck does. Besides, he’s got a great fur coat warm enough for the coldest weather. Let’s go hunt

him up.”

“That is just what I was starting to do,” replied Blacky. “Come on.”

So together they searched through the Green Forest. They know every nook and corner and secret hiding place in it, and they didn’t miss one. All day long they flew this way and that way, peering down through the trees, but not a glimpse of Buster Bear did they get, nor did they see as much as one of his tracks. No one whom they met had seen Buster. At last, they had to give up because they couldn’t think of another place to look.

“He’s left the Green Forest, that’s what he’s done!” declared Blacky.

“Of course he has,” replied Sammy. “And yet—well, it certainly is queer that no one saw him go. I wonder if Jumper the Hare knows anything about it. He came down here from the Great Woods that Buster came from, and he ought to know what Buster does in the Winter.”

“Let’s go ask him,” said Blacky, and off they started to look for Jumper the Hare.

## STORY 908. January 7, 1915.

### Jumper Loses His Sleep

Jumper the Hare had been out all, night. He had traveled far and wide through the Green Forest, as is his way, and now he was tired. The Jolly Little Sunbeams were beginning to dance through the Green Forest as Jumper settled himself comfortably under a hemlock branch in the most lonesome part of the Green Forest and prepared to go to sleep. Now at all times Jumper is a very light sleeper. He is very, very timid, and he trusts wholly to his long legs to take him out of danger. When he takes a nap, it is crouched down in a position to run at the first hint of danger.

It seemed to him that hardly had he closed his eyes this time when a harsh voice startled him so that he almost jumped before he realized that there was no danger. He looked up. There was Blacky the Crow in the tree over his head.

“I’ve been looking for you,” said Blacky.

“Well, you’ve found me,” replied Jumper rather shortly. “What can I do for you?”

“You can tell me where Buster Bear is,” replied Blacky.

“How should I know?” returned Jumper. “Buster Bear minds his own business and I mind mine. Probably he’s asleep.”

“Do you mean just taking a nap?” asked Blacky eagerly.

“No, of course not. Buster doesn’t take naps this time of year. Probably he’s asleep for the winter. He ought to be if he isn’t. Everybody knows that.”

“Everybody doesn’t know it, either,” retorted Blacky, “I had heard it, but I didn’t believe it, and I don’t believe it now. How can such a great big fellow sleep all winter?”

“Don’t ask me,” replied Jumper testily. “He just does, that’s all. If I knew how I’d do it myself.”

“But where is he?” persisted Blacky.

“I don’t know and I don’t care. Didn’t I tell you that I never meddle in his affairs?” Jumper was cross, and his voice showed it.

Blacky saw that he could and out nothing more and flew away. Once more Jumper closed his eyes and was just dozing off, when another harsh voice awoke him with a start. This time it was Sammy Jay, and Sammy was just as full of questions about Buster Bear as Blacky the Crow had been, Jumper told him just what he had told Blacky, and he sighed a great sigh of relief when at last Sammy flew away.

Hardly had he closed his eyes again when someone called him. This time it was a cheery voice and good to hear. He looked up to see Tommy Tit the Chickadee hanging head down from a branch just above, his bright little eyes twinkling merrily.

“I’m sorry to disturb you, but I’ve just heard that Buster Bear is nowhere to be found, and I thought that as you used to know him up in the Great Woods you might know what has become of him now,” said Tommy Tit, in a very polite way.

Jumper just couldn’t be cross to Tommy Tit, so he told him just what he had told Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay, only he told it in a much pleasanter way. Tommy Tit thanked him and hurried away.

“I hope that is the last one,” muttered Jumper, and closed his eyes once more.

But Tommy wasn’t the last one. Drummer the Woodpecker called on the same errand. So did Mrs. Grouse, and last of all Peter Rabbit. Poor Jumper! He began to wish that Buster Bear never had come to the Green Forest. And for the life of him he couldn’t understand why everybody was so surprised that Buster Bear should sleep all winter. You see, he had known Buster and his ways so long that it didn’t seem a bit queer to him. Often he had envied Buster because he could sleep all winter, and never more than right now. He yawned as Peter Rabbit hurried away, then settled himself for one last try to get that nap he so needed. He was asleep almost as soon as he closed his eyes, and this time no one waked him. Everybody was too busy trying to find the place where Buster Bear had gone to bed for the winter.

## STORY 909. January 8, 1915.

### A Grand Hunt for Buster Bear

You will, I’m sure, agree with me,  
It’s hard to believe what you can’t see.

Anyway, it is easier to believe the things you can see. That is just the way that the little people of the Green Forest felt in regard to Buster Bear. When Prickly Porky the Porcupine and Jumper the Hare, both of whom had known Buster Bear in the Great Woods before any of them had come to live in the Green Forest, said that Buster Bear

had gone to sleep for the Winter, the other little people just couldn't believe it. Not that they thought that Prickly Porky and Jumper were telling an untruth. No, indeed! But it did seem to them that there must be a mistake. They knew, of course, that Johnny Chuck sleeps all winter. So do Striped Chipmunk and Grandfather Frog and Old Mr. Toad and some others. If they didn't, they would starve to death, because there is nothing for them to eat. Everybody knows that. But what Buster Bear should sleep all winter for was more than Peter Rabbit and the others could understand, and somehow they couldn't really believe that he did. It didn't seem possible that any one so big and strong could sleep like that.

So Peter Rabbit and Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and Tommy Tit the Chickadee and others who heard the news just felt that they would have to see with their own eyes Buster Bear asleep before they could believe it. To be sure none of them had seen Buster for some time, and that seemed very strange. But as Sammy Jay said, he might have left the Green Forest and gone back to the Great Woods where he used to live. It was easier to believe this than it was to believe that he was sleeping somewhere in the Green Forest.

Then began the, most persistent hunt for Buster Bear that ever was. The ground was covered with beautiful white snow and no one could possibly walk there without leaving tracks, not even such a little fellow as Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. But nowhere was a single track of Buster Bear to be found, and no one got so much as a glimpse of his great black fur coat. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and Peter Rabbit were not surprised. You see, they had already been all through the Green Forest without finding any signs of Buster, but after Jumper the Hare had been so positive that Buster had not left the Green Forest they searched again, and this time they peeked into every place that they thought Buster might have made a bed in. It was of no use, no use at all.

Reddy and Old Granny Fox joined in the hunt, though they didn't tell anyone. They wouldn't have admitted that they cared whether Buster Bear was in the Green Forest or not, but they did, and when they heard that Jumper said that he had gone to sleep for the winter they straightway started out to find out for themselves. They wouldn't own it for the world, but the truth is they were afraid of Buster Bear, and they had kept away from that part of the Green Forest where he made his home. If it was true that he was asleep for the winter, or if he had gone back to the Great Woods, they would feel safe in hunting where they pleased for the rest of the winter, and so they were quite as anxious as anyone else to find out the truth about, Buster Bear.

So no one hunted for him any harder than did Reddy and Granny Fox, and as no one knows the Green Forest better than they do you may be very sure that if anyone could find him they could. But they didn't find him or any sign of him.

"Perhaps he's gone up to the Old Pasture," said Reddy as they sat talking the matter over.

"I don't believe he has," replied Granny Fox, "but it will do no harm to look. My opinion is that he has gone back to the Great Woods, and all I can say is good riddance. I hope he'll never come back. This idea that he may be asleep for the winter is all nonsense. He has gone away, that's what he has done."

And Reddy thought to himself, as he trotted off to the Old Pasture, that Granny was right.

## STORY 910. January 9, 1915.

### How a Nose May be Better than Eyes

What eyes can't see and ears can't hear  
A nose will sometimes find;  
A fact which little wild folk know  
And ought to keep in mind.

Reddy Fox had trotted all over the Old Pasture where the bushes grow close and bramble-tangles make castles for Old Jed Thumper, the big gray rabbit, who was little Mrs. Peter Rabbit's father, But Reddy wasn't interested in Old Jed Thumper. He was looking for some sign of Buster Bear. Not that he had expected to find any. He hadn't expected to, and so he wasn't disappointed when he didn't. He has looked because he is smart enough to know that the unexpected sometimes does happen, and he was going to make sure about Buster Bear. He and Old Granny Fox had hunted everywhere through the Green Forest without finding so much as one of Buster's big tracks in the snow. Now he had been all through the Old Pasture with just the same result.

"He has gone back to the Great Woods from which he came," thought Reddy as he trotted back toward the Green Forest. "I hope he'll stay there and never come back. Now Granny and I can hunt in peace where we please."

On the edge of the Green Forest, he was seen by Sammy Jay. "What luck," called Sammy, who knew what Reddy had been up to the Old Pasture for.

"He isn't there, and hasn't been there since the snow fell," replied Reddy. "Have you found any signs of him?"

Sammy shook his head. "No," said he, "I haven't, and nobody else has. I don't believe that Jumper the Hare and Prickly Porky know what they are talking about when they say that Buster Bear has gone to sleep for the winter. It's my opinion that he has gone away."

"Of course he has," replied Reddy in the most positive way. "Of course he has. No one can tell me that he could hide where the sharpest eyes in the Green Forest can't find him. There isn't a single cave for him to hide in, and there isn't a single hollow log big enough for him to crawl into that I haven't looked into. He isn't under that great pile of fallen trees where he used to make his bed. He doesn't dig holes in the ground like Johnny Chuck and some of the rest of us, and if he did, we would have found it. It's my opinion that he just sneaked away when no one was about, and has gone back where he came from."

A sudden thought came to Sammy Jay. "You don't suppose he has been killed and taken away, do you?" he exclaimed excitedly.

Reddy shook his head. "Some of us would have known about it if he had," said



Reddy. “You know there hasn’t been a hunter in the Green Forest for a long time.”

Sammy had to admit that this was so, and when he and Reddy parted each was sure that Buster had left the Green Forest. Reddy trotted on deep into the Green Forest until he came to a great rock. It was a very large rock indeed, and it slanted out from a hillside. Around the foot of it were a few smaller rocks. They were covered with snow now, and the snow had drifted deep all along the foot of the big rock. Reddy climbed the hill and then out on the big rock. Before Buster Bear had come to live in the Green Forest this had been a favorite place for a sun nap with Reddy. He would have one now, for he was rather tired. He gave a little sigh of satisfaction as he curled up on a bare spot where the wind had blown away the snow. The warm rays from jolly, bright Mr. Sun, fell straight on him, for there were no trees in the way.

“It’s a long time since I have been here, and now I can come every day,” thought Reddy, blinking sleepily up at Mr. Sun. He gave another sigh of pleasure and was just closing his eyes when a tiny breeze tickled his nose. If someone had stuck a pin in him he couldn’t have jumped to his feet quicker. No, sir, he couldn’t. Every hair stood on end. That little breeze had brought him the smell of Buster Bear! His eyes had told him that Buster Bear was nowhere around, but now his nose told him that he was. And Reddy has learned to believe his nose rather than his eyes.

## STORY 911. January 11, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Investigates

Blacky the Crow had brought a strange story to the dear Old Brier Patch. He said that he had just happened to be flying over the Green Forest when he saw Reddy Fox curl up for a sun-nap on the Great Rock deep in the Green Forest, near where Buster Bear used to make his home. Blacky had stopped in the top of a tall pine tree where he could watch Reddy. The fact is, he had intended to wait until Reddy was asleep and then scare him. That is one of Blacky’s favorite tricks. He likes to make people think there is danger when there isn’t any. At the same time when there is any real danger Blacky never fails to give warning, and for this reason his neighbors forgive him for the tricks he plays.

But this time he hadn’t a chance to scare Reddy. Something else had frightened him, and for the life of him Blacky couldn’t even guess what it was. Reddy had seemed to be just going to sleep when suddenly he sprang to his feet with every hair standing on end, the way it does when he is frightened. He had stared this way and stared that way as if he didn’t know just what to do. Then he had turned and softly tip-toed off of the big rock to the hillside from which it slanted out. For a little way he had gone very carefully, as if he were afraid that someone might hear him. Pretty soon he had begun to run as hard as ever he could, every few jumps looking over his shoulder as if he expected to see someone chasing him. All this Blacky told to Peter Rabbit over in the dear Old Briar Patch.

“He was scared, just plain scared!” said Blacky. “If Bowser the Hound had been right at his heels he wouldn’t have been any more scared. And yet I couldn’t see a thing

## Illustrations. January 4 to January 9, 1915.



**905. Peter Rabbit Fails to find Buster Bear**  
 "I'll just look a little farther," thought Peter.



**906. Peter Rabbit's Talks with Prickly Porky**  
 "Good Evening, Prickly Porky," said he in his most polite and best manner.



**907. A Hard Thing to Believe**  
 "It can't be that Buster Bear sleeps all winter," replied Peter.



**908. Jumper Loses His Sleep**  
 Drummer the Woodpecker called on the same errand—so did Mrs. Grouse.



**909. A Grand Hunt for Buster Bear**  
 Reddy and Old Granny Fox joined in the hunt though they didn't tell anyone.



**910. How a Nose May be Better than Eyes**  
 He gave a little sigh of satisfaction as he curled up on a bare spot where the wind had blown away the snow.

for him to be scared of. I just sat still in the top of that tree for a long time looking with all my might, and you know my eyes are pretty sharp.”

Peter nodded. There are no sharper eyes in the Green Forest than Blacky the Crow’s. What he doesn’t see no one else is likely to.

“But I couldn’t see a thing out of the way,” continued Blacky. “There wasn’t anybody around there. It’s the most lonesome place in the Green Forest. I even flew down on the Great Rock where Reddy had been curled up, but there wasn’t a thing there. He must have had a bad dream, I guess, though I don’t suppose he had had time to really get to sleep.”

After Blacky had left to tell the story all over the Green Meadows Peter sat for a long time in a brown study. Perhaps Reddy had been dreaming, but somehow Peter had a feeling that he hadn’t. It was a queer story, very puzzling, very puzzling indeed.

“I think I’ll have to in-vest-i-gate,” said Peter, “and I’ll do it this very afternoon. To in-vest-i-gate, you know, means to look into and find out about, and this is what Peter proposed to do. In spite of all that timid little Mrs. Peter could say to stop him, Peter started for the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip. He knew just where the Great Rock was, and he wasted no time in getting over to it. When he got in sight of it, he moved very slowly and carefully, stopping at every other hop to sit up and look and listen. He couldn’t see anything to be afraid of and he couldn’t hear anything to be afraid of. It was just as still as could be way over there in the Green Forest.

Peter didn’t go straight over to the Great Rock. No indeed! That would have been foolhardy. He made a big circle around upon the hillside from which the Great Rock slanted. There he found the tracks of Reddy Fox. Those tracks told him the story of Blacky the Crow was true. He could see where Reddy had trotted up to the Great Rock with nothing in particular on his mind. He could see where Reddy had tiptoed away, and then where he had run with long, frightened jumps. It was plainly written out in the snow

“My gracious!” exclaimed Peter. “Reddy certainly was frightened!”

With a queer feeling of doubt and uncertainty Peter stared at the Great Rock.

## STORY 912. January 12, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit’s Nose Tells Him Something

It’s very, very curious,  
I must confess, to me  
How very, very curious  
Some other folks can be.

Take Peter Rabbit, for instance. One I would think that after all the scrapes Peter’s curiosity has got him into, he would have learned a lesson never to be forgotten. But sometimes it seems as if some people never could learn. When Peter Rabbit saw in

the snow near the great rock, deep in the Green Forest, the tracks of Reddy Fox, such tracks as Reddy makes only when he is running in great fright, Peter's common sense told him that this was no place for him to stay. If there was something there to frighten Reddy like that, the sooner he, Peter, got away the better.

But Peter's curiosity whispered that he ought, he really ought, to find out what it was that frightened Reddy so. The idea of running away when he couldn't see anything to run from! "What was it? What could have given Reddy such a fright?" whispered Curiosity. "Never mind. Get away from here, and find out afterward, if you can," whispered Common Sense. "If there really is anything to be afraid of you ought to know what it is, so as to warn others," whispered Curiosity. "Nothing of the kind. Let others find out for themselves," whispered Common Sense.

"But I want to know," said Peter, right out loud, and that meant, course, that he didn't intend to listen to Common Sense. Curiosity was the stronger. Peter sat up very straight for a long time, looking and listening. The longer he looked and listened the more puzzled he grew. Nothing unusual was to be seen. Nothing unusual was to be heard. In fact, nothing at all was to be heard. It was so still that Peter could hear his own heart beating. You know it was beating a little harder and faster than usual because Peter was excited.

"Blacky the Crow said that Reddy got his fright out on that great rock," thought Peter. "I don't see anything out there. I believe I'll go out there and look about."

So slowly, stopping every other hop to sit up and look and listen, Peter made his way out to the very place where Reddy Fox had curled up for the sun-nap that he didn't get. There was a splendid view from the great rock. Peter could see for quite a distance among the trees of the Green Forest. But look as he would he could see nothing to be afraid of. In fact, he couldn't see a single living thing but the trees. For a long time, he sat looking and listening. Then he settled himself comfortably for a sun-bath. It was very warm and nice out there and Peter was glad he had come even if he hadn't found out what had frightened Reddy Fox.

As he sat there on that bare place on the great rock Peter looked almost like a part of the rock itself, just a little gray-brown bump on the top of the rock. It was so very still and warm and nice that presently Peter began to feel sleepy. He was just beginning to doze when the same thing happened to him that had happened to Reddy Fox. A wandering little breeze tickled Peter's nose. Instantly Peter's eyes flew wide open. That funny little nose of his began to wobble as only Peter can make it wobble. Once more the little breeze tickled it. There was no doubt this time—Peter smelled Buster Bear! His nose told him that Buster Bear was right close by. Peter knew now what had frightened Reddy Fox. But where was Buster? That was something to find out. Peter made up his mind right then and there that he would find out before he went home to the dear Old Brier Patch.

STORY 913. January 13, 1915.

Peter Rabbit's Great Discovery

Don't trust your ears and eyes alone;  
Don't always believe just what you see;  
Don't absolutely trust your nose;  
But do your best to use all three.

Peter Rabbit learned this when he was a very little fellow. He learned that sounds are not always what they seem to be. He learned that his eyes sometimes were fooled. He learned that his nose once in a while made mistakes. But of the three he learned that his nose was less likely to make mistakes than his eyes or his ears. So whenever possible Peter tried to use all—ears, eyes and nose.

It was so now. As he sat there on the Great Rock, deep in the Green Forest, his eyes told him that there wasn't another living person near. His ears told him that there wasn't a single suspicious sound. But his nose told him that Buster Bear was not very far away, and he knew that it was this that had frightened Reddy Fox, whose tracks in the snow showed very plainly that he had run away in great fear.

To say that Peter wasn't startled and quite upset when he first smelled Buster Bear would be quite untrue. His first idea was to run, just as Reddy Fox had run. But which way should he run? His nose told him that Buster Bear was close at hand, but it didn't tell him where. If he should run without knowing from what direction that wandering little breeze had brought the smell of Buster Bear he might run straight into Buster's arms. So Peter did the very wisest thing—he sat perfectly still. That is, he was perfectly still, all but his wobbly little nose. He was wobbling that with all his might, hoping to get another whiff of the smell of Buster Bear and tell from which direction it came. Then he would know which way NOT to run. You know it is sometimes quite as important to know which way not to run as which way to run.

So Peter sat there on the Great Rock deep in the Green Forest for all the world like a little gray-brown lump, but all the time his eyes were very, very wide open, and his ears were very, very wide open, and his wobbly little nose was wobbling for all it was worth. And he was ready to jump just as soon as he was sure which way to jump. It seemed to Peter a very long time before that wondering little breeze came back to tickle his nose again, but it did come finally, and as before it brought the smell of Buster Bear.

This time Peter discovered where the little breeze had come from. It had come up over the edge of the Great Rock. Therefore, Buster Bear must be somewhere down below. Peter gave a little sigh of relief. If Buster was down below, he, Peter, was perfectly safe up there on top of the Great Rock. Very carefully Peter tiptoed to the very edge of the Great Rock and stretched his head over to look down. There was no sign of Buster Bear to be seen, but the smell of Buster Bear was very much stronger, and it came straight up from the foot of the Great Rock!

Wouldn't you think that that would have been enough for Peter? Well, it wasn't. He knew Buster Bear was down there somewhere, but he wanted to know just where. If it was true that Buster was asleep for the winter, as Jumper the Hare had said, there could be no danger. So Peter hopped back to the hillside, out of which the Great Rock slanted, and down the hill to the foot of the Great Rock. Here he moved very slowly and carefully, stopping every other hop to sit up and look and listen.

Along the foot of the Great Rock were several smaller rocks quite buried in snow, for it had drifted here. Back of these Peter presently discovered a little hole. It was a very small hole, and Peter didn't think anything of it until he was close to it. Then he got the smell of Buster Bear so strong that he made a frightened jump. All in a flash he remembered that back of those snow-covered rocks there was a sort of shelf, way under the Great Rock. It was almost a cave, but not quite, in the summer. Now, with the snow drifted over it, it was a cave. Buster Bear was in there asleep, and it was his warm breath that had made the little hole in the snow out of which the smell of him came! Peter kicked his heels together in great excitement. He had discovered where Buster Bear was!

## STORY 914. January 14, 1915.

### Billy Mink Turns a Back-Somerset

"Be quick in thought and quick in deed,"  
Says Billy Mink, "if you'd succeed."

Billy lives up to his own advice. Yes, indeed, Billy Mink does just what he advises others to do. No one thinks or moves more quickly than Billy Mink. One minute you see him and the next minute he has disappeared, and you wonder where he has gone to. That is because he has moved so quickly that your eyes were too slow to follow him. There is nothing slow about Billy Mink. On land or in the water he is just the same—moving so swiftly that it is hard work to keep track of him.

Now, of course, it is perfectly natural that anyone who moves so quickly finds it very hard to keep still. Billy is moving most of the time when he isn't asleep. Night or day, it is all the same to him. He sleeps when he feels like it, and as soon as he is awake, he is on the move again. This desire to keep moving has made Billy a great traveler. Up and down the Laughing Brook, from the spring where it starts way back at the foot of the Great Mountain clear through the Green Forest and across the Green Meadows to the Big River into which it flows, Billy Mink travels, and he knows every foot of it and every hiding place. But while he likes best to be near the water, Billy often takes trips all through the Green Forest and even as far as Farmer Brown's henhouse, just to see what is going on and perhaps get a change of food.

It happened that the very day after Peter Rabbit found the winter bedroom of Buster Bear under the great rock deep in the Green Forest it came into the head of Billy Mink to have a look through the Green Forest and see if there was anything going on there of which he didn't know. No sooner did this idea enter his head than Billy started, for once he has decided to do a thing, he wastes no time about it.

Once in the Green Forest his sharp little eyes took note of everything. It wasn't long before he found tracks of Peter Rabbit.

"Huh!" exclaimed Billy. "I wonder what Peter was doing way over here so far from the Old Brier Patch. I guess I'll look into the matter."

So Billy turned and followed Peter's tracks in the snow. Pretty soon he came to the



tracks of Reddy Fox, and he knew by the looks of them that Reddy had been running away from something in great fright. He was tempted to follow these, but he didn't. He knew that Reddy might have run a very long way like that. So he kept right on following Peter's tracks and he grinned as he noticed how very, very often Peter had stopped to look and listen.

After a while the tracks led Billy to the foot of the great rock deep in the Green Forest, and right up to a little hole in the snow. Billy saw that when Peter had reached that hole, he had made a long jump as if frightened.

"That's queer," said Billy, and sniffed inquisitively at the hole in the snow. At the first sniff Billy turned a back-somersault! Yes, sir, that is just what he did. He turned a back-somersault, and when his feet struck the snow again, he ran as only he can run. But he didn't run far, just far enough to make sure that he was safe. Then he stopped and turned, snarling and spitting angrily. It always makes Billy angry to be frightened, and when he is angry, he snarls and spits.

"Buster Bear is over there!" he muttered, staring at the little hole in the snow as if he expected to see Buster come out of it. "As sure as I live Buster Bear is down underneath the snow there. It must be that he is down on that dry shelf under the great rock. Now, I wonder what he's doing there."

You see, Billy was one of the very few who had not heard that Buster Bear had gone to sleep for the winter.

## STORY 915. January 15, 1915

### Billy Mink Makes Reddy Fox Angry

If you would have your manners pleasing  
Pray never stoop to common teasing

Billy Mink is a queer little fellow. He is rather hasty in the matter of temper, is Billy Mink. A sudden fright always makes him lose it. It was that way when, he got that first whiff of Buster Bear from the little hole in the snow close by the Great Rock in the Green Forest. He had turned a back somersault in his haste to get away, and then, after running a little way, he had turned, spitting and snarling, to look back.

Now of course Billy had no quarrel with Buster Bear. He hadn't even been thinking of Buster. But that sudden, strong smell of Buster, when he had sniffed at that little hole in the snow, had startled him all the more because it had been so unexpected, and it made him just as angry as if Buster had done it purposely. Then, too, it made him angry to think that he had shown how frightened he had been. He glanced about hastily to see if anybody had been watching. He couldn't see any one, and that made him feel a little better. He knew that if Sammy Jay or Blacky the Crow had seen him, turn that back-somersault and then run he never would have heard the end of it.

Sure that no one was about he turned once more to stare at that little hole in the snow. He knew now that it was made by the breath of Buster Bear, and he knew,

too, just where Buster was. He was on that dry shelf under the Great Rock, probably taking a nap. Billy knew all about that shelf. He had taken many a nap there himself. He wanted to take one there right this very minute. He hadn't thought of such a thing when he had started into the Green Forest, but now that someone else was there and he couldn't have what he wanted to. That is the way with some people. They don't want a thing until someone else has it, and then they want it right away.

"I'd like to know what business he has there, growled Billy, never once thinking that Buster had just as much right there as he had. Then, because he was awake, he simply had to keep moving. He started on to see what more he could discover. Near the edge of the Green Forest, he met Reddy Fox. Right away he remembered Reddy's tracks near the Great Rock, and how they showed plainly that Reddy had had a great fright. Billy guessed what that fright was. He grinned slyly as he said:

"Hello, Reddy! Seems to me you run pretty fast from nothing."

"I didn't run from nothing," snapped Reddy. "O, yes, you did," retorted Billy Mink. "I saw your tracks, and there were no other tracks but those of Peter Rabbit. Were you running away from him? I believe you were."

Reddy showed all his teeth in an ugly snarl, "If you had found out what I found out you would be running still," he snapped.

Billy Mink began to laugh. "I know who you ran from. You ran from Buster Bear, and yet you didn't see him at all. Pooh! Before I would be such a coward!"

"I—I—" Reddy paused. It came to him quite suddenly that Billy Mink might know something about Buster Bear and where he was. He swallowed his anger.

"Did you see him?" he asked, and for the life of him he couldn't keep his voice from sounding eager, Billy grinned in the most provoking way. "No," said he, "but I know where he is."

"Where?" asked Reddy. You remember that Reddy had run away at the first smell of Buster, without stopping to find out where it came from.

"Go ask Peter Rabbit; he knows. He didn't run away until he found out," taunted Billy Mink.

Reddy had an angry retort on the tip of his tongue, but he swallowed it.

"Be a good fellow and tell me where Buster is," he begged.

"He's taking a nap," replied Billy, and this is all that Reddy could get out of him.

## STORY 916. January 16, 1915.

### Reddy Fox Visits Peter Rabbit

When anybody flatters you  
Be sure they have an ax to grind.  
Watch out, and do your very best



The purpose of their words to find.

Peter Rabbit and little Mrs. Peter, sitting snug and safe in the dear Old Briar Patch, saw Reddy Fox trot out from the Green Forest and head straight toward them. He wasn't making any attempt to keep out of sight, not the least little bit. Peter drew his brows down in a little scowl of perplexity.

"That's funny," said he. "I wonder what Reddy is up to now? He must know that we can see him, and so it can't be that he expects to catch one of us."

"I hope he won't try," said timid little Mrs. Peter, drawing just a little bit closer to Peter.

"Pooh! It won't do him any good if he does. We're perfectly safe here," replied Peter.

Reddy came straight over to the Old Briar Patch and trotted around the edge of it, peering in among the brambles. "Peter! Peter Rabbit!" he called in a voice which he tried to make sound soft and pleasant.

Peter didn't say anything and Reddy kept on trotting around the edge of the Old Briar Patch and peering in among the brambles until at last he reached a point where he could see Peter and Mrs. Peter. "I see you, Peter," said he. "I hope you and Mrs. Peter are feeling very well this morning." Reddy's voice was very smooth and friendly.

"Thank you," replied Peter, who can be as polite as any one when he pleases. "I hope you are feeling the same."

"O, I'm feeling just middling," replied Reddy. "I didn't have anything else to do this morning so I thought I would bring you a warning. Do you know, Peter, I don't think it is at all safe for you to go so deep in the Green Forest."

"That's what I've told him over and over," interrupted little Mrs. Peter.

"I saw your tracks way in there," continued Reddy, "and I thought you ought to know that it isn't true that Buster Bear has left the Green Forest. You might run into him unexpectedly and get caught, and that would make us feel very badly."

"Of course," replied Peter, grinning. "I know just how badly you and Granny Fox would feel. But don't worry. I know just where Buster Bear is."

"My, how smart you are!" exclaimed Reddy as if he really meant it. "I might have known that you did know. There isn't much going on that you don't know. I should think you would be very proud of your husband, Mrs. Peter."

"I am," replied little Mrs. Peter, snuggling up close to Peter.

"Yes, continued Reddy, "I should think you would be proud of him. What Peter doesn't know isn't worth knowing. By the way, Peter, don't you think it is very remarkable how such a big fellow as Buster Bear can hide so that a lot of people think he has left the Green Forest altogether?"

"Very," replied Peter dryly.

“Do you think he has really gone to sleep for the winter?” asked Reddy.

“My cousin, Jumper the Hare, says he has, and he ought to know, for he knew Buster back in the Great Woods before either of them came down to the Green Forest to live,” replied Peter.

“True, very true,” said Reddy. “I wonder if you found him in the same place I did?”

“Where was that?” asked Peter pretending to be very much interested.

“That’s telling,” replied Reddy with a sly grin. “Where did you find him?”

“That’s telling,” retorted Peter, also grinning.

Reddy said some more nice things about Peter and his smartness and artfully asked some more questions about Buster Bear and where he was, all of which Peter just as artfully replied to without really answering. At last Reddy said goodbye and trotted away.

Little Mrs. Peter gave a gentle sigh. “He was very nice. I didn’t know he could be so nice. But what was it all about, Peter?”

Peter grinned. “He was pumping me,” he replied. “He was trying to find out just where Buster Bear is. He doesn’t know himself, although he pretends to. And he’s just as wise now as when he came.”

## STORY 917. January 18, 1915.

### All on Account of Their Secret

If it mayhap you know a thing  
That others wish to know  
And will not tell, you’ll soon find how  
Important you will grow.

That is half the fun of having a secret and keeping it. It doesn’t make much difference what it is, if other people want to know it and can’t find it out, you become important in their eyes because you have got something that they haven’t. That is one of the curious things about curiosity. It makes unimportant things seem important. Of course it is very foolish, but it is true.

It was just this way with Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink. Both had found out just where Buster Bear was, and they were the only ones of all the little folks of the Green Forest and of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool who had found out, and they were wise enough not to tell. Right away they found that they were very important in the eyes of their neighbors, or most of them anyway. Jumper the Hare and Prickly Porky the Porcupine were not in the least curious about Buster Bear. You see, they once were his neighbors in the Great Woods, and knew all about him and his ways. They knew that he usually slept the greater part of the winter, and that that was what he probably was doing now. As to just where he might be sleeping was no

Illustrations. January 11 to January 16, 1915.



**911. Peter Rabbit Investigates**  
All this Blacky told Peter Rabbit over in the Dear Old Briar Patch.



**912. Peter Rabbit's Nose Tells Him Something**  
Peter sat up very straight for a long time, looking and listening.



**913. Peter Rabbit's Great Discovery**  
Back of these Peter presently discovered a little hole.



**914. Billy Mink Turns a Back-somerset**  
So he kept right on following Peter's tracks.



**915. Billy Mink Makes Reddy Fox Angry**  
Billy Mink began to laugh. "I know who you ran away from."



**916. Reddy Fox Visits Peter Rabbit**  
"We're perfectly safe here," replied Peter.

concern of theirs, and they were not interested.

But it wasn't so with the other little people. In the first place, they had hard work to believe that such a big fellow as Buster Bear could or would want to sleep through the winter, as Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk and some others do. They wanted to see for themselves if it were true. In the second place, they couldn't imagine what kind of a place Buster would choose for such a long sleep. In the third place, most of them had hunted and hunted for him and hadn't found so much as a sign of him. Reddy Fox had smelled him once, but he had been so frightened that he hadn't stopped to find out just where the smell came from. Only Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink had found out just where he was, and they wouldn't tell.

Now there are certain people who pride themselves on knowing all that is going on about them, other people's affairs as well as their own. Sammy Jay, Blacky the Crow, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Reddy Fox are this kind. It hurt their pride that Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink should know something which they, with all their smartness, couldn't find out. But at the same time, it made Billy and Peter very important in their eyes, and worthy of more respect.

Peter suddenly found himself very popular. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow came over to the dear Old Brier Patch frequently to call, and said the nicest things to him. But always before they left, they managed to have something to say about Buster Bear, and artfully tried to lead Peter into telling what he knew, Peter would wink at Mrs. Peter and talk about everything but what they wanted to know.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel was very polite to Peter whenever they met. He never failed to inquire after Peter's health, and if he had any news that he thought would interest Peter he hastened to tell him. Of course he hoped that Peter would be so grateful that he would tell where Buster Bear was, and he even hinted as much. But Peter never did.

It was just the same way with Billy Mink. Every one treated him with the greatest respect when they found out he knew about Buster Bear. But they didn't waste much time trying to find out anything from him. You see, he isn't a gossip like Peter Rabbit. Then, too, he is such a traveler that no one ever knows just where he is to be found. Also he is quick of temper, and everybody knows it. And this is how it came about that Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink became very important people in the eyes of their neighbors, all on account of a secret which they were wise enough to keep to themselves.

## STORY 918. January 20, 1915.

### Three Rogues Get Together

A rogue, a scamp, on mischief bent—  
What's worse, pray tell, than he?  
A pair of rogues is twice as bad.  
Yet not so bad as three.

Old Mother Nature has a good many rogues in her big family, but no greater rogues than Sammy Jay, Blacky the Crow and Reddy Fox. It sometimes seems as if a little imp of mischief lives in each. What one doesn't think of another does. And when the three put their heads together, then watch out! That is what jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun, looking down from the blue, blue sky, saw them doing, and he smiled his broadest, for he felt sure that they must be planning some mischief, and had forgotten that he was looking right down on them.

But for once Mr. Sun was mistaken. It wasn't mischief, really, truly mischief, that Sammy and Blacky and Reddy were planning. You see it was this way. Each of them was fairly burning with curiosity to know where Buster Bear was, and each had done his very best to find out and had failed. Now there are no smarter people in all the Green Forest than these three, and there is very little going on there that they don't find out. But for once they had failed, and their pride was hurt. It was hurt still more by the fact that Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink had found out what they couldn't. So now they had decided to work together and see if they couldn't find out between them what they couldn't find out separately. It was Blacky's idea.

"Three heads are better than one," said he. "Let's talk it over. Perhaps between us we can hit on some plan to find out what we want to know."

"It's my opinion," said Sammy Jay, "that Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink are only pretending that they know where Buster Bear is. I believe he has left the Green Forest in spite of all they say."

"No," replied Reddy, "you are wrong there, Sammy. He hasn't left the Green Forest, because I have smelled him."

"What!" exclaimed Sammy and Blacky together.

"Yes," said Reddy, "I've smelled him."

"And yet you couldn't tell where he was? Say, you're not so smart as I thought you were!" exclaimed Sammy Jay in a tone of great disgust.

Reddy hung his head just a little. "It does sound stupid," said he, "but you see it was a wandering little breeze that tickled my nose with that smell, and I didn't have the least idea where that little breeze came from. I thought the best thing I could do was to get away, and I did."

Blacky the Crow nodded. "I saw you, and you surely did get away in a hurry."

Reddy looked just as surprised as he felt, and he also looked a little doubtful. Perhaps Blacky was making up that story.

"You were over on top of the great rock deep in the Green Forest," continued Blacky.

Then Reddy knew that he had been seen. "Yes," said he, "that is where the wandering little breeze brought me the smell of Buster Bear."

"Then he must be somewhere near that great rock," said Sammy Jay, quite as if

this settled the matter.

“But I’ve looked all around there and didn’t see any signs of him, and neither did Blacky. You didn’t either, Mr. Smarty, and I know you’ve been over there,” retorted Reddy.

“I tell you what,” said Blacky, “the way to find out is to keep watch of Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink. If they really know where Buster is they will be sure to go there sooner or later to make sure that he is still there. It isn’t much use to try, to watch Billy Mink, because he is such a great traveler, and he is so hard to keep track of. But with Peter Rabbit it is different. He can’t keep away from there very long because his curiosity won’t let him. In fact, he’s going over there this very afternoon.”

“How do you know?” asked Reddy and Sammy together.

“Because we are going to give him the chance,” replied Blacky. “I’ve just thought of a plan.”

## STORY 919. January 20, 1915

### Blacky the Crow Unfolds a Plan

‘Tis never nice to peek and pry  
In things that don’t concern you.  
If you do so you’ll be a spy,  
And everybody’ll spurn you.

Reddy Fox and Sammy Jay listened eagerly to the plan which Blacky the Crow had worked out in that crafty head of his. You know there is no one in all the Green Forest craftier than Blacky the Crow, not even Reddy Fox or shrewd old Granny Fox. Reddy and Sammy and Blacky wanted to know just where Buster Bear had gone to bed for the winter. Not that it was any of their business, O, my, no! Perhaps that was the reason they were so eager to find out. You know some people are just that way. They would have wanted to find out anyway, because it is their nature to want to find out all about other people’s affairs, but they were especially anxious to find this out now because they were hurt in their pride

Yes, sir, these three rogues were hurt in their pride. Here they were with three pairs of the sharpest eyes in the Green Forest and they had been unable to find out what Peter Rabbit had found out all by himself.” And Peter wouldn’t tell. He wouldn’t give even the tiniest hint.

“All we have to do,” said Blacky, “is to watch Peter and not let him know that we are watching. You know Peter, and you know that he is bound to visit the place where Buster is if he thinks he can do it without being seen. He simply can’t keep away from there. I’ve kept a pretty sharp watch of Peter lately, and I don’t believe he has been over there for some time. By this time, he must be getting anxious to make sure that Buster is still where he left him. If we give him a chance, I believe he’ll go this very afternoon. Now here is my plan. You, Reddy, get old Granny Fox to go hunting with you up in the

Old Pasture this very afternoon. Go past the dear Old Brier Patch, so that Peter will see you go. He will think then that it is safe for him to go over to the Green Forest. You, Sammy, hide where you can see Peter start, and then follow him without letting him suspect that you are anywhere around. We all know that there isn't a better spy in the Green Forest than you, Sammy Jay."

Sammy looked pleased. You see, the habit of spying has run in his family so long that it doesn't seem wrong to him. In fact, he thinks it very smart.

"I'll hide in a thick hemlock tree over near the great rock, for we know that it is somewhere near there that Buster has gone to sleep. Tomorrow morning we'll meet here and Sammy and I will tell Reddy what we find out. What do you think of that plan?"

Sammy Jay thought it splendid, and said so. Reddy Fox didn't altogether like it. He never trusts anybody, which is always the way with people who cannot be trusted themselves. If he did his part, he would have to trust Sammy and Blacky to do theirs, and to tell him all they found out. But he could think of no better plan and so he agreed.

"All right," said Blacky. "It's all settled so now let's get busy. Perhaps," he suggested slyly, looking very hard at Reddy, "if you and Granny come back by way of the Green Forest about dark you may be able to catch Peter before he gets back to the dear old Brier Patch."

Reddy brightened up right away. "That's so!" said he. "It's worth trying anyway. I'm off to get Granny and start for the Old Pasture. Here's hoping your plan works out, Blacky."

"Here's hoping," replied Blacky, and the three rogues separated, each to do his part.

## STORY 920. January 21, 1915.

### Spying on Peter Rabbit

Peter Rabbit sat in the dear Old Briar Patch and watched Reddy and old Granny Fox trot pass on their way to the Old Pasture. They didn't so much as glance in Peter's direction, but trotted along as they were in a hurry to get somewhere. Peter watched them until they were just two little red spots against the white snow and then finally disappeared altogether among the bushes of the Old Pasture. Peter grinned. Then he yawned and stretched.

"Reddy and Granny seemed to have something on their minds. I wonder who or what they are after now," said he. "Seeing that there is no danger from them. I think I will take a run over to the Green Forest."

"Don't!" begged timid little Mrs. Peter.

But Peter was obstinate. Go he would and go he did. The truth is he wanted to visit again the place where Buster Bear had gone to sleep. He wanted to make sure that



Buster was still there.

Sammy Jay, hiding near the edge of the Green Forest, saw Reddy and Granny Fox go up to the Old Pasture and then saw Peter start for the Green Forest as fast as he could scamper, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Sammy chuckled.

“Blacky the Crow was right,” thought he. “Peter has kept away from Buster Bear’s hiding place as long as he can, and now that he thinks that the way is clear he is going straight over there. All I have to do is to follow, and keep him in sight without letting him know and he’ll lead me straight to his secret.”

Now, Sammy Jay is an old hand at prying and spying into the affairs of other people, and no one knows better than he how to steal along behind another and keep out of sight himself while he watches all that the one ahead of him does. He chuckled again as Peter stopped on the edge of the Green Forest and looked very carefully that way to make sure that no one was watching him. He didn’t see Sammy, for Sammy was hiding in a thick hemlock tree. At last Peter seemed satisfied that he was all, all alone, and he started on straight into the Green Forest. Sammy waited until Peter was almost out of sight and then followed, taking the greatest care to make no sound. He flew from tree-top to tree-top, for he reasoned that Peter would not watch up there as sharply as he would along the ground. Besides, the thick branches of the trees would be hard for Peter to see through.

Peter was in a hurry, but he didn’t go in a straight line. He seldom does. No matter where he is bound for, unless someone is chasing him, he has to peek into every possible hiding place along the way to see if anyone has been there since he was there last himself. That is because of his great curiosity. So he is continually running off to one side or the other. It was so this time. Then, too, Peter didn’t forget to be cautious. Every few jumps he would stop to sit up and look and listen so as to make sure that the way was safe.

“I wish he would hurry up,” muttered Sammy to himself. But he tried to be patient. You know a spy has to be patient if he would succeed. Little by little Peter worked his way into the Green Forest in the direction of the Great Rock near which Reddy Fox had smelled Buster Bear, and near which Blacky the Crow was even now hiding in the top of a tall hemlock tree. Sammy chuckled again. Everything was working out just as he and Blacky hoped it would.

Then, without warning, Peter did something that nearly, very nearly, caught Sammy Jay off his guard. He suddenly turned and came back along his own tracks as fast as he could run, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Sammy had just time to dodge behind the trunk of a big pine tree. Peter ran a little way past, sat up to look and listen, and then once more turned around and continued on his way into the heart of the Green Forest.

Sammy Jay scowled. “Now what under the sun did he do that for?” he muttered. “It’s lucky that I got out of sight.”



## STORY 921. January 22, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Sees a Feather

Little pennies make the dollar;  
Little drops the mighty sea.  
Mind the little change and you will  
Find how great they grow to be.

Now whoever would think that a little feather could be very, very important to anyone. It was just a tiny little feather floating down from a big pine tree, the most unimportant and innocent looking little feather that ever was. If you or I had been there we probably would not have noticed it at all. If we had it wouldn't have meant anything to us. And yet that innocent looking little feather upset the plans of three rogues, though they don't know it to this day, and smart as they are they still wonder how Peter Rabbit found out that he was being followed and spied upon.

You see it was this way: Peter has a lot more shrewdness in that funny little, head of his than some of his neighbors give him credit for. None of them ever think of him as being smart like Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote, who are noted for their smartness. Yet with all their smartness they haven't caught Peter yet. That is because Peter has proved to be smarter than they. But his neighbors never think of it in this way. They say that Peter is lucky. Now you know and I know that the biggest and best part of Peter's luck is nothing more nor less than smartness.

Yes, sir, Peter is smart. If he wasn't he would have been gobbled up long ago. Now when he was very young he learned one thing of the very greatest importance, and that was never to despise or overlook little things. He learned that the little things in life often are the most important, and that is why he took particular note of that little feather floating down from the big pine tree. When he had left the dear Old Brier Patch to go to the Green Forest he had felt very sure that no one was watching him. Still there might be, and so as he scampered along deeper and deeper into the Green Forest he kept looking and listening.

"I'm sure that no one has seen me or is following me," said he to himself as he drew near the Great Rock under which he knew that Buster Bear had gone to sleep. "Still you never can tell. Some of my neighbors are very anxious to find out my secret, the secret of where Buster Bear is, and I wouldn't be surprised to see one of them pop out from behind a tree any minute. There is nothing like being sure in this world. I believe I'll run back a little way, and if anybody is following me I may surprise them before they can hide."

So Peter turned around and scampered back as fast as he could run, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and if Sammy Jay hadn't been very quick in getting behind the trunk of a big tree Peter certainly would have seen him. But he didn't see him and he had made up his mind that no one was following and spying on him when he saw that tiny little feather floating down from the big pine tree. Peter knew right away that that feather had just been dropped and he knew who had dropped it, for it was blue. But Peter didn't let

on that he had seen the feather. He didn't even look up in the big pine tree. He ran on a little farther and then turned back as if quite satisfied that no one was near.

As he hopped along, he chuckled to himself. "Sammy Jay is spying on me," said he. "He was up in that big pine tree and he is stealing along behind me and keeping out of sight. Probably that smart cousin of his, Blacky the Crow, is somewhere about. I think, Peter, you will have to play a little joke on them."

## STORY 922. January 23, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Too Smart for Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow

O, Peter, Peter Rabbit,  
How could you have the heart  
To fool your little neighbors  
Who thought themselves so smart?

Peter Rabbit chuckled and chuckled as he hopped along through the Green Forest. He knew now that Sammy Jay was spying on him. He hadn't seen Sammy, but he had seen a little blue feather floating down out of a big pine tree when he ran back to see if anyone was following him, and that little feather had told him all he wanted to know. That little feather was one of Sammy Jay's, and it had just been dropped, so, of course, Sammy was hiding up in that big pine tree. Peter didn't let Sammy know that he knew. That wouldn't do at all. You see right away he planned to play a joke on Sammy. He knew why Sammy was spying. He was trying to find out Peter's secret, the secret that only Peter and Billy Mink knew—the place where Buster Bear had gone to sleep.

"He thinks I am going over there, and by following me he'll find the place," chuckled Peter. "I'll have to fool him. I'll have to play a little joke on smart Mr. Sammy."

Peter hopped along deeper and deeper into the Green Forest. Sammy Jay followed, taking the greatest care not to be seen, and not to make the least bit of noise. Sammy, you know, is a very clever spy. And while Peter was chuckling over the thought of the joke he was planning, Sammy was chuckling, too. He was chuckling to think how smart he was, for he didn't have the least doubt that Peter was taking him straight to the place where Buster Bear had gone to sleep. Now with all his smartness and the sharpness of his eyes, Sammy had failed to see that little feather. He had been watching Peter so closely that he had had not eyes for anything else. He didn't even know that he had dropped that feather. So he didn't have the least idea that Peter even suspected that he was being followed.

Peter kept right on toward the great rock slanting out from the hillside, the great rock under which he knew that Buster Bear had gone to sleep. But he didn't stop there. He didn't even glance at it. He went right past until he was quite out of sight of it. Sammy was surprised. He had been quite sure that Buster was somewhere near that great rock. Presently Peter headed toward a great pile of fallen trees, blown over by a

mighty wind in some great storm. When he got near this, Peter began to go very slowly and carefully. He kept stopping to sit up and look and listen, as if to make sure that no one was near.

When he was very near the great pile of fallen trees, he sat up and looked at it very hard for a long time, as if he were undecided whether or not to go any nearer.

“I believe that is the place,” chuckled Sammy Jay. “I believe Buster Bear is somewhere under that pile.”

After a while Peter tiptoed a little nearer and peeped under the fallen trees. Then he ran back a little way as if frightened by what he had seen. He sat up again and stared very hard at the great pile just as before. Once more he tiptoed close and peeped under. This time when he ran he kept on running. He ran just as a scared rabbit always runs. Sammy Jay didn’t even look to see where Peter went. He was sure now that Buster Bear was under that great pile. He didn’t even try to keep out of sight any longer, but boldly flew to the top of a tall tree, screaming excitedly.

“I’ve found the place! Come on, Blacky! Here’s Peter’s secret!” he screamed.

“Caw, caw, caw!” replied Blacky the Crow from the tree in which he had been hiding near the great rock and flew over to join Sammy. How their tongues did fly as the two scamps peered down into that great pile of fallen trees trying to get a glimpse of Buster Bear! Peter sat down under a hemlock branch and laughed until he could laugh no more. Then he scampered as fast as he could, lipperty-lipperty-lip, over to the great rock, and stopped just long enough to sniff at a little hole in the snow, the hole made by the breath of Buster Bear.

“He’s still there.” said Peter. “I do believe he has gone to sleep for the winter just as Jumper the Hare said.” Then Peter started for home.

## STORY 923. January 25, 1915

### Reddy and Granny Fox Miss a Good Dinner

Most things are equal in this world,  
As you can plainly see;  
For often what we count as loss  
Another’s gain may be.

Granny and Reddy Fox had gone up to the Old Pasture to hunt and had taken pains to pass right by the dear Old Brier Patch so that Peter Rabbit would see them. They hoped that Peter would take the chance and go over to the Green Forest, and he did, as you and I know. Now Granny and Reddy didn’t really expect to catch anything in the Old Pasture, and they were not disappointed when they failed to. Reddy did not forget the sly hint of Blacky the Crow that if they came back to the Green Forest early they might, they just might, happen to meet Peter Rabbit on his way home and catch him for

## Illustrations. January 18 to January 23, 1915.



**917. All on Account of Their Secret**  
Chatterer the Red Squirrel was very polite to Peter whenever they met.



**918. Three Rogues Get Together**  
"Three heads are better than one," said he.



**919. Blacky the Crow Unfolds a Plan**  
"All we have to do, said Blacky, "is to watch Peter."



**920. Spying on Peter Rabbit**  
"I think I will take a run over to the Green Forest."



**921. Peter Rabbit Sees a Feather**  
So Peter turned around and scampered back as fast as he could run.



**922. Peter Rabbit Too Smart for Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow**  
Peter hopped along, deeper and deeper into the Green Forest.

their dinner.

So they started back for the Green Forest early, and as they passed the dear Old Brier Patch they looked all through it to make sure that Peter had not returned. They saw little Mrs. Peter, but no sign of Peter, and they looked at each other and grinned, and it was a sly, hungry grin.

“He won’t be expecting us back so soon, and we ought to be able to surprise him,” said Reddy as they entered the Green Forest.

“I hope so. I certainly hope so,” replied Granny. “It is a disgrace to our family that he should have succeeded so long in fooling us.”

Very softly they stole through the Green Forest, watching, listening and constantly testing the air with their keen noses. Suddenly they heard the voice of Sammy Jay in the distance, and they knew by the sound that Sammy was very, very much excited. Then they heard Blacky the Crow, and Blacky sounded just as excited.

“They’ve found the place where Buster Bear has gone to sleep!” exclaimed Reddy, and his voice sounded just as excited as the voices of Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. “Let’s hurry over there!”

Now Old Granny Fox is not easily excited, but this time she was. You see she really was very anxious to know just where Buster Bear was. Ever since Buster had come to the Green Forest to live, she had kept away from that part where he made his home. If it was true now that he was asleep and was likely to stay asleep all winter she wanted to know it. Then she would feel free to go where she pleased. So Granny was almost as excited as Reddy, and both quite forgot all about Peter Rabbit as they started to run swiftly in the direction of the excited screaming of Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow.

At this very time Peter Rabbit was on his way home. He was so tickled over the way in which he had fooled Sammy Jay and Blacky, and had made them think that Buster was under a great pile of fallen trees when he wasn’t there at all, that he couldn’t think of anything else and for once quite forgot to watch out for possible danger. He was hopping along, lipperty-lipperty-lip, thinking of all that he had to tell little Mrs. Peter when he got home, and chuckling to himself, when, as he started around a little pile of brush who should he see coming but Reddy and old Granny Fox.

Peter’s heart gave a great jump. What should he do? He wanted to run. It seemed to him that he just must run. But he didn’t. He saw that they did not yet see him, and so he just squatted down right where he was, keeping perfectly still and holding his breath. He couldn’t have done a wiser thing. No, sir, he couldn’t. Reddy and Granny were so eager to get over to where Sammy Jay and Blacky were that they thought of nothing else. They quite forgot to use their eyes and ears and noses as they usually do, and they ran right past Peter without knowing it, although he was in plain sight. If he had run as he had wanted to they would have seen him. But because he kept perfectly still, they didn’t see him, and that is how they missed a good dinner.

As for Peter, he waited until they were out of sight and then he ran. How he did

run, lipperty-lipperty-lip!

“My gracious!” he exclaimed, “That was one of the narrowest escapes I’ve ever had!”

## STORY 924. January 26, 1915

### Peter Rabbit’s Joke Found Out

While Peter Rabbit was telling little Mrs. Peter all about the joke he had played on Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow, and all about the narrow escape he had had from Reddy and Old Granny Fox, there was great excitement over by the great pile of fallen trees deep in the Green Forest. Sammy Jay and Blacky were sure that somewhere down underneath was Buster Bear fast asleep. They flew back and forth over the great pile, peering down among the branches and hoping that they would catch a glimpse of Buster. All the time they kept up a continual screaming and chattering as is their way.

Of course, this brought everybody within hearing. By the time Reddy and Granny Fox got there, Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker were there also. Not long afterward Jimmy Skunk came ambling up, and wanted to know what all the fuss was about. Then Sammy told how he and Blacky had tricked Peter Rabbit into showing them where Buster Bear was. Sammy told just how he had spied on Peter and followed him straight over to that great pile, and he didn’t seem the least bit ashamed of having been a spy. He told how Peter had peeped under the fallen trees as if he expected to see someone there, and then how he had run away as if in great fright.

“You all know how Peter found out about Buster and wouldn’t tell,” said Sammy. “I knew he couldn’t keep away very long, and would pay Buster a visit the very first chance he got, and he did. I wish you could have seen him. He tiptoed up close and looked under, then jumped as if scared to death. Then he tiptoed back and peeped under again. I guess he saw Buster all right by the way he ran this time. He won’t feel so important now that we have found out his secret.”

“Have you seen Buster yet?” asked Tommy Tit, who was flitting about among the branches of the great pile and peering down among them with his bright eyes.

“No,” replied Sammy. “He must be way down underneath where we can’t see him.”

All the time Reddy and Granny Fox had kept at a respectful distance, for you know they are very crafty and never take chances.

“Why don’t you go up close and look under? Peter Rabbit did,” taunted Jimmy Skunk, who had been slowly walking all around the great pile.

“Why don’t you do it yourself?” snapped Reddy.

“I think I will,” replied Jimmy, who, you know, isn’t afraid of anybody or anything except a terrible gun.

With this Jimmy walked straight up to the great pile of fallen trees, just where

Sammy Jay said that Peter had peeped under. Everybody held their breath. Jimmy looked and looked.

“I don’t see anybody,” said he. “I think I’ll crawl under.”

And that is just what he did do. He was gone a long time and just when everybody was wondering what had become of him, he crawled out on the other side. He was grinning his very broadest, was Jimmy Skunk.

“There isn’t anybody there,” said Jimmy. “I’ve been all around under there and Buster Bear isn’t there. More than that, he hasn’t been there! There isn’t a sign of him. It is my opinion that Peter Rabbit has played a trick on you people who think yourselves so smart. Ha, ha, ha! Good for Peter Rabbit!”

Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker joined in the laugh. Sammy Jay and Blacky Crow looked just as foolish as they felt. But Reddy and Granny Fox were angry. Yes, sir, they were angry. They had wasted a whole afternoon and had no dinner, and didn’t know where they were going to get one. They glared at Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. Then without a word they turned and trotted off.

## STORY 925. January 27, 1915

### Everybody Goes Looking for Holes

For several days after Peter Rabbit had fooled Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow about Buster Bear they kept away from the dear Old Brier Patch. While they are always ready to laugh at others, they don’t like to be laughed at themselves. They are, you know, very sharp and very fond of playing tricks on their neighbors, and they like to think that they are so smart that no one else can fool them. And to have Peter Rabbit of all people trick them the way he had was too much.

But merry little Tommy Tit the Chickadee visited Peter every day. He told Peter all about Jimmy Skunk crawling under the great pile of fallen trees where Sammy and Blacky had been so sure Buster Bear was sleeping and how Jimmy had come out with a broad a grin declaring that there wasn’t even a sign of Buster there. He told how excited the rest of them were as they waited for Jimmy to come out, and then how very, very foolish Sammy and Blacky had looked, and how angry Reddy and Old Granny Fox had been when they found that they had been fooled. Then how Peter and Tommy Tit would laugh!

Now, of course, Tommy Tit himself was very curious about Buster Bear and as he had gone about his business day after day, ridding the trees of grubs and the eggs of insects, he had looked and looked for some place in which Buster might be sleeping, but all in vain. One morning when he paid Peter a call in the dear Old Brier Patch he suddenly swung head down from an old bramble right over Peter’s head and his bright little eyes twinkled merrily as he said:

Tell me. Peter, tell me true,  
Honest Injun, black and blue,



On your honor, is it so  
That you really, truly know.

Peter chuckled. He knew what Tommy meant. Of course he did. "Yes," said he; "it is."

Honest Injun, black and blue,  
On my honor it is true.  
There's a hole that tells the tale;  
Go and seek it without fail.

Tommy Tit's eyes twinkled more merrily than ever as he replied: "Thank you, Peter. I certainly will do so."

"You are quite welcome and good luck to you," cried Peter as Tommy flew away in the direction the direction of the Green Forest.

Of course Tommy told all his friends and neighbors what Peter had said, and right away everybody began to look for holes. Of course the hole must be big because Buster Bear himself was so big. So no one paid any attention to little holes. A big hole was what everybody had in mind, and each tried to remember all the big holes he had ever seen, and then visited these in turn. Most of them were more or less filled with snow, and not one showed any trace of Buster Bear. Every fallen hollow log big enough for Buster to squeeze into was looked into, and a lot that were not big enough. Hunting holes got to be a regular game.

"It is another of Peter Rabbit's jokes," declared Sammy Jay crossly as he stopped to rest in a big pine tree close by the great rock deep in the Green Forest.

"I believe you are right," returned Blacky the Crow. "There isn't a hole anywhere in the Green Forest big enough for Buster Bear to get into that we haven't looked into."

And all the time they were looking right at a little hole in the snow, a very little hole almost underneath them, without giving it a thought. Peter Rabbit, hiding nearby, watched them and chuckled and chuckled, for that little hole was the very one which had told him where Buster Bear was. It was the hole made by Buster's warm breath as it came out from the shelf under the great rock where he was fast asleep.

## STORY 926. January 28, 1915

### Buster Bear is Forgotten

Rough Brother North Wind,  
So fierce and so bold,  
How can we love you  
So cruel and cold?

For days and days rough Brother North Wind had been howling and roaring across the Green Meadows, now all white and sparkling instead of green, and through the Green Forest. He whooped and shouted and howled, rolled up great snow clouds, and



then drove the snow before him so that it hissed through the branches of the trees, and on the meadows no one could face it. And when rough Brother North Wind at last took himself elsewhere Jack Frost took his place and pinched and squeezed until the very trees snapped like pistol shots.

These were hard days, hard days indeed, for the little folks of the Green Meadows and the little people of the Green Forest. While rough Brother North Wind howled and roared, they could do nothing but huddle in the most sheltered places they could find. Reddy and Granny Fox curled up in their underground house. Old Man Coyote did the same thing. So did Jimmy Skunk. They didn't mind rough Brother North Wind, because down there he couldn't reach them. But they did mind not being able to get anything to eat. That is, the first three did. Jimmy Skunk was so fat that he didn't care, and curled himself up to sleep until the weather was more comfortable.

Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel curled up in their hollow trees and tried to sleep. Billy Mink curled up in a hollow log.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Drummer the Woodpecker each crept into a hollow limb and didn't put so much as the tips of their bills outside. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow huddled in the thickest part of a thick hemlock tree, and with their heads drawn as far down in their feathers as possible wished and wished that they had flown South with their feathered neighbors. It was the same way with Roughleg the Hawk and Hooty the Owl. Mrs. Grouse plunged under the snow and with her head tucked under her wing was warm and quite beyond the reach of rough Brother North Wind, but she was hungry and that gave her bad dreams. Peter Rabbit and little Mrs. Peter snuggled very close together in a certain secret place in the dear Old Brier Patch and said unkind things about rough Brother North Wind.

Just as soon as rough Brother North Wind stopped blowing the snow-clouds and took himself off, giving jolly, bright Mr. Sun a chance to shine, everybody was astir. Yes, indeed, everybody was out bright and early. Jack Frost was here, there, and everywhere, and his breath was cold, cold, dreadfully cold. But you know the surest way to keep warm is to keep moving, and no one knows this better than the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Besides, they just had to move, and move lively, because their stomachs made them. They knew that with full stomachs they would have nothing to fear from Jack Frost, but that with empty stomachs they had everything to fear. They had thick, warm coats of fur and feathers, but thick coats are not warm in themselves. They keep people warm by keeping the warmth from inside getting out. All warmth in cold weather comes right inside the body.

Did you know that? It is so. You just ask Old Mother Nature if it isn't.

Now it is food, plenty of good food, that makes warmth. Little Tommy Tit the Chickadee knows all about that. If he has plenty of food, he doesn't care how cold the weather is. He is just as merry and just as happy as if it were warm weather. You see, plenty of food makes plenty of heat in his tiny little body, and his thick coat of feathers keeps it there. But when food is scarce Tommy soon grows cold, and if he had to go without food very long, he would die. He would freeze to death. There would be no heat in his body, and so his warm coat would do him no good at all. It is just so with

the others. They must have food, not just because they are hungry, but in order not to freeze.

So now everybody was out hunting for food and shivering as they hunted, for they had been a long time with nothing to eat on account of the storm. And no one gave Buster Bear so much as a thought. Curiosity was forgotten.

## STORY 927. January 29, 1915

### Jack Frost Sharpens Wits

If wits be dull or wits be slow,  
Jack Frost knows just what to do  
To sharpen them and quicken them,  
And liven up your wits for you.

Anyway that is what all the little meadow people and forest folk who do not sleep all winter or go away down South say. And they ought to know. Yes, sir, they ought to know. That is why they do things in winter that they never, never would think of doing in summer. That is why Reddy Fox sometimes seems very bold, and Sammy Jay actually dares to fly down into Farmer Brown's henyard and help himself to corn right under the very bills of the biddies.

So it was when rough Brother North Wind finally left the snow-covered Green Meadows and Green Forest to Jack Frost, there was a great hurrying about by everybody to get their stomachs full once more. Now those who, like Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, had, stored up food were not so badly off as those who had no food at all stored. To be sure, Happy Jack had hidden nuts under leaves on the ground, and now these were covered with snow and hard to find. But by searching he found one here and there. Danny Meadow Mouse and Whitefoot the Wood Mouse had stores of seeds where they could get at them without much trouble, and they soon were skipping about on the snow, really enjoying the cold weather. But all the time they had to keep their wits about them and watch out more sharply than ever because of so many hungry folks watching for them.

But while it was easy for these thrifty little people to get enough to eat a lot of their neighbors were very, very hungry, and because they were hungry, they were also cold, Peter Rabbit and little Mrs. Peter could find very little to eat but the bark of young trees, and they had to travel around quite a lot to find enough of even this coarse fare to fill their stomachs. Mrs. Grouse was quite as badly off. Of course with all that snow on the ground she could find no seeds or other food there, and had to live on buds from the trees, not at all to her liking, but better than nothing.

By working very hard and patiently Drummer the Woodpecker and Tommy Tit the Chickadee managed to find enough insect eggs and grubs under the bark of trees to keep going, but it was the hardest kind of hard work because a great many of the trees were covered with ice which they could not get through. Their bills became very much worn with the hard work. Still they did not complain. No one ever complains of things

like that on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest. They just do the best they can knowing that Old Mother Nature is doing the best she can, which is a very wise way of looking at matters.

As for Granny and Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote, Hooty the Owl, and Roughleg the Hawk, they could not live on bark or buds or seeds or grubs, and so they had to depend on catching unwary little people smaller than themselves, and this meant hunting every minute that they were awake. They grew very fierce and bold, and their wits grew very sharp, indeed. They had need to be sharp in order to get enough to eat. They never did really get enough—not enough to feel that they had enough. They were always hungry. But they got enough to keep them from day to day.

O, those were hard times, hard times indeed on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, and all because of rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost. And yet as Peter Rabbit said to Mrs. Peter: “It might be worse. Yes, indeed, it might be worse. I guess Old Mother Nature knows what she is about. If we had things too easy, we wouldn’t live long. No, we wouldn’t live long. In these hard times we have to use all our wits to get enough to eat and to keep out of the stomachs of Reddy Fox and the others, and they have to use all their wits to try to catch us, so it makes us all just so much smarter.”

Which shows that Peter is wiser than some people who always complain.

## STORY 928. January 30, 1915.

### Jerry Muskrat Sorry for His Neighbors

Don’t you quiver? Don’t you shiver?  
Don’t you quake and don’t you shake  
When you think of icy water  
In the river and the lake?

Of course you do. B-r-r-r-r! It makes me cold to write about it. And yet there are little people who enjoy swimming in the cold water of winter just as much as in the warm water of summer, and one of these is Jerry Muskrat. In fact, Jerry is actually sorry for his neighbors who have to spend the long, cold winter on the land. He pities them. Yes, sir, he pities them. Probably some of them pity him, but that is because they do not know how very comfortable Jerry is when the Smiling Pool is covered with ice. The truth is, not one of the little people is more comfortable than Jerry Muskrat.

In the first place Jerry is one of those with the wisdom that looks ahead and prepares for what is coming, just as does his big cousin, Paddy the Beaver. So while Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk were busy in the Fall laying up stores of nuts for the Winter, Jerry was no less busy in the Smiling Pool. First, he built himself a house, not as good a house as Paddy the Beaver built, but a very nice house for all that. It was built of mud and sods and twigs and rushes. The lower part is in the water, but the upper part is above the water, and the walls are so thick that it is very warm and comfortable in the very coldest weather. In

the upper part above the water Jerry has the nicest little room with the nicest bed of soft grass, and when he made the roof over it, he took the greatest care to leave little places for the fresh air to get in and the bad air, which he had breathed, to get out.

In the lower part, Jerry made another little room under water, and from this several little tunnels leading to the very deepest part of the Smiling Pool where the water never freezes, and to his secret burrows in the banks, in one of which he stored some supplies. From one of these burrows in the bank Jerry made a doorway opening out on the Green Meadows, a carefully hidden doorway, which was one of his secrets. All these things he did before rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost came down from the far North, and when they did come, he was all ready for them, and he actually smiled when one morning he started for a swim in the Smiling Pool, only to find it covered with ice.

On the day when rough Brother North Wind blowing the snow-clouds before him drove all the little meadow and forest people to seek shelter as best they could until the storm should be over, Jerry took it into his head to see how things were on the Green Meadows. Of course, he didn't know anything about rough Brother North Wind, because in his snug house all was quiet and still. It was the same way in the Smiling Pool which, you know, was covered with ice. So Jerry took a long breath, dived down through his underwater room, swam under the ice to the entrance to the tunnel that led up into the bank, ran up this and finally reached the secret doorway on the Green Meadows.

When he poked his head out of this, he quite lost his breath for a minute, for rough Brother North Wind happened to be blowing his hardest just then. He dashed tiny stinging snowflakes into Jerry's face so that Jerry had to close his eyes quickly. When he opened them again all he could see was a whirling cloud of snow.

Jerry shivered and drew back. Then he turned about and as he made his way back to the Smiling Pool, he shivered again at the thought of that storm.

"I pity Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox and all the rest of them who have no such nice comfortable place as the Smiling Pool, where there are no storms, and it is always just the same," he said as he plunged into the water and swam back to his house. And when you think of it that seems funny because some of Jerry's friends often pitied him when they thought of that cold water.

## STORY 929. February 1, 1915.

### Solid Comfort in the Smiling Pool

Let Brother North Wind rave and howl!  
Let Jack Frost pinch and squeeze and bite!  
Within the frozen Smiling Pool  
Lives Jerry Muskrat snug and tight.

Yes, sir, that is just what Jerry Muskrat does. The fact is in the winter, when other people are having a hard time, Jerry Muskrat takes solid comfort in the Smiling Pool he loves so well. It doesn't make the least bit of difference to him what the weather is after

the Smiling Pool is frozen over. It may rain or snow or be bitter, bitter cold up above, but down where he is he knows nothing about it. It is always just the same there. The water gets no colder and is always just the same, with just the gentlest of motions as the slight current moves it. Where it is shallow the water may freeze clear to the bottom, but out in the middle it is too deep for this, and Jerry's carefully made hallways from his house lead straight to this deep part where he is always sure of water.

Now Jerry had worked hard to build his house and dig his tunnels in the bank. All through the summer and late in the fall he had been very busy preparing for just this time, so he felt that he had earned the right to rest and take things easy. So he slept a great deal in the upper chamber of his house. When he felt hungry, he drew a long breath, dived down and out into the Smiling Pool, and from the soft mud of the bottom dug up a lily-root, or a fat clam, which he took back to his house to eat. Sometimes there was a little space between the water and the ice, or just under the edge of a bank, and there Jerry found plenty of fresh air. When there wasn't any such space and Jerry had held his breath just as long as he could, what do you think he did? Why, he let the air out of his lungs, the air that was no longer good, and when it bubbled up against the ice it became purified and he could use it over again.

So while his neighbors on land shivered with cold, or went hungry much of the time, Jerry Muskrat lived in solid comfort. He slept a great deal, but he also took plenty of exercise, and enjoyed his daily swims under the ice quite as much as he does his swimming in summer when there is no ice. His waterproof fur coat kept him dry and warm, and altogether he was very happy. Once in a while he would get a bit of news from the outside world from Billy Mink, who occasionally came down from the Laughing Brook under the ice for a little fishing in the Smiling Pool. And once in a great while Little Joe Otter would make him a visit, and try to get him to come up to a certain spring hole where he had made a wonderful slippery slide. But such sport is a little too exciting for Jerry, and he was quite content to take Little Joe's word for it that there is no sport like it.

Altogether it was a wonderfully peaceful, quiet, little world of itself down there in the Smiling Pool with the water weeds swaying ever so little in the dim light, with no storms, and with the water never colder or warmer, but always just the same, and Jerry thought it quite the finest place ever was. But despite its peacefulness and the easy time he was having Jerry never forgot that sometimes danger is near when it seems farthest away, and every day he took the greatest care to make sure that no strange Mink had found the Smiling Pool. That was the only danger he had to fear, and he didn't mean to take any chances even though everything seemed so safe and secure.

When he had nothing else to do, he sometimes hunted for Grandfather Frog. He knew that somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool was the bed where Grandfather Frog was sleeping the Winter away, but look as he would he never could find it. Nor could he find Spotty the Turtle, who also had gone to sleep for the winter.

"I'd like to wake them just for fun," thought Jerry as he hunted. "I think it would be great fun." And this goes to show how little we really know about those who are our closest neighbors. If Jerry had found them, he couldn't have waked them. They were in

## Illustrations. January 25 to January 30, 1915.



**923. Reddy and Granny Fox Miss a Good Dinner**  
Who should he see coming but Reddy and Granny Fox.



**924. Peter Rabbit's Joke Found Out**  
"I don't see anybody," said he. "I think I'll crawl under."



**925. Everybody Goes Looking for Holes**  
"You are quite welcome, and good luck to you," cried Peter.



**926. Buster Bear is Forgotten**  
Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow huddled in a hemlock tree.



**927. Jack Frost Sharpens Wits**  
"It might be worse. Yes, indeed, it might be worse."



**928. Jerry Muskrat Sorry for His Neighbors**  
When he poked his head out, he quite lost his breath for a minute.



too deep a sleep. Only Sweet Mistress Spring has the magic touch to waken them.

## STORIES 930. February 2, 1915.

### Danny Meadow Mouse Laughs at Nanny

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were enjoying the winter, which is more than could be said for many of their friends and neighbors. In fact, Danny and Nanny were having great times. In the first place they had no family cares. Teeny, Weeny, Midget and Mite, their four children, had grown up and were quite able to care for themselves, for they had been well trained in all that goes to make Meadow Mouse wisdom. So now Danny and Nanny had none but themselves to look out for. They had plenty to eat, for they had wisely stored up plenty of seeds in the fall, and so they had nothing to worry about on this score, as did Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox and many others.

And they liked the snow which covered the Green Meadows. Yes, sir, Danny and Nanny liked the snow. You see they felt safer. All they had to do was to make tunnels through it, and through these tunnels they could go and come as they pleased and no one could see them. It was a lot of fun making those tunnels, and then running around in them. If they had been content to stay in them all the time, they wouldn't have a thing to fear as long as the snow lasted.

But this would have been very tame, very tame, indeed and Danny and Nanny are like a great many other people—they love excitement. So they made little round doorways in the surface of the close beside old mullein and goldenrod stalks. Then when they felt like it, they could climb one of these stalks, pop out of the little doorway and scamper across to another. They didn't mind how cold it was, for their fur coats were so warm that they just laughed at Jack Frost. It was great fun to scamper around on the snow, especially on moonlight nights. It was the more fun because they knew that there was always danger, and that they must keep their eyes open every minute because there were sharp eyes watching for them all the time, and this is what made it exciting.

They liked to sit close beside one of their little round doorways and watch Hooty the Owl or Roughleg the Hawk come sailing in their direction, and then fool them at the last minute by diving down into their tunnels. Danny was bolder than Nanny. Of course. That was to be expected. Sometimes he would wait so long that Nanny would be all of a tremble for fear that he would be caught. She used to scold him because it seemed to her that he took altogether too many chances. She is very, very timid, is Nanny Meadow Mouse.

One moonlight night, when she popped her head out of one of those little round doorways, she discovered something that made her draw her head back just as quickly as she knew how. Things were not just as she had last seen them outside that doorway. When she had last looked out of that particular doorway, the surface of the snow had been all smooth and glistening. Now there was what seemed like a heap of snow close by. It seemed great to her because, you know, she is so small herself. The instant she saw it, she was suspicious. How did it get there? Nanny is always suspicious of

strange things. She told Danny about it and Danny at once put his head out to look at it. He looked at it very hard for a few minutes, and his little eyes twinkled merrily. He climbed out and then, putting his head in at the little round doorway, he called to Nanny:

“Come on, Nanny!” said he. “Are you afraid of a little heap of snow? Don’t be a goose. Come on up. It’s great out here in the moonlight!”

But it was some time before timid Nanny could get up her courage, and then she crept out of another doorway some distance away. The little white mound was just where she had seen it first, and Danny was playing around it. Little by little she crept nearer.

“Of course, I’m foolish to be afraid of it,” thought she. “It’s nothing but a little heap of snow put there by rough Brother North Wind.” Then she began to play tag with Danny and forgot all her fears.

She had just dodged behind that little white heap when without any warning at all it suddenly jumped. Yes, sir, that little white heap made a great long jump right over Nanny’s head. With a frightened little shriek, she scampered to the nearest doorway and dived down. Danny rolled over and over with laughter. You see he had known all the time that that little white heap was Jumper the Hare in his white winter coat, and he wouldn’t hurt a flea.

## STORY 931. February 3, 1915

### Nanny Meadow Mouse Might Have Laughed

It wasn’t nice, not a bit nice, of Danny Meadow Mouse to laugh at Nanny Meadow Mouse when what she had thought was a heap of snow suddenly came to life and frightened her almost out of her wits. Danny had known all the time that it was Jumper the Hare, and he had laughed until his sides ached to see Nanny dive headfirst into one of their little round doorways. It had seemed to Danny a great joke, but it was some time before Nanny could see it that way.

“You might have told me,” she kept saying over and over. “I think it was just mean of you not to. I never had seen Jumper in his winter coat before, so how was I to know? I don’t think it was a bit funny, so there!”

Danny looked a little ashamed, and said as many nice things as he could think of and promised that he never, never would let Nanny be fooled that way again.

“You won’t have the chance,” declared Nanny. “Hereafter I am going to keep away from any strange white heaps. They may be nothing but snow, but I’m not going to take any chances. You can’t fool me twice, Danny Meadow Mouse.”

“Pooh!” replied Danny. “Don’t be a fraidy. There isn’t any one around here with a white coat but Jumper the Hare, and he wouldn’t hurt a flea. Shadow the Weasel wears white, but you can always tell him by his black tail. Besides, he almost never comes way out here on the meadow.”



“I don’t care,” retorted Nanny. “I’ve been fooled once and that’s enough. And if you’ll take my advice, Danny Meadow Mouse, you won’t take any chances either.”

“Pooh!” said Danny again. “Pooh! there’s nothing to be afraid of. I know what I’m about.”

Now it happened that the very next day Danny discovered a little white heap where he knew there had been none before. There’s Jumper the Hare again,” said he to Nanny. “I’m going over to pass the day with him.”

Nanny looked where Danny pointed. “I wouldn’t if I were you,” said she. “It doesn’t look like Jumper to me. It looks too tall.”

“O,” replied Danny easily, that’s because he is sitting up very straight, the way Peter Rabbit does. I’m going to steal up behind him and give him a scare to make up for the scare he gave you.”

“Don’t, Danny, please don’t,” begged Nanny.

But Danny had already started. Nanny watched him scamper over the snow, and when he was almost over to the heap of white began to crawl nearer and nearer, taking the greatest pains not to make a sound. The nearer he got the more anxious Nanny grew. She didn’t know why, but somehow, she felt sure that that wasn’t Jumper the Hare.

Danny was very, very near now. He was having hard work to keep from laughing right out as he thought of how he was going to scare Jumper. Suddenly the laugh seemed to stick right in his throat. He had made the tiniest scratching sound with his toenails on the frozen snow and instantly the top part of that white heap turned around and Danny was gazing into two of the hungriest, fiercest eyes he ever had seen. With a frightened squeak he dived into one of his little round doorways which happened to be right close by, a very lucky thing for Danny. He raced along his little tunnels as fast as his legs could go, and when at last he reached the place where Nanny was waiting for him, he was trembling so that he couldn’t keep his funny little short tail still to save him.

“What was it?” demanded Nanny. “I—I don’t know,” chattered Danny.

“Now you know how I felt,” replied Nanny severely. “Perhaps next time you will heed my advice. You laughed at me when I was frightened, but I’m not going to laugh at you because—O, Danny, because I’m so glad you are safe.”

“So am I,” replied Danny, and then they snuggled up close together.

## STORY 932. February 4, 1915.

### Danny Learns What Frightened Him

Learn a little every day;  
You’ll find that it will always pay.  
Who says and thinks he knows it all

Some day will surely get a fall.

That's just as true as truth. Danny Meadow Mouse thought he knew it all. That is, he thought he knew all about all the people who wear white coats in winter. He never had seen any one on the meadows with a white coat except Jumper the Hare. He knew that Shadow the Weasel wears a white coat in winter, but Shadow has a black tail to give him away. So, never having seen or heard of anyone else with a white coat, Danny had been sure that there was no one else, and had boldly tried to play a trick on someone he supposed to be Jumper.

Danny shivered every time he thought of the two fierce, hungry-looking eyes that had suddenly stared down into his own. Lucky it had been for him that one of his many little round doorways had been right close at hand. It had been one of the narrowest escapes of Danny's whole life, and he knew it. But who had he escaped from? In his fright he had seen very little but those dreadful eyes, and he didn't have the least idea whose eyes they were. He kept thinking about it and thinking about it.

When Nanny Meadow Mouse teased him a little about not knowing as much as he had thought he did he owned up that this was true.

"I'll never boast again about how much I know," said he. "I guess nobody knows everything. Anyway, I know more now than I did. I know that there is someone besides Jumper the Hare who wears a white coat, but who it is I can't even guess."

He was studying and studying it over in his mind late one afternoon as he and Nanny sat on the snow crust close by one of their little round doorways. They never went far from one of these nowadays. Suddenly Nanny nudged Danny.

"See that funny little white cloud over there," she whispered.

Danny looked. Sure enough there was a little white cloud floating in their direction. At least it looked more like a little white cloud than anything else, only who ever heard of clouds floating by themselves so close to the earth? Danny never did, and he looked at it very hard and suspiciously. While they watched it turned and sailed in the direction of the dear Old Brier Patch. A little brown form was bobbing along on the snow over there. It was Peter Rabbit coming home from the Green Forest. The little white cloud was almost over Peter when he looked up and saw it. Danny and Nanny saw him dodge suddenly, and the little white cloud shot down, and from the under side of it were stretched two legs with great, cruel-looking claws spread wide to seize Peter.

"O!" gasped Nanny faintly.

"O!" cried Danny.

They knew then that the little white cloud wasn't a cloud at all, but a great, white, broadwinged bird, a stranger to the Green Meadows. But they didn't have time then to wonder who it was, for they were too much excited. The stranger had missed Peter and now Peter was running for his life, lipperty-lipperty-lip! Would he reach the dear old Brier Patch in time? Once more the great white stranger was right over him and once more Peter dodged just in the very nick of time. Twice more this happened, and then, with a last-long jump Peter was in the dear, safe Old Brier Patch.

"I'm so glad," cried Nanny, with a little sigh of relief.

"So am I," replied Danny. "That must be the fellow who so nearly caught me. I wonder who he is. I guess the safest place for us is down in our little tunnels while he is around."

And without another word Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse disappeared.

## STORY 933. February 5, 1915.

### Hooty the Owl's White Cousin

"If," said Danny Meadow Mouse thoughtfully, "if I didn't know that Hooty the Owl wears a brown coat in winter, just as he does in summer, I should say that he was the one who so nearly caught me and from whom we saw Peter Rabbit escape. I wonder if Peter knows who that fellow is. I believe I'll visit the Old Brier Patch and find out."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Danny Meadow Mouse," declared Nanny Meadow Mouse in such a decided tone of voice that Danny knew that matter was settled unless he went visiting on the sly.

"Our tunnels under the snow don't go half-way over there," continued Nanny, "and it is altogether too risky to run the rest of the way on top of the snow."

"Pooh!" replied Danny boastfully, "I'm not afraid."

"Then you are not half as smart as I have always thought you to be," retorted Nanny. "It is only foolish people who are not afraid when they ought to be afraid, and everybody ought to be afraid to do dangerous things when no good is going to come of it. That isn't bravery, but just plain foolishness."

"But some good will come of it if I find out who this fierce fellow in white is," argued Danny.

"No such thing!" snapped Nanny. "We know all we need to know. We know that he is dangerous, and that he is one more enemy to keep our eyes open for all the time, and it doesn't make the least bit of difference who he is or where he came from. That is no business of ours. Our business is to keep out of his claws. O, Danny, suppose he had caught you that time when you thought he was Jumper the Hare! What would I have done without you? You won't take any foolish risks, will you, Danny?" Nanny's voice was very soft and tender, and there were something very like tears in her eyes.

Danny drew her to him. "Of course, I won't, Nanny," he promised. "I don't want to be caught any more than you want me to. Just the same I'd like to know who that fellow is, Hello! Here comes Peter Rabbit, and he looks as if he had something on his mind."

Up came Peter, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and he certainly did look and act as if he had something on his mind. It was very plain to see that Peter was nervous. Usually, Peter is ready to sit down and gossip awhile, but this time he couldn't sit still. He was quite

out of breath when he reached Danny and Nanny, but he began talking at once and so fast that the words seemed to tumble over each other.

“Hello, Danny! Danny! Hello, Nanny!” he panted. “You want to watch out for a new danger. Keep your eyes open for a big, white bird who looks like a little white cloud when he’s flying, and a heap of snow when he’s sitting still. He’s a terror! He almost got me last night.”

Danny nodded. “We saw him, Peter, and we’re awfully glad he didn’t get you,” said he. “He almost got me, too.”

“O,” replied Peter, and there was just a little bit of disappointment in his voice, for you know Peter dearly loves to be the first with news. “I didn’t know that you knew, and I wanted you to be warned. I guess I’ll get back to the dear Old Brier Patch now. That fellow is so hard to see in his white coat that I don’t feel safe a minute out here.”

“Just a minute, Peter!” begged Danny as Peter started back the way he had come. “Who is he and where did he come from?”

“His name is Whitey and he comes from way up where rough Brother North Wind comes from. He’s Hooty the Owl’s northern cousin, so Jumper the Hare says, and he hunts in the day as well as at night. Watch out for him!” shouted Peter over his shoulder, and started at full speed for the dear Old Brier Patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

## STORY 934. February 6, 1915.

### The Mistake of Reddy Fox

Now would you think so smart a chap  
As Reddy Fox would ever  
Get into trouble through mistakes—  
A chap so very clever?

Well, he does once in a while. The fact is the very smartest people sometimes make mistakes, and mistakes are very apt to lead to trouble. Reddy is smart and sly and all that, but he has one great failing. Yes, sir, he has one great failing. He thinks he knows it all. He won’t listen to anybody. So, of course, he sometimes makes mistakes.

One of the very first things that wise old Granny Fox tried to fix in Reddy’s mind when he was a very little fellow is that he should always look before he leaps. For a long time, he did. He took the greatest pains to make sure of just what he was going to do before he did it. But when he reached the age where he thought he knew all that there was to know he grew careless, and more than once he leaped first and looked afterward, and was sorry for it.

It happened that Reddy Fox had heard nothing of the newcomer to the Green Meadows, Whitey the Snowy Owl. In fact, Reddy didn’t know that there was such a person, and if he had been told he wouldn’t have believed it. But he did know that Peter Rabbit had been sticking unusually close to the dear Old Brier Patch, and that Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse almost never came out of their little tunnels under

the snow. They didn't give him a chance to even try to catch them, which was very unusual, and he wondered at it.

Presently he gave up looking for them and started over toward the Big River. There was a certain place in the Big River which had not frozen and he thought there was just a chance that he might find Dusky the Black Duck or some of his relatives there. If they were there it might happen that one of them would come ashore, and if this did happen—well, Reddy just tingled all over at the very thought of a dinner of duck. As he drew near the bank of the Big River, Reddy began to creep on his stomach so as to be able to peek over the edge of the bank without being seen by the ducks if there were any there. It took him a long time to get to the edge of the bank, but at last he was there, and with his heart beating excitedly he slowly and carefully lifted his head until he could see the Big River and the open place in it.

Just imagine how disappointed Reddy was when he found not a duck in sight. He stood up and had just opened his mouth to give a little yelp of disappointment when he noticed some black feathers around what looked for all the world like a short, snow-covered post on the edge of the shore. Reddy knew what those feathers meant. Someone had been there before him and had had that duck dinner he had been counting on. It made him angry. He felt that he had been cheated. Of course, he hadn't, but that was the way he felt.

"I wonder what thief has stolen my dinner," he muttered. "I'll go down there and find out."

Muttering to himself he trotted down toward those black feathers, and he was so interested in them that he didn't even glance at that white post. A hungry, eager gleam came into his eyes as he saw that there was still some of that duck left. It wasn't much, but it was a bite anyway, and that was better than nothing. With a little growl of eagerness he sprang on it and then—well, right then things happened fast and furious! Yes, sir, they certainly did! Something clutched him by the back and tore his red coat. Great wings pounded him black and blue, and a savage, hooked beak tore at him.

"You would steal my dinner, would you?" hissed an angry voice. Take that, and that!"

Poor Reddy. He was as much frightened as he was hurt. That white post had suddenly come to life! It was Whitey the Snowy Owl.

"I—I beg your pardon. I didn't know it was yours," gasped Reddy as he struggled to get away from those great cruel claws and savage beak.

When at last he did escape he half sobbed to himself, "Next time I'll look before I leap."

## STORY 935. February 8, 1915

### Hooty Quarrels with His Cousin

When Kettle says that Pot is black,

And Pot retorts, "The same to you,"  
It's time, I think you will agree,  
To interfere between the two.

It is probable that Hooty the Owl has fewer friends than anyone else in the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows. The truth is, it is doubtful if he has even one friend who really thinks a great deal of him and would do anything for him, the way true friends always will. Now, isn't that dreadful? I wouldn't be in Hooty the Owl's shoes for a great deal, would you? Of course, you wouldn't. The more real friends, true friends, we have the better life is.

So Hooty the Owl lives by himself in a dark, lonesome part of the Green Forest, and doesn't seem to care because he has no friends. In fact, he isn't on speaking terms with his own relatives. The truth is they are afraid of him. He is big, broad-winged, strong, and fierce. He has great claws, a hooked beak, and great eyes—eyes so big and round and fierce that any of the little people who see them turned in their direction shiver with fear. And he has a fearsome sounding voice, has Hooty the Owl. He knows that it is fearsome sounding, and he uses it to frighten the timid.

Hooty, as you all know, prefers night to the bright and honest day. When the Black Shadows begin to creep out from the Purple Hills, Hooty starts forth to hunt. Now it happens that Hooty knew nothing of the coming of his cousin, Whitey the Snowy Owl, whose home is in the land of snow and ice, whence comes rough Brother North Wind. The fact is he didn't know that he had such a cousin. It probably would have made no difference if he had known. All the rest of his relatives are afraid of him, and he would have expected this one to be, too.

But Whitey the Snowy Owl was from a land where there is no place for those who are weak and timid, and so he also is fierce and strong and very nearly if not quite as big as Hooty. While he can and does hunt in the daytime he likes best to hunt when the Black Shadows first begin to steal out from the Purple Hills. So it came about that he happened, just happened, you know, to be sitting on a branch of a leafless tree near the tall, dead stub, which is the watch tower of Hooty when the latter took up his station there. And both sat so still that unless you had been looking for them, and looking very hard indeed, I don't believe you would have seen them at all if you had happened along that way.

Happy Jack Squirrel didn't. He should have known better than to be out so late, but he had been visiting, and he had had such a good time that time slipped away, as time will, and here it was beginning to grow dark when he still had some distance to go. Now, Happy Jack is afraid to be out in the dark. Yes, sir, that is just what he is—afraid. It isn't the dark itself that he is afraid of, you understand. O, my, no! He isn't so foolish as to be afraid of the dark itself. It is what may come out of the dark that Happy Jack fears, Hooty the Owl for instance, or old Granny Fox, or Shadow the Weasel.

So now he was hurrying for home as fast as he could scamper, and his heart thumped with fear as he saw the Black Shadows creeping this way and that way through the Green Forest. Suddenly one of those shadows seemed to be coming straight for him. It didn't make a sound, but it was coming swiftly, Happy Jack gave a little



Illustrations. February 1 to February 6, 1915.



**929. Solid Comfort in the Smiling Pool**

When he felt hungry, he drew a long breath and dived out into the Smiling Pool.



**930. Danny Meadow Mouse Laughs at Nanny**

Sometimes he would wait so long that Nanny would be all of a tremble for fear.



**931. Nanny Meadow Mouse Might Have Laughed**

"Pooh!" replied Danny. "Don't be a fraidy."



**932. Danny Learns What Frightened Him**

"I'll never boast again about how much I know," said he.



**933. Hooty the Owl's White Cousin**

Danny nodded. "We saw him, Peter, and we're awfully glad he didn't get you."



**934. The Mistake of Reddy Fox**

Just imagine how disappointed Reddy was when he found not a duck in sight.

gasp of fright for he knew that that seeming shadow was Hooty the Owl. He turned to run in another direction when suddenly what looked like a mass of snow dropped from a limb of the very tree Happy Jack was running for, and floated toward him as silently and swiftly as Hooty. It was Hooty's cousin, Whitey.

Poor Happy Jack. He was in a terrible fix! Because there seemed nothing else to do he dodged, and he did it just as the two cousins reached for him. Instantly they began to quarrel, each blaming the other for making him miss.

"He's mine!" hissed Hooty.

"No such thing! He's mine!" snapped Whitey.

Then both shot down with claws outstretched for Happy Jack, only to get in each other's way once more, giving Happy Jack a chance to reach a tree in safety. Then how those two owls did quarrel!

## STORY 936. February 9, 1915.

### A Foolish Fight

Any kind of a fight is bad enough, but it always seems worse when it is between relatives. That was the way it was when Hooty the Owl and his cousin Whitey from the far north first met. Both saw Happy Jack Squirrel and both tried to catch him at the same time. The result was that each got in the way of the other, and neither caught Happy Jack. Right away they began to quarrel, and such a foolish quarrel as it was! Happy Jack just had to laugh in spite of the terrible fright he had had.

"He's mine!" hissed Hooty, and the sound of that hiss was enough to make cold shivers run all over one.

"He isn't!" snapped Whitey.

"He is!"

"He isn't!"

"He is!"

"No such thing! He's mine!"

It seemed to Happy Jack that never in all his life had he heard such a foolish quarrel. Neither of them had caught him, yet they were quarreling over him, and presently they began to fight. Yes, sir, that is just what they did. They began to fight for Happy Jack, yet neither had caught him, and he had no intention that either should. There was a great hissing and a great snapping of bills, and then the feathers began to fly. My, how they did fly—white feathers from Whitey's coat, and brown feathers from Hooty's coat!

With their great cruel looking claws Hooty and Whitey tore at each other. With their great wings they beat and pounded each other. With their hooked bills they struck at each other, and all the time they kept up a great hissing and snapping of bills and



called each other all the mean things they could think of. It was a terrible fight. Happy Jack Squirrel says so and he ought to know, for he saw it. And yet there was no great harm done. You see, they were so nearly of a size, and so nearly equal in strength and each had such a thick coat of feathers that neither could hurt the other very much and neither could make the other give up. So they struggled and struggled until they were quite out of breath and just had to stop for a rest.

For a minute or two they sat and glared at each other, and a sorry looking sight they were. The feathers of both stood right up with anger. Whitey's coat was badly mussed and torn. Hooty had lost a couple of feathers from one wing, one of his very best tail feathers had been pulled out, and one eye was half closed from a blow. But he was just as fierce as ever, and perhaps a little more so.

"Do you give him up now?" he hissed.

"No!" Whitey fairly bristled with anger. "He's mine and it will take somebody bigger than you to take him away from me!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Hooty and Whitey turned their heads and glared over at Happy Jack Squirrel, who had found safety in a hollow tree and now was looking down at them from a hole too small for them to get at him through.

"Ha, ha ha!" laughed Happy Jack again. "Excuse me, but which of you really thinks he has me?" Hooty looked at Whitey, and Whitey looked at Hooty, and both looked very, very foolish. Right then and there it came to them that they had been fighting for something that neither of them had got, and which at present neither of them could get, and so, of course. It was the most foolish kind of a fight. Without another word Hooty turned and flew one way, and Whitey turned and new just the opposite way. And from that time until Whitey returned to his home in the far north neither ever spoke to the other. And that was foolish, too. Don't you think so?

## STORY 937. February 10, 1915.

### Happy Jack Gets a Warning

A fat Gray Squirrel is very tempting to a number of people in the Green Forest, particularly in winter, when getting a living is hard work. Almost every day Reddy and Granny Fox stole softly through that part of the Green Forest where Happy Jack Squirrel lives, hoping to surprise and catch him on the ground. But they never did. Roughleg the Hawk and Hooty the Owl wasted a great deal of time, sitting around near Happy Jack's home, hoping to catch him when he was not watching, but they never did.

Happy Jack knew all about these big hungry neighbors, and he was always on the watch for them. He knew their ways and just where they would be likely to hide. He took the greatest care to look into every such hiding place near at hand before he ventured down out of the trees, and because these hungry neighbors are so big, he never had any trouble in seeing them if they happened to be around. So Happy Jack

didn't do much worrying about them. The fact is, Happy Jack wasn't afraid of them at all, for the simple reason that he knew they couldn't follow him into his hollow tree.

Having nuts stored away, he would have been perfectly happy but for one thing. Yes, Sir, there was only one thing to spoil Happy Jack's complete happiness, and that was the fear that Shadow the Weasel might take it into his head to pay him a visit. Shadow can go through a smaller hole than Happy Jack can, and so Happy Jack knew that while he was wholly safe from his other enemies, he wasn't safe at all from Shadow the Weasel. And this worried him. Yes, Sir, it worried Happy Jack. He hadn't seen or heard of Shadow for a long time, but he had a feeling that he was likely to turn up almost any time, especially now that everything was covered with snow and ice, and food was scarce and hard to get. He sometimes actually wished that he wasn't as fat as he was. Then he would be less tempting to his hungry neighbors.

But no good comes of worrying. No, Sir, not a bit of good comes of worrying, and Happy Jack knows it.

"All I can do is to watch out and not be careless," said he, and dropped the shell of a nut on the head of Reddy Fox, who happened to be passing under the tree in which Happy Jack was sitting. Reddy looked up and showed his teeth angrily. Happy Jack laughed and scampered away through the tree-tops to another part of the Green Forest where he had some very secret stores of nuts.

He was gone most of the day, and when he started back home, he was in the best of spirits, for his stores had not been found by anyone else. He was in such good spirits that for once he quite forgot Shadow the Weasel. He was just going to pop into his doorway without first looking inside, a very foolish thing to do, when he heard someone calling him. He turned to see Tommy Tit the Chickadee hurrying towards him, and it was very clear that Tommy was greatly excited.

"Hello, Tommy Tit! What ails you?" exclaimed Happy Jack.

"Don't go in there, Happy Jack!" cried Tommy Tit. "Shadow the Weasel is in there waiting for you!"

Happy Jack turned quite pale. "Are you sure?" he gasped.

Tommy Tit nodded as if he would nod his head off. "I saw him go in, and he hasn't come out, for I've kept watch," said he. "You better get away from here before he knows you are about."

That was good advice, but it was too late. Even as Tommy Tit spoke, a sharp face with red, angry eyes was thrust out of Happy Jack's doorway. It was the face of Shadow the Weasel.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 13.)*

## STORY 938. February 11, 1915

### Happy Jack's Run for Life

A coward he who runs away  
When he should stay and fight,  
But wise is he who knows when he  
Should run with all his might.

It isn't cowardly to run away when it is quite useless to stay and fight. So it wasn't so cowardly of Happy Jack Squirrel to turn tail and run the instant he caught sight of Shadow the Weasel. No, Sir, it wasn't cowardly at all, although it might have looked so to you had you been there to see, for Happy Jack is bigger than Shadow. But when it comes to a fight, Happy Jack is no match at all for Shadow the Weasel, and he knows it. Shadow is too quick for him, and though Happy Jack were ever so brave, he would have no chance at all in a fight with Shadow.

And so the very instant he saw the cruel face of Shadow with its fierce red eyes glaring at him from his own doorway, Happy Jack turned tail and ran. Yes, Sir, that is just what he did, and it was the wisest thing he could have done. He hoped with a mighty hope that Shadow would not follow him, but he hoped in vain. Shadow had made up his mind to dine on squirrel, and he didn't propose to see his dinner run away without trying to catch it. So the instant Happy Jack started, Shadow started after him, stopping only long enough to snarl an ugly threat at Tommy Tit the Chickadee, because Tommy had warned Happy Jack that Shadow was waiting for him.

But Tommy didn't mind that threat. Oh, my, no! Tommy didn't mind it at all. He can fly, and so he had no fear of Shadow the Weasel. But he was terribly afraid for Happy Jack. He knew, just as Happy Jack knew, that there wasn't a single place where Happy Jack could hide into which Shadow could not follow him. So Tommy flitted from tree to tree behind Happy Jack, hoping that in some way he might be able to help him.

From tree to tree raced Happy Jack, making desperately long leaps. Shadow the Weasel followed, and though he ran swiftly, he didn't appear to be hurrying, and he took no chances on those long leaps. If the leap was too long to take safely, Shadow simply ran back down the tree, across to the next one and up that. It didn't worry him at all that Happy Jack was so far ahead that he was out of sight. He knew that he could trust his nose to follow the scent of Happy Jack. In fact, it rather pleased him to have Happy Jack race away in such fright, for in that way he would soon tire himself out.

And this is just what Happy Jack did do. He ran and jumped and jumped and ran as fast as he could until he was so out of breath that he just had to stop for a rest. But he couldn't rest much. He was too terribly frightened. He shivered and shook while he got his breath, and never for a second did he take his eyes from his back trail. Presently he saw a slim white form darting along the snow straight towards the tree in which he was resting. Once more Happy Jack ran, and somehow he felt terribly helpless and hopeless.

He had to rest oftener now, and each rest was shorter than the one before, because, you know, Shadow was a less and less distance behind. Poor Happy Jack! He had tried every trick he knew, and not one of them had fooled Shadow the Weasel. Now he was too tired to run much farther. The last little bit of hope left Happy Jack's heart. He

blinked his eyes very fast to keep back the tears, as he thought that this was probably the last time he would ever look at the beautiful Green Forest he loved so. Then he gritted his teeth and made up his mind that anyway he would fight his best, even if it was hopeless. It was just at that very minute that he heard the voice of Tommy Tit the Chickadee calling to him in great excitement, and somehow, he didn't know why, a wee bit of hope sprang up in his heart.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 14.)*

## STORY 939. February 12, 1915.

### Who Saved Happy Jack Squirrel?

It never has been fully decided among the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows just who really did save Happy Jack Squirrel. Some say that Tommy Tit the Chickadee deserves all the credit, and some say that—but wait. Let me tell you just what happened, and then perhaps you can decide for yourself who saved Happy Jack.

You see, it was this way: Happy Jack had run and run and run and tried every trick he knew to get away from Shadow the Weasel, but all in vain. At last, he was so out of breath and so tired that he felt that he couldn't run any more. He had just made up his mind that he would wait right where he was for Shadow and then put up the best fight he could, even if it was hopeless, when he heard Tommy Tit calling to him in great excitement.

"Dee, dee, chickadee! Come here, quick, Happy Jack! Come here, quick!" called Tommy Tit.

A wee bit of hope sprang up in Happy Jack's heart. He couldn't imagine what possible help Tommy Tit could be, but he would go see. So, taking a long breath he started on as fast as he could in the direction of Tommy's voice. He couldn't run very fast, because, you know, he was so tired, but he did the best he could. Presently he saw Tommy just ahead of him flying about in great excitement.

"Dee, dee, dee, there he is! Go to him! Go to him, Happy Jack! Hurry! Hurry! Dee, dee, dee, oh, do hurry!" cried Tommy Tit.

For just a second Happy Jack didn't know what he meant. Then he saw Farmer Brown's Boy watching Tommy Tit as if he didn't know what to make of the little fellow's excitement.

"Go to him! Go to him!" called Tommy. "He won't hurt you, and he won't let Shadow the Weasel hurt you! See me! See me! Dee, dee, see me!" And with that Tommy Tit flew right down on Farmer Brown's boy's hand, for you know he and Farmer Brown's boy are great friends.

Happy Jack hesitated. He knew that Farmer Brown's boy had tried to make friends with him, and every day since the ice and snow had come had put out nuts and corn for him, but he couldn't quite forget the old fear of him. He couldn't quite trust him.

So now he hesitated. Then he looked back. Shadow the Weasel was only a few jumps behind him, and his little eyes glowed red and savage. Farmer Brown's boy might not hurt him, but Shadow certainly would. Shadow would kill him. Happy Jack made up his mind, and with a little gasp raced madly across the snow straight to Farmer Brown's boy and ran right up to his shoulder.

Shadow the Weasel had been so intent on catching Happy Jack that he hadn't noticed Farmer Brown's boy at all. Now he saw him for the first time and stopped short, snarling and spitting. Whatever else you may say of Shadow the Weasel, he is no coward. For a minute it looked as if he really meant to follow Happy Jack and get him in spite of Farmer Brown's boy, and Happy Jack trembled as he looked down into those angry little red eyes. But Shadow is no fool. He knows when he is well off, and now he knew better than to come a step nearer now. So he snarled and spit, and then, as Farmer Brown's boy took a step forward, leaped to one side and disappeared in the old stone wall.

Very gently and softly Farmer Brown's boy talked to Happy Jack as he took him to the nearest tree. Then, when Happy Jack was safely up in the tree, he went over to the stone wall and tried to drive Shadow the Weasel out. He pulled over the stones until at last Shadow jumped out, and then Farmer Brown's boy chased him clear into the Green Forest.

"Dee, dee, dee, what did I tell you?" cried Tommy Tit happily, as he flew over to where Happy Jack was sitting.

Now who really saved Happy Jack—Tommy Tit or Farmer Brown's boy?

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 15.)*

## STORY 940. February 13, 1915.

### Happy Jack Misses Farmer Brown's Boy

One and one are always two,  
And two and two are four.  
And just as true it is you'll find  
That love and love make more.

Go ask Happy Jack Squirrel. He knows. He knows because he has proved it. It began when Farmer Brown's boy saved him from Shadow the Weasel. Perhaps I should say when Farmer Brown's boy and Tommy Tit saved him, for if it hadn't been for Tommy, it never would have entered Happy Jack's head to run to Farmer Brown's boy. After that, of course, Happy Jack and Farmer Brown's boy became great friends. Farmer Brown's boy came over to the Green Forest every day to see Happy Jack, and always he had the most delicious nuts in his pockets. At first Happy Jack had been a wee bit shy. He couldn't quite get over that old fear he had had so long. Then he would remember how Farmer Brown's boy had saved him, and that would make him ashamed, and he would walk right up and take the nuts.

Farmer Brown's boy would talk to him in the nicest way and tell him that he loved him, and that there wasn't the least thing in the world to be afraid of. Pretty soon Happy Jack began to love Farmer Brown's boy a little. He couldn't help it. He just had to love anyone who was so kind and gentle to him. Now as soon as he began to love a little, and felt sure in his own heart that Farmer Brown's boy loved him a little, he found that love and love make more love, and it wasn't any time at all before he had become very fond of Farmer Brown's boy— so fond of him that he was almost jealous of Tommy Tit, who had been a friend of Farmer Brown's boy for a long time. It got so that Happy Jack looked forward each day to the visit of Farmer Brown's boy, and as soon as he heard his whistle, he would hasten to meet him. Some folks were unkind enough to say that it was just because of the nuts and corn he was sure to find in Farmer Brown's boy's pockets, but that wasn't so at all.

At last, there came a day when he missed that cheery whistle. He waited and waited. At last, he went clear to the edge of the Green Forest, but there was no whistle and no sign of Farmer Brown's boy. It was the same way the next day and the next. Happy Jack forgot to frisk about the way he usually does. He lost his appetite. He just sat around and moped.

When Tommy Tit the Chickadee came to call, as he did every day, Happy Jack found that Tommy was anxious too. Tommy had been up to Farmer Brown's dooryard several times, and he hadn't seen anything of Farmer Brown's boy.

"I think he must have gone away," said Tommy.

"He would have come down here first and said good-by," replied Happy Jack.

"You—you don't suppose something has happened to him, do you?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know. I don't know what to think," replied Happy Jack, soberly. "Do you know, Tommy, I've grown very fond of Farmer Brown's boy."

"Of course. Dee, dee, dee, of course. Everybody who really knows him is fond of him. I've said all along that he is the best friend we've got, but no one seemed to believe me. I'm glad you've found it out for yourself. I tell you what, I'll go up to his house and have another look around." And without waiting for a reply, Tommy was off as fast as his little wings could take him.

"I hope, I do hope, that nothing has happened to him," mumbled Happy Jack, as he pretended to hunt for buried nuts while he waited for Tommy Tit to come back, and by "him" he meant Farmer Brown's.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 16.)*

## STORY 941. February 15, 1915

### Tommy Tit Brings News

Happy Jack very plainly was not happy. His name was the only happy thing about

him. He fussed about on the edge of the Green Forest. He just couldn't keep still. When he thought anybody was looking, he pretended to hunt for some of the nuts he had buried in the fall, and dug holes down through the snow. But as soon as he thought that no one was watching, he would scamper up a tree where he could look over to Farmer Brown's house and look and look. It was very clear that Happy Jack was watching for someone and that he was anxious, very anxious, indeed.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and soon the Black Shadows would begin to creep out from the Purple Hills, behind which jolly, round, red Mr. Sun would go to bed. It would be bedtime for Happy Jack then, for you know he goes to bed very early, just as soon as it begins to get dark. The later it got, the more anxious and uneasy Happy Jack grew. He had just made up his mind that in a few minutes he would have to give up and go to bed when there was a flit of tiny wings, and Tommy Tit the Chickadee dropped into the tree beside him.

"Did you find out anything?" asked Happy Jack eagerly, before Tommy had a chance to say a word.

Tommy nodded. "He's there!" he panted, for he was quite out of breath from hurrying so.

"Where?" Happy Jack fairly shouted the question.

"Over there in the house," replied Tommy Tit.

"Then he hasn't gone away! It's just as I said, he hasn't gone away!" cried Happy Jack, and he was so relieved that he jumped up and down and as a result nearly tumbled out of the tree.

"No," replied Tommy, "he hasn't gone away, but I think there is something the matter with him."

Happy Jack grew very sober. "What makes you think so?" he demanded.

"If you'll give me time to get my breath, I'll tell you all about it," retorted Tommy Tit.

"All right, only please hurry," replied Happy Jack, and tried to look patient even if he wasn't.

Tommy Tit smoothed out some rumpled feathers and was most provokingly slow about it. "When I left here," he began at last, "I flew straight up to Farmer Brown's house, as I said I would. I flew all around it, but all I saw was that horrid Black Pussy on the back doorsteps, and she looked at me so hungrily that she made me dreadfully uncomfortable. I don't see what Farmer Brown keeps her about for, anyway."

"Never mind her; go on!" interrupted Happy Jack.

"Then I flew all around the barn, but I didn't see any one there but that ugly little upstart, Bully the English Sparrow, and he wanted to pick a fight with me right away." Tommy looked very indignant.

"Never mind him, go on!" cried Happy Jack impatiently.



## Illustrations. February 8 to February 13, 1915.



### 935. Hooty Quarrels with His Cousin

Hooty, as you all know, prefers night to the bright and honest day.



### 936. A Foolish Fight

"Do you give him up now?" he hissed.



### 937. Happy Jack Squirrel Receives a Warning

"Hello, Tommy Tit! What ails you?" exclaimed Happy Jack.



938. Happy Jack's Run for Life  
Once more, Happy Jack ran, and somehow, he felt terribly helpless and hopeless.



### 939. Who Saved Happy Jack Squirrel?

Farmer Brown's Boy talked to Happy Jack as he took him to the nearest tree.



### 940. Happy Jack Misses Farmer Brown's Boy

"I think he must have gone away," said Tommy.



“After that I flew back to the big maple tree close by the house,” continued Tommy. “You know Farmer Brown’s boy has kept a piece of suet tied in that tree all winter for me. I was hungry, and I thought I would get a bite to eat, but there wasn’t any suet there. That pig of a Sammy Jay had managed to get it untied and had carried it all away. Of course that made me angry, and twice as hungry as before. I was trying to make up my mind what to do next when I happened to look over on the window sill, and what do you think I saw there?”

“What?” demanded Happy Jack eagerly.

“A lot of cracked hickory nuts!” declared Tommy. “I just knew that they were meant for me, and when I was sure that the way was clear, I flew over there. They tasted so good that I almost forgot about Farmer Brown’s boy, when I just happened to look in the window. You know those windows are made of some queer stuff that looks like ice and isn’t, and that you can see right through.”

Happy Jack didn’t know, for he never had been near enough to see, but he nodded, and Tommy Tit went on.

“There were many queer things inside, and I was wondering what they could be when all of a sudden I saw him. He was lying down, and there was something the matter with him. I tapped on the window to him and then I hurried back here.”

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 17.)*

## STORY 942. February 16, 1915.

### Happy Jack Squirrel Decides to Make a Call

Happy Jack Squirrel hadn’t slept very well. He had had bad dreams. Ever so many times in the night he had waked up, a very unusual thing for Happy Jack. The fact is, he had something on his mind. Yes, Sir, Happy Jack had something on his mind, and that something was Farmer Brown’s boy. He often had had Farmer Brown’s boy on his mind before, but in a very different way. Then it had been in the days when Farmer Brown’s boy hunted through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows with his terrible gun. Then everybody had Farmer Brown’s boy on their minds most of the time. Happy Jack had hated him then, hated him because he had feared him. You know fear almost always leads to hate.

But now it was different. Farmer Brown’s boy had put away his terrible gun. Happy Jack no longer feared him. Love had taken the place of hate in his heart, for had not Farmer Brown’s boy saved him from Shadow the Weasel, and brought him nuts and corn when food was scarce? And now Tommy Tit had brought word that something was the matter with Farmer Brown’s boy. Tommy had peeped in at a window of Farmer Brown’s house and seen Farmer Brown’s boy lying very still in the daytime, and he never, never would have been doing this unless something was the matter. It was this that was on Happy Jack’s mind and had given him such a bad night.

As soon as it was daylight, Happy Jack scrambled out of bed to look for Tommy

Tit. He didn't have long to wait, for Tommy is quite as early a riser as Happy Jack.

"Dee, dee, chickadee!  
I hope you feel as well as me!"

sang Tommy merrily, as he flitted over to where Happy Jack was looking for his breakfast. The very sound of Tommy's voice made Happy Jack feel better. One must feel very badly indeed not to be a little more cheerful when Tommy Tit is about.

The fact is, Tommy Tit packs about so much good cheer in that small person of his, that no one can be downhearted when he is about.

"Hello, Tommy," said Happy Jack. "If I could make other people feel as good as you do, do you know what I would do?"

"What?" asked Tommy.

"I'd go straight up to Farmer Brown's house and try to cheer up Farmer Brown's boy," replied Happy Jack.

"That's the very thing I have in mind," chuckled Tommy. "I've come over here to see if you won't come along with me. I've been up to his house so often that he won't think half so much of a visit from me as he will from you. Will you do it?"

Happy Jack looked a little startled. You see, he never had been over to Farmer Brown's house, and somehow, he couldn't get over the idea that it would be a very dangerous thing to do. "I—I—do you really suppose I could?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," replied Tommy Tit. "There's no one to be afraid of but Black Pussy and Bowser the Hound, and it's easy enough to keep out of their way. You can hide in the old stone wall until the way is clear and then run across to the big maple tree close to the house. Then you can look right in and see Farmer Brown's boy, and he can look out and see you. Will you do it?"

Happy Jack thought very hard for a few minutes. Then he made up his mind. "I'll do it!" said he in a very decided tone of voice. "Let's start right away."

"Good for you! Dee, dee, good for you!" cried Tommy Tit, and started to lead the way.

(*Happy Jack*, Chapter 18, "Happy Jack Decides to Make a Call")

## STORY 943. February 17, 1915.

### Tommy Tit and Happy Jack Make a Call

As grows the mighty elm tree,  
From just a tiny seed,  
So often great things happen  
From just a kindly deed.

Great things were happening to Happy Jack Squirrel. He was actually on his way to Farmer Brown's house, and he had a feeling that other things were likely to happen

when he got there. Now you may not think that it was anything very great that Happy Jack should be on his way to Farmer Brown's house. Very likely you are saying, "Pooh! that's nothing!" This may be true, and then again it may not. Suppose you do a little supposing. Suppose you had all your life been terribly afraid of a great giant fifty times bigger than you. Suppose that great giant had stopped hunting you and by little deeds of kindness had at last won your love. Suppose you learned that something was the matter with him, and you made up your mind to visit him at his great castle where there were other great giants whom you did not know. Wouldn't you think that great things were happening to you?

Well, that is exactly the way it was with Happy Jack Squirrel, as he and Tommy Tit the Chickadee started to go over to Farmer Brown's house to look for Farmer Brown's boy. Tommy Tit had been there often, so he didn't think anything about it, but Happy Jack never had been there, and if the truth were known, his heart was going pitapat, pitapat, with excitement and perhaps just a little fear. Through the Old Orchard they went, Tommy Tit flitting ahead and keeping a sharp watch for danger. When they reached the old stone wall on the edge of Farmer Brown's dooryard, Tommy told Happy Jack to hide there while he went to see if the way was clear. He was back in a few minutes.

"Dee, dee, everything is all right," said he. "Bowser the Hound is eating his breakfast out back where he can't see you at all, and Black Pussy is nowhere about. All you have to do is to follow me over to that big tree close to the house, and I will show you where Farmer Brown's boy is."

"I—I'm afraid," confessed Happy Jack.

"Pooh! There's nothing to be afraid of," asserted Tommy Tit in the most positive way. "Don't be a coward. Remember how Farmer Brown's boy saved you from Shadow the Weasel. Come on! Dee, dee, dee, come on!" With that Tommy flew across to the tree close by the house.

Happy Jack scrambled up on the old stone wall and looked this way and looked that way. He couldn't see a thing to be afraid of. He jumped down and ran a few steps. Then his heart failed, and he scampered back to the old stone wall in a panic. After a few minutes he tried again, and once more a foolish fear sent him back. The third time he gritted his teeth, said to himself over and over, "I will! I will! I will!" and ran with all his might. In no time at all he was across the dooryard and up in the big tree, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Dee, dee, dee," called Tommy Tit.

Happy Jack looked over to the house, and there sat Tommy on a window-sill, helping himself to the most delicious-looking cracked nuts. The sight of them made Happy Jack's mouth water. A long branch hung down over the window and almost touched the sill. Happy Jack ventured half way and stopped. Somehow it seemed very dangerous to go so close to that window.

"Come on! Come on! What are you afraid of?" called Tommy.

Something like shame that such a little fellow as Tommy Tit should dare to go where he did not, crept into Happy Jack's heart. With a quick little run and jump he was on the sill, and a second later he was staring in at all the strange things inside the window. At first, he didn't see anything of Farmer Brown's boy, but in a few minutes, he made him out. He was lying down all covered over except his head. There was something the matter with him. Happy Jack didn't need to be told that, and a great pity filled his heart. He wanted to do something for Farmer Brown's boy.

(*Happy Jack*, Chapter 19, "Tommy Tit and Happy Jack Pay a Visit")

## STORY 944. February 18, 1915.

### High-Cockalorum! Chick-Chickadee!

High-cockalorum! Chick-chickadee!  
What in the world could the matter be?

All the way home from his visit to Farmer Brown's house Happy Jack Squirrel puzzled and puzzled over what he had seen. He had peeped in at a window and seen Farmer Brown's boy lying all covered up, with only his head showing. Happy Jack couldn't see very well, but somehow that head didn't look just right. One thing was sure, and that was there was something wrong with Farmer Brown's boy. He never would have been lying still like that if there hadn't been.

Happy Jack had been so troubled by what he saw that he had hardly tasted the nuts he had found on the window-sill. "I am going to make him another call tomorrow," said he when he and Tommy Tit were once more back in the Green Forest.

"Of course," replied Tommy. "I expected you would. I will be around for you at the same time. You're not afraid any more to go up there, are you?"

"No—o," replied Happy Jack, slowly. The truth is, he was still a little afraid. It seemed to him a terribly venturesome thing to cross that open dooryard, but having done it once in safety, he knew that it would be easier the next time. It was. The next morning, he and Tommy Tit went just as before, and this time Happy Jack scampered across the dooryard the very first time he tried. They found things just as they had been the day before. They saw Farmer Brown's boy, but he didn't see them. Tommy Tit was just going to tap on the window to let him know they were there, when a door inside opened, and in walked Mrs. Brown. It frightened them so that Tommy Tit flew away without tasting a single nut, and Happy Jack nearly fell as he scrambled back into the tree close by the window. You see, they never had made her acquaintance, and having her walk in so suddenly frightened them terribly. They didn't stop to think that there was nothing to fear because there was the window between. Somehow they couldn't understand that queer stuff that they could see through but which shut them out. If they had seen Mrs. Brown go to the window and put more cracked nuts on the sill, perhaps they would have been less afraid. But they had been too badly frightened to look back, and so they didn't know anything about that.

The next morning Tommy Tit was on hand as usual, but he found Happy Jack a

little doubtful about paying another visit. He wasn't wholly over his scare of the day before. It took him some time to make up his mind to go, but finally he did. This time when they reached the tree close by the house, they found a great surprise awaiting them. Farmer Brown's boy was sitting just inside the window, looking out. At least, they thought it was Farmer Brown's boy, but when they got a little nearer, they grew doubtful. It looked like Farmer Brown's boy, and yet it didn't. His cheeks stuck way out just as Striped Chipmunk's do when he has them stuffed full of corn or nuts.

Happy Jack stared at him very hard. "My goodness, I didn't know he carried his food that way!" he exclaimed. "I should think it would be dreadfully uncomfortable."

If Farmer Brown's boy could have heard that, he certainly would have tried to laugh, and if he had—well, it was bad enough when he tried to smile at the sight of Tommy Tit and Happy Jack. He didn't smile at all but made up an awful face instead and clapped both hands to his cheeks. Happy Jack and Tommy Tit didn't know what to make of it, and it was some time before they made up their minds that it really was Farmer Brown's boy, and that they had nothing to fear. But when they finally ventured on to the sill and, as they helped themselves to nuts, saw the smile in his eyes, though he did not smile with his mouth at all, they knew that it was he, and that he was glad that they had called. Then they were glad too.

But what was the matter with Farmer Brown's boy? Happy Jack puzzled over it all the rest of the day, and then gave it up.

(*Happy Jack*, Chapter 20, "What was the Matter with Farmer Brown's Boy?")

## STORY 945. February 19, 1915.

### Happy Jack Squirrel Becomes Very Bold

Every day Happy Jack visited the window sill of Farmer Brown's house to call on Farmer Brown's boy, who was always waiting for him just inside the window. In fact, Happy Jack had got into the habit of getting his breakfast there, for always there were fat, delicious nuts on the window sill, and it was much easier and more comfortable to breakfast there than to hunt up his own hidden supplies and perhaps have to dig down through the snow to get them. Most people are just like Happy Jack—they do the easiest thing.

Each day Farmer Brown's boy looked more and more like himself. His cheeks stuck out less and less, and finally did not stick out at all. And now he smiled at Happy Jack with his mouth as well as with his eyes. You know when his cheeks had stuck out so, he couldn't smile at all except with his eyes. Happy Jack didn't know what had been the matter with Farmer Brown's boy, but whatever it was, he was better now, and that made Happy Jack feel better.

One morning he got a surprise. When he ran out along the branch of the tree that led to the window sill he suddenly discovered something wrong. There were no nuts on the sill. More than this there was something very suspicious looking about the window. It didn't look just right. The truth is it was partly open, but Happy Jack didn't

understand this, not then, anyway. He stopped short and scolded, a way he has when things don't suit him. Farmer Brown's boy came to the window and called to him. Then he thrust a hand out, and in it were some of the fattest nuts Happy Jack ever had seen. His mouth watered right away. There might be something wrong with the window, but certainly the sill was all right. It would do no harm to go that far.

So Happy Jack nimbly jumped across to the window sill. Farmer Brown's boy's hand with the fat nuts was still there, and Happy Jack lost no time in getting one. Then he sat up on the sill to eat it. My, but it was good! It was just as good as it had looked. Happy Jack's eyes twinkled as he ate. When he had finished that nut, he wanted another. But now Farmer Brown's boy had drawn his hand inside the window. He was still holding it out with the nuts in it, but to get them Happy Jack must go inside, and he couldn't get it out of his head that that was a very dangerous thing to do. What if that window should be closed while he was in there? Then he would be a prisoner.

So he sat up and begged. He knew that Farmer Brown's boy knew what he wanted. But Farmer Brown's boy kept his hand just where it was.

"Come on, you little rascal," said he. "You ought to know me well enough by this time to know that I won't hurt you or let any harm come to you. Hurry up, because I can't stand here all day. You see, I've just got over the mumps, and if I should catch cold I might be sick again. Come along now, and show how brave you are."

Of course Happy Jack couldn't understand what he said. If he could have, he might have guessed that it was the mumps that had made Farmer Brown's boy look so like Striped Chipmunk when he has his cheeks stuffed with nuts. But if he couldn't understand what Farmer Brown's boy said, he had no difficulty in understanding that if he wanted those nuts he would have to go after them. So at last he screwed up his courage and put his head inside. Nothing happened, so he went wholly in and sat on the inside sill. Then by reaching out as far as he could without tumbling off, he managed to get one of those nuts, and as soon as he had it, he dodged outside to eat it.

Farmer Brown's boy laughed, and putting the rest of the nuts outside, he closed the window. Happy Jack ate his fill and then scampered back to the Green Forest. He felt all puffed up with pride. He felt that he had been very, very bold, and he was anxious to tell Tommy Tit the Chickadee, who had not been with him that morning, how bold he had been.

"Pooh, that's nothing!" replied Tommy, when he had heard about it. "I've done that often."

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 21, "Happy Jack Squirrel Grows Very Bold")*

## STORY 946. February 20, 1915

### Happy Jack Dares Tommy

Somehow Happy Jack's day had been spoiled. He knew that he had no business to allow it to be spoiled, but it was, just the same. You see, he had been all puffed up

with pride because he thought himself a very bold fellow. That very morning he had for the first time gone inside Farmer Brown's house. To be sure, he had gone no farther than the inside sill of an open window, but this was far enough to say that he had really been inside, and he had felt quite puffed up about it. But when he told Tommy Tit the Chickadee about it, Tommy had said, "Pooh! I've done that often."

That was what had spoiled the day for Happy Jack. He knew that if Tommy Tit said that he had done a thing, he had, for Tommy always tells the truth and nothing but the truth. So Happy Jack hadn't been so dreadfully bold, after all, and had nothing to brag about. It made him feel quite put out. He actually tried to make himself feel that it was all the fault of Tommy Tit, and that he wanted to get even with him. He thought about it all the rest of the day, and just before he fell asleep that night an idea came to him.

"I know what I'll do! I'll dare Tommy to go as far inside Farmer Brown's house as I do!" he exclaimed, and went to sleep to dream that he was the boldest, bravest squirrel that ever lived.

The next morning when he reached the tree close by Farmer Brown's house, he found Tommy Tit already there, flitting about impatiently and calling his loudest, which wasn't very loud, for you know Tommy is a very little fellow, and his voice is not very loud. But he was doing his best to call Farmer Brown's boy. You see, there wasn't a single nut on the window-sill, and the window was closed. Pretty soon Farmer Brown's boy came to the window and opened it. But he didn't put out any nuts. Tommy Tit at once flew over to the sill, and to show that he was just as bold, Happy Jack followed. Looking inside, they saw Farmer Brown's boy standing in the middle of the room, holding out a dish of nuts and smiling at them. This was the chance Happy Jack wanted to try the plan he had thought of the night before.

"I dare you to go way in there and get a nut," said he to Tommy Tit. He hoped that Tommy would be afraid.

But Tommy wasn't anything of the kind. "Dee, dee, dee! Come on!" he cried, and flitted over and helped himself to a cracked nut and was back with it before Happy Jack could make up his mind to jump down inside. Of course now that he had dared Tommy Tit, and Tommy had taken the dare, he just had to do it too. It looked a long way in to where Farmer Brown's boy was standing. Twice he started and turned back. Then he heard Tommy Tit chuckle. That was too much. He wouldn't be laughed at. He just wouldn't. He scampered across, grabbed a nut, and rushed back to the window-sill, where he ate the nut. It was easier to go after the second nut, and when he went for the third, he had made up his mind that it was perfectly safe in there, and so he sat up on a chair and ate it. Presently he felt quite at home, and when he had eaten all the nuts he wanted, he ran all around the room, examining all the strange things there.

This was a little more than Tommy Tit could make up his mind to do. He wasn't afraid to fly in for a nut and then fly out again, but he couldn't feel easy inside a house like that. Of course, this made Happy Jack feel good all over. You see, he felt that now he really did have something to boast about. No one else in all the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows could say that they had been all over Farmer Brown's boy's room



as he had. Happy Jack swelled himself out at the thought. Now everybody would say, "What a bold fellow!"

(*Happy Jack*, Chapter 22, "Happy Jack Dares Tommy Tit")

## STORY 947. February 22, 1915.

### Sammy Jay is Quite Upset

Very few people can be all puffed up with pride without showing it. Happy Jack Squirrel couldn't. Just to have looked at him you would have known that he was feeling very, very good about something. When he thought no one was looking, he would actually strut. And it was all because he considered himself a very bold fellow. That was a new feeling for Happy Jack. He knew that all his neighbors considered him rather timid, and many a time he had envied, actually envied Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox and Unc' Billy Possum and even Sammy Jay because they did such bold things and had dared to visit Farmer Brown's dooryard and henhouse in spite of Bowser the Hound.

But now he felt that he dared do a thing that not one of them dared do. He dared go right into Farmer Brown's house and make himself quite at home in the room of Farmer Brown's boy. He felt that he was a tremendously brave fellow. You see, he quite forgot one thing. He forgot that he had found out that love destroys fear, and that, though it might look to others like a very bold thing to walk right into Farmer Brown's house, it really wasn't bold at all, because all the time he knew that no harm would come to him. It is never brave to do a thing that you are not afraid to do. It had been brave of him to go in at that open window the first time, because he had been afraid then, but now he wasn't afraid, and so it was no longer either brave or bold of him.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee knew all this, and he used to chuckle to himself as he saw how proud of himself Happy Jack was, but he said nothing to anyone about it. Of course, it wasn't long before others began to notice Happy Jack's pride. One of the first was Sammy Jay. There is very little that escapes Sammy Jay's sharp eyes. Silently stealing through the Green Forest early one morning, he surprised Happy Jack strutting.

"Huh," said he, "what are you feeling so big about?"

Like a flash the thought came to Happy Jack that here was a chance to show what a bold fellow he had become. "Hello, Sammy!" he exclaimed. "Are you feeling very brave this morning?"

"Me feeling brave? What are you talking about? If I was as timid as you are, I wouldn't ever talk about bravery to other people. If there is anything you dare to do that I don't, I've never heard of it," retorted Sammy Jay.

"Come on!" cried Happy Jack. "I'm going to get my breakfast, and I dare you to follow me!"

Sammy Jay actually laughed right out. "Go ahead. Wherever you go, I'll go," he declared.



Illustrations. February 15 to February 20, 1915.



941. Tommy Tit Brings News  
“Did you find out anything?”  
asked Happy Jack, eagerly.



942. Happy Jack Squirrel  
Decides to Make a Call  
“Dee, dee, chick-a-dee! I hope you  
feel as well as me!”



943. Tommy Tit and Happy  
Jack Make a Call  
Tommy told Happy Jack to hide  
there while he went to see if the  
way is clear.



944. High-Cockalorum! Chick-  
Chickadee!  
“My goodness; I didn’t know he  
carried his food that way!” he  
exclaimed.



945. Happy Jack Squirrel  
Becomes Very Bold  
Farmer Brown’s boy came to the  
window and called to him.



946. Happy Jack Dares Tommy  
You see there wasn’t a single  
nut on the window sill, and the  
window was closed.

Happy Jack started right away for Farmer Brown's house, and Sammy followed. Through the Old Orchard, across the dooryard and into the big maple tree Happy Jack led the way, and Sammy followed, all the time wondering what was up. He had been there many times. In fact, he had had many a good meal of suet there during the cold weather, for Farmer Brown's boy had kept a big piece tied to a branch of the maple tree for whoever would to help himself.

Sammy was a little surprised when he saw Happy Jack jump over on to the window sill. Still, he had been on that window sill more than once himself, when he had made sure that no one was near, and had helped himself to the cracked nuts he had found there.

"Come on!" called Happy Jack, his eyes twinkling.

Sammy Jay chuckled. "He thinks I don't dare go over there," he thought. "Well, I'll fool him."

With a hasty look to see that no danger was near, he spread his wings to follow Happy Jack on to the window sill. Happy Jack waited to make sure that he really was coming and then slipped in at the open window and scampered over to a table on the farther side of the room and helped himself from a dish of nuts there.

When Sammy saw Happy Jack disappear inside, he gave a little gasp. When he looked inside and saw Happy Jack making himself quite at home, he gasped again. And when he saw a door open and Farmer Brown's boy enter, and still Happy Jack did not run, he was too upset for words. He didn't dare stay to see more, and for once in his life was quite speechless as he flew back to the Green Forest.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 23 )*

## STORY 948. February 23, 1915.

### A Dream Comes True

What are all our dreams made up of  
That they often are so queer?  
Wishes, hopes, and fond desires  
All mixed up with foolish fears.

Which is worse, to have a very beautiful dream never come true, or to have a bad dream really come true? Happy Jack Squirrel says the latter is worse, much worse. Dreams do come true once in a great while, you know. One of Happy Jack's did. It came true, and it made a great difference in Happy Jack's life. You see, it was like this:

Happy Jack had had so many things to think of that he had almost forgotten about Shadow the Weasel. Happy Jack hadn't seen or heard anything of him since Farmer Brown's boy had chased him into the Green Forest and so saved Happy Jack's life. Since then, life had been too full of pleasant things to think of anything so unpleasant as Shadow the Weasel. But one night, Happy Jack had a bad dream. Yes, Sir, it was a very bad dream. He dreamed that once more Shadow the Weasel was after him, and

this time there was no Farmer Brown's boy to run to for help. Shadow was right at his heels and in one more jump would have him. Happy Jack opened his mouth to scream, and—he awoke.

He was all of a shake with fright. It was a great relief to find that it was only a dream, but even then, he couldn't get over it right away. He was glad that it was almost morning, and just as soon as it was light enough to see, he crept out. It was too early to go over to Farmer Brown's house; Farmer Brown's boy wouldn't be up yet. So Happy Jack ran over to one of his favorite lookouts, a tall chestnut tree, and there, with his back against the trunk, high above the ground, he watched the Green Forest awake as the first jolly sunbeams stole through it. But all the time he kept thinking of that dreadful dream.

A little spot of black moving against the white snow caught his sharp eyes. What was it? He leaned forward and held his breath, as he tried to make sure. Ah, now he could see! Just ahead of that black thing was a long, slim fellow all in white, and that black spot was his tail. If it hadn't been for that, Happy Jack very likely wouldn't have seen him at all. It was Shadow the Weasel! He was running swiftly, first to one side and then to the other, with his nose to the snow. He was hunting. There was no doubt about that. He was hunting for his breakfast.

Happy Jack's eyes grew wide with fear. Would Shadow find his tracks? It looked very much as if Shadow was heading for Happy Jack's house, and Happy Jack was glad, very glad, that that bad dream had waked him and made him so uneasy that he had come out. Otherwise he might have been caught right in his own bed. Shadow was almost at Happy Jack's house when he stopped abruptly with his nose to the snow and sniffed eagerly. Then he turned, and with his nose to the snow, started straight toward the tree where Happy Jack was. Happy Jack waited to see no more. He knew now that Shadow had found his trail and that it was to be a case of run for his life.

"My dream has come true!" he sobbed as he ran. "My dream has come true, and I don't know what to do!" But all the time he kept on running as fast as ever he could, which really was the only thing to do.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 24)*

## STORY 949. February 24, 1915.

### Happy Jack Squirrel Has a Happy Thought

Frightened and breathless, running with all his might from Shadow the Weasel, Happy Jack Squirrel was in despair. He didn't know what to do or where to go. The last time he had run from Shadow he had run to Farmer Brown's boy, who had just happened to be near, and Farmer Brown's boy had chased Shadow the Weasel away. But now it was too early in the morning for him to expect to meet Farmer Brown's boy. In fact, jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had hardly kicked his bedclothes off yet, and Happy Jack was very sure that Farmer Brown's boy was still asleep.

Now most of us are creatures of habit. We do the thing that we have been in the

habit of doing, and do it without thinking anything about it. That is why good habits are such a blessing. Happy Jack Squirrel is just like the rest of us. He has habits, both good and bad. Of late, he had been in the habit of getting his breakfast at Farmer Brown's house every morning, so now when he began to run from Shadow the Weasel he just naturally ran in the direction of Farmer Brown's house from force of habit. In fact, he was halfway there before he realized in which direction he was running.

Right then a thought came to him. It gave him a wee bit of hope, and seemed to help him run just a little faster. If the window of Farmer Brown's boy's room was open, he would run in there, and perhaps Shadow the Weasel wouldn't dare follow! How he did hope that that window would be open! He knew that it was his only chance. He wasn't quite sure that it really was a chance, for Shadow was such a bold fellow that he might not be afraid to follow him right in, but it was worth trying.

Along the stone wall beside the Old Orchard raced Happy Jack to the dooryard of Farmer Brown, and after him ran Shadow the Weasel, and Shadow looked as if he was enjoying himself. No doubt he was. He knew just as well as Happy Jack did that there was small chance of meeting Farmer Brown's boy so early in the morning, so he felt very sure how that chase was going to end, and that when it did end, he would breakfast on Squirrel.

By the time Happy Jack reached the dooryard, Shadow was only a few jumps behind him, and Happy Jack was pretty well out of breath. He didn't stop to look to see if the way was clear. There wasn't time for that. Besides, there could be no greater danger in front than was almost at his heels, and so, without looking one way or another, he scampered across the dooryard and up the big maple tree close to the house. Shadow the Weasel was surprised. He had not dreamed that Happy Jack would come over here. But Shadow is a bold fellow, and it made little difference to him where Happy Jack went. At least, that is what he thought.

So he followed Happy Jack across the dooryard and up the maple tree. He took his time about it, for he knew by the way Happy Jack had run that he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. "He never'll get out of this tree," thought Shadow, as he started to climb it. He fully expected to find Happy Jack huddled in a miserable little heap somewhere near the top. Just imagine how surprised he was when he discovered that Happy Jack wasn't to be seen. He rubbed his angry little red eyes, and they grew angrier and redder than before.

"Must be a hollow up here somewhere," he muttered. "I'll just follow the scent of his feet, and that will lead me to him."

But when that scent led him out on a branch the tip of which brushed against Farmer Brown's house Shadow got another surprise. There was no sign of Happy Jack. He couldn't have reached the roof. There was no place he could have gone unless—Shadow stared across at a window which was open about two inches.

"He couldn't have!" muttered Shadow. "He wouldn't dare. He couldn't have!"

But Happy Jack had. He had gone inside that window.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 25.)*

## Farmer Brown's Boy Wakes With a Start

Wake up, wake up, you sleepy-head!  
It's time that boys were out of bed.

Isn't it queer how hard it seems to be for some boys to go to bed at the proper time and how much harder it is for them to get up in the morning? It was just so with Farmer Brown's boy. I suppose he wouldn't have been a real boy if it weren't so. Of course, while he was sick with the mumps, he didn't have to get up, and while he was getting over the mumps his mother let him sleep as long as he wanted to in the morning. That was very nice, but it made it all the harder to get up when he should after he was well again. In summer it wasn't so bad getting up early, but in winter—well, that was the one thing about winter that Farmer Brown's boy didn't like.

On this particular morning Farmer Brown had called him, and he had replied with a sleepy "All right," and then had rolled over and promptly gone to sleep again. In two minutes, he was dreaming just as if there were no such things as duties to be done. For a while they were very pleasant dreams, very pleasant indeed. But suddenly they changed. A terrible monster was chasing him. It had great red eyes as big as saucers, and sparks of fire flew from its mouth. It had great claws as big as ice tongs, and it roared like a lion. In his dream Farmer Brown's boy was running with all his might. Then he tripped and fell, and somehow he couldn't get up again. The terrible monster came nearer and nearer. Farmer Brown's boy tried to scream and couldn't. He was so frightened that he had lost his voice. The terrible monster was right over him now and reached out one of his huge paws with the great claws. One of them touched him on the cheek, and it burned like fire.

With a yell, a real, genuine yell, Farmer Brown's boy awoke and sprang out of bed. For a minute he couldn't think where he was. Then with a sigh of relief he realized that he was safe in his own snug little room with the first Jolly Little Sunbeams creeping in at the window to wish him good morning and chide him for being such a lazy fellow. A thump and a scurry of little feet caught his attention, and he turned to see a gray squirrel running for the open window. He jumped up on the sill, looked out, then jumped down inside again, and ran over to a corner of the room, where he crouched as if in great fear. It was clear that he had been badly frightened by the yell of Farmer Brown's boy, and that he was still more frightened by something he had seen when he looked out of the window.

A great light broke over Farmer Brown's boy. "Happy Jack, you little rascal, I believe you are the terrible monster that scared me so!" he exclaimed. "I believe you were on my bed, and that it was your claws that I felt on my face. But what ails you? You look frightened almost to death."

He went over to the window and looked out. A movement in the big maple tree just outside caught his attention. He saw a long, slim white form dart down the tree and disappear. He knew who it was. It was Shadow the Weasel.

“So that pesky Weasel has been after you again, and you came to me for help,” said he gently, as he coaxed Happy Jack to come to him. “This is the place to come to every time. Poor little chap, you’re all of a tremble. I guess I know how you feel when a weasel is after you. I guess you feel just as I felt when I dreamed that that monster was after me. My, you certainly did give me a scare when you touched my face!” As he talked he gently stroked Happy Jack as he talked, and Happy Jack let him.

“Breakfast!” called a voice from downstairs.

“Coming!” replied Farmer Brown’s boy as he put Happy Jack on the table by a dish of nuts and began to scramble into his clothes.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 26.)*

## STORY 951. February 26, 1915

### Happy Jack is Afraid to Go Home

Happy Jack Squirrel didn’t dare go home. Can you think of anything more dreadful than to be afraid to go to your own home? Why, home is the dearest place in the world, and it should be the safest. Just think how you would feel if you should be away from home, and then you should learn that it wouldn’t be safe for you to go back there again, and you had no other place to go. It often happens that way with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. It was that way with Happy Jack Squirrel now.

You see, Happy Jack knew that Shadow the Weasel is not one to give up easily. Shadow has one very good trait, and that is persistence. He is not easily discouraged. When he sets out to do a thing, usually he does it. If he starts to get a thing, usually he gets it. No sir, he isn’t easily discouraged. Happy Jack knows this. No one knows it better. So Happy Jack didn’t dare to go home. He knew that any minute of night or day Shadow might surprise him there, and that would be the end of him. He more than half suspected that Shadow was at that very time hiding somewhere along the way, ready to spring on him if he should try to go back home.

He had stayed in the room of Farmer Brown’s boy until Mrs. Brown had come to make the bed. Then he had jumped out the window to the big maple tree. He wasn’t quite sure of Mrs. Brown yet. She had kindly eyes. They were just like the eyes of Farmer Brown’s boy. But he didn’t feel really acquainted yet, and he felt safer outside than inside the room while she was there.

Oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do?  
I have no home, and so  
To keep me warm and snug and safe,  
I have no place to go!

Happy Jack said this over and over as he sat in the maple tree, trying to decide what was to be done.

“I wonder what ails that Squirrel. He seems to be doing a lot of scolding,” said Mrs. Brown, as she looked out of the window. And that shows how easy it is to



misunderstand people when we don't know all about their affairs. Mrs. Brown thought that Happy Jack was scolding, when all the time he was just frightened and worried and wondering where he could go and what he could do to feel safe from Shadow the Weasel.

Because he didn't dare to go back to the Green Forest, he spent most of the day in the big maple tree close to Farmer Brown's house. The window had been closed, so he couldn't go inside. He looked at it longingly a great many times during the day, hoping that he would find it open. But he didn't. You see, it was opened only at night when Farmer Brown's boy went to bed, so that he would have plenty of fresh air all night. Of course, Happy Jack didn't know that. All his life he had had plenty of fresh air all the time, and he couldn't understand how people could live in houses all shut up.

Late that afternoon Farmer Brown's boy, who had been at school all day, came whistling into the yard. He noticed Happy Jack right away. "Hello! You back again! Isn't one good meal a day enough?" he exclaimed.

"He's been there all day," said his mother, who had come to the door just in time to overhear him. "I don't know what ails him."

Then Farmer Brown's boy noticed how forlorn Happy Jack looked. He remembered Happy Jack's fright that morning.

"I know what's the matter!" he cried. "It's that weasel. The poor little chap is afraid to go home. We must see what we can do for him. I wonder if he will stay if I make a new house for him. I believe I'll try it and see."

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 27.)*

## STORY 952. February 27, 1915.

### New Home for Happy Jack

They say the very darkest clouds  
Are lined with silver bright and fair,  
Though how they know, I do not see,  
And neither do I really care.  
It's good to believe, and so I try  
To believe it's true with all my might,  
That nothing is so seeming dark  
But has a hidden side that's bright.

Certainly things couldn't look much darker than they did to Happy Jack Squirrel as he sat in the big maple tree side of Farmer Brown's house, and saw jolly, round, red Mr. Sun getting ready to go to bed behind the Purple Hills. He was afraid to go to his home in the Green Forest because Shadow the Weasel might be waiting for him there. He was afraid of the night which would soon come. He was cold, and he was hungry. Altogether he was as miserable a little Squirrel as ever was seen.

He had just made up his mind that he would have to go look for a hollow in one of

the trees in the Old Orchard in which to spend the night, when around the corner of the house came Farmer Brown's boy with something under one arm and dragging a ladder. He whistled cheerily to Happy Jack as he put the ladder against the tree and climbed up. By this time Happy Jack had grown so timid that he was just a little afraid of Farmer Brown's boy, so he climbed as high up in the tree as he could get and watched what was going on below. Even if he was afraid, there was no comfort in having Farmer Brown's boy near.

For some time Farmer Brown's boy worked busily at the place where the branch that Happy Jack knew so well started out from the trunk of the tree towards the window of Farmer Brown's boy's room. When he had fixed things to suit him, he went down the ladder and carried it away with him. In the crotch of the tree he had left the queer thing that he had brought under his arm. In spite of his fears, Happy Jack was curious. Little by little he crept nearer. What he saw was a box with a round hole in one end, just about big enough for him to go through, and in front of it a little shelf. On the shelf were some of the nuts that he liked best.

For a long time Happy Jack looked and looked. Was it a trap? Somehow he couldn't believe that it was. What would Farmer Brown's boy try to trap him for when they were such good friends? At last the sight of the nuts was too much for him. It certainly was safe enough to help himself to those. How good they tasted! Almost before he knew it, they were gone. Then he got up courage enough to peep inside. The box was filled with soft hay. It certainly did look inviting in there to a fellow who had no home and no place to go. He put his head inside. Finally he went wholly in. It was just as nice as it looked.

"I believe," thought Happy Jack, "that he made this little house just for me, and that he put all this hay in here for my bed. He doesn't know much about making a bed, but I guess he means well."

With that he went to work happily to make up a bed to suit him, and by the time the first Black Shadow had crept as far as the big maple tree, Happy Jack was curled up fast asleep in his new house.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 28, "Happy Jack Finds a New Home")*

## STORY 953. March 1, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy Takes a Prisoner

Happy Jack Squirrel was happy once more. He liked his new house, the house that Farmer Brown's boy had made for him and fastened in the big maple tree close by the house in which he himself lived. Happy Jack and Farmer Brown's boy were getting to be great friends. Every morning Happy Jack jumped over to the window sill and then in at the open window of the room of Farmer Brown's boy where he was sure to find a good breakfast of fat hickory nuts. When Farmer Brown's boy overslept, as he did sometimes, Happy Jack would jump up on the bed and waken him. He thought this great fun. So did Farmer Brown's boy, though sometimes when he was very sleepy, he



pretended to scold, especially on Sunday mornings when he did not have to get up as early as on other days.

Of course, Black Pussy had soon discovered that Happy Jack was living in the big maple tree, and she spent a great deal of time sitting at the foot of it and glaring up at him with a hungry look in her eyes, although she wasn't hungry at all, for she had plenty to eat. Several times she climbed up in the tree and tried to catch him. At first he had been afraid, but he soon found out that Black Pussy was not at all at home in a tree as he was. After that, he rather enjoyed having her try to catch him. It was almost like a game. It was great fun to scold at her and let her get very near him and then, just as she was sure that she was going to catch him, to jump out of her reach. After a while she was content to sit at the foot of the tree and just glare at him.

Happy Jack had only one worry now, and this didn't trouble him a great deal. It was possible that Shadow the Weasel might take it into his head to try to surprise him some night. Happy Jack knew that by this time Shadow must know where he was living, for of course Sammy Jay had found out, and Sammy is one of those who tell all they know. Still, being so close to Farmer Brown's boy gave Happy Jack a very comfortable feeling.

Now all this time Farmer Brown's boy had not forgotten Shadow the Weasel and how he had driven Happy Jack out of the Green Forest, and he had wondered a great many times if it wouldn't be a kindness to the other little people if he should trap Shadow and put him out of the way. But you know he had given up trapping, and somehow he didn't like to think of setting a trap, even for such a mischief-maker as Shadow. Then something happened that made Farmer Brown's boy very, very angry. One morning, when he went to feed the biddies, he found that Shadow had visited the henhouse in the night and killed three of his best pullets. That decided him. He felt sure that Shadow would come again, and he meant to give Shadow a surprise. He hunted until he found the little hole through which Shadow had got into the henhouse, and there he set a trap.

"I don't like to do it, but I've got to," said he. "If he had been content with one, it would have been bad enough, but he killed three just from the love of killing, and it is high time that something be done to get rid of him."

The very next morning Happy Jack saw Farmer Brown's boy coming from the henhouse with something under his arm. He came straight over to the foot of the big maple tree and put the thing he was carrying down on the ground. He whistled to Happy Jack, and as Happy Jack came down to see what it was all about, Farmer Brown's boy grinned. "Here's a friend of yours you probably will be glad to see," said he.

At first, all Happy Jack could make out was a kind of wire box.

Then he saw something white inside, and it moved. Very suspiciously Happy Jack came nearer. Then his heart gave a great leap. That wire box was a cage, and glaring between the wires with red, angry eyes was Shadow the Weasel! He was a prisoner! Right away Happy Jack was so excited that he acted as if he were crazy. He no longer

## Illustrations. February 22 to February 27, 1915.



**947. Sammy Jay is Quite Upset**  
“Huh,” said he. “What are you feeling so big about?”



**948. A Dream Comes True**  
Happy Jack’s eyes grew wide with fear—would Shadow find his tracks?



**949. Happy Jack Squirrel Has a Happy Thought**  
Along the stone wall raced Happy Jack to the door yard of Farmer Brown.



**950. Farmer Brown’s Boy Wakes With a Start**  
He gently stroked Happy Jack and Happy Jack let him.



**951. Happy Jack is Afraid to Go Home**  
“Hello! You back again?”



**952. New Home for Happy Jack**  
For a long time Happy Jack looked and looked.

had a single thing to be afraid of. Do you wonder that he was excited?

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 29.)*

## STORY 954. March 2, 1915

### A Prisoner Without Fear

Shadow the Weasel was a prisoner. He who always had been free to go and come as he pleased and to do as he pleased was now in a little narrow cage and quite helpless. For once he had been careless, and this was the result. Farmer Brown's boy had caught him in a trap. Of course, he should have known better than to have visited the henhouse a second time after killing three of the best pullets there. He should have known that Farmer Brown's boy would be sure to do something about it. The truth is, he had yielded to temptation when common sense had warned him not to. So he had no one to blame for his present difficulty but himself, and he knew it.

At first he had been in a terrible rage and had bitten at the wires until he had made his mouth sore. When he had made sure that the wires were stouter than his teeth, he wisely stopped trying to get out in that way, and made up his mind that the only thing to do was to watch for a chance to slip out, if the door of the cage should happen to be left unfastened.

Of course it hurt his pride terribly to be made fun of by those who always had feared him. Happy Jack Squirrel was the first one of these to see him. Farmer Brown's boy had put the cage down near the foot of the big maple tree in which Happy Jack was living, because Shadow had driven him out of the Green Forest. As soon as Happy Jack had made sure that Shadow really and truly was a prisoner and so quite harmless, he had acted as if he were crazy. Perhaps he was—crazy with joy. You see, he no longer had anything to be really afraid of, for there was no one but Shadow from whom he could not get away by running into his house. Billy Mink was the only other one who could follow him there, and Billy was not likely to come climbing up a tree so close to Farmer Brown's house.

So Happy Jack raced up and down the tree in the very greatest excitement, and his tongue went quite as fast as his legs. He wanted everybody to know that Shadow was a prisoner at last. At first he did not dare go very close to the cage. You see, he had so long feared Shadow that he was still afraid of him even though he was so helpless. But little by little Happy Jack grew bolder and came very close. And then he began doing something not at all nice. He began calling Shadow names and making fun of him, and telling him how he wasn't afraid of him. It was all very foolish and worse—it was like hitting a foe who was helpless.

Of course, Happy Jack hastened to tell everybody he met all about Shadow, so it wasn't long before Shadow began to receive many visitors. Whenever Farmer Brown's boy was not around there was sure to be one or more of the little people who had feared Shadow to taunt him and make fun of him. Somehow it seems as if always it is that way when people get into trouble. You know it is very easy to appear to be bold and

brave when there is nothing to be afraid of. Of course that isn't bravery at all, though many seem to think it is.

Now what do you think that right down in their hearts all these little people who came to jeer at Shadow the Weasel hoped they would see? Why, they hoped they would see Shadow afraid. Yes, Sir, that is just what they hoped. But they didn't. That is where they were disappointed. Not once did Shadow show the least sign of fear. He didn't know what Farmer Brown's boy would do with him, and he had every reason to fear that if he was not to be kept a prisoner for the rest of his natural life, something dreadful would be the end. But he was too proud and too brave to let any one know that any such fear ever entered his mind. Whatever his faults, Shadow is no coward. He boldly took the bits of meat which Farmer Brown's boy brought to him, and not once appeared in the least afraid, so that, after a little while Farmer Brown's boy actually had to admire him, much as he disliked him. He was a prisoner, but he kept just as stout a heart as ever.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 30.)*

## STORY 955. March 3, 1915.

### What Farmer Brown's Boy Did With the Weasel

Ribble, dibble, dibble, dab!  
Some people have the gift of gab!  
Some people have no tongues at all  
To trip them up and make them fall.

It is a fact, one of the biggest facts in all the world, that tongues make the greatest part of all the trouble that brings uncomfortable feelings, and bitterness and sadness and suffering and sorrow. If it wasn't for unruly, careless, mean tongues, the Great World would be a million times better to live in, a million times happier. It is because of his unruly tongue that Sammy Jay is forever getting into trouble. It is the same way with Chatterer the Red Squirrel. And it is just the same way with a great many little boys and girls, and with grown-ups as well.

When the little people of the Green Forest and Green Meadows who fear Shadow the Weasel found that he was a prisoner, many of them took particular pains to visit him when the way was clear, just to make fun of him and tease him and tell him that they were sure something dreadful would happen to him and they hoped it would. Shadow said never a word in reply. He was too wise to do that. He just turned his back on them. But all the time he was storing up in his mind all these hateful things, and he meant, if ever he got free again, to make life very uncomfortable for those whose foolish tongues were trying to make him more miserable than he already felt.

But these little people with the foolish tongues didn't stop to think of what might happen. They just took it for granted that Shadow never again would run wild and free in the Green Forest, and so they just let their tongues run and enjoyed doing it. Perhaps they wouldn't have, if they could have known just what was going on in the mind of

Farmer Brown's boy. Ever since he had found Shadow in the trap which he had set for him in the henhouse, Farmer Brown's boy had been puzzling over what he should do with his prisoner. At first he had thought he would keep him in a cage the rest of his life. But somehow, whenever he looked into Shadow's fierce little eyes and saw how unafraid they looked, he got to thinking of how terrible it must be to be shut up in a little narrow cage when one has had all the Green Forest in which to go and come. Then he thought that he would kill Shadow and put him out of his misery at once.

"He killed my pullets, and he is always hunting the harmless little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, so he deserves to be killed," thought Farmer Brown's boy. "He's a pest."

Then he remembered that after all Shadow was one of Old Mother Nature's little people, and that he must serve some purpose in Mother Nature's great plan. Bad as he seemed, she must have some use for him. Perhaps it was to teach others through fear of him how to be smarter and take better care of themselves and so be better fitted to do their parts. The more he thought of this, the harder it was for Farmer Brown's boy to make up his mind to kill him. But if he couldn't keep him a prisoner and he couldn't kill him, what could he do?

He was scowling down at Shadow one morning and puzzling over this when a happy idea came to him. "I know what I'll do!" he exclaimed. Without another word he picked up the cage with Shadow in it and started off across the Green Meadows, which now, you know, were not green at all but covered with snow. Happy Jack watched him out of sight. He had gone in the direction of the Old Pasture. He was gone a long time, and when he did return, the cage was empty.

Happy Jack blinked at the empty cage. Then he began to ask in a scolding tone, "What did you do with him? What did you do with him?"

Farmer Brown's boy just smiled and tossed a nut to Happy Jack. And far up in the Old Pasture, Shadow the Weasel was once more free. It was well for Happy Jack's peace of mind that he didn't know that.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 31, "What Farmer Brown's Boy Did With Shadow")*

## STORY 956. March 4, 1915.

### Happy Jack is Perfectly Happy

Never say a thing is so  
Unless you absolutely know.  
Just remember every day  
To be quite sure of what you say.

Taking things for granted doesn't do at all in this world. To take a thing for granted is to think that it is so without taking the trouble to find out whether it is or not. It is apt not only to get you yourself into trouble, but to make trouble for other people as well. Happy Jack Squirrel saw Farmer Brown's boy carry Shadow the Weasel away

in a cage, and he saw him bring back the cage empty. What could he have done with Shadow? For a while he teased Farmer Brown's boy to tell him, but of course Farmer Brown's boy didn't understand Happy Jack's language.

Now Happy Jack knew just what he would like to believe. He would like to believe that Farmer Brown's boy had taken Shadow away and made an end of him. And because he wanted to believe that, it wasn't very hard to believe it. There was the empty cage. Of course Farmer Brown's boy wouldn't have gone to the trouble of trapping Shadow unless he intended to get rid of him for good.

"He's made an end of him, that's what he's done!" said Happy Jack to himself, because that is what he would have done if he had been in Farmer Brown's boy's place. So having made up his mind that this is what had been done with Shadow the Weasel, he at once told all his friends that it was so, and was himself supremely happy. You see, he felt that he no longer had anything to worry about. Yes, Sir, Happy Jack was happy. He liked the house Farmer Brown's boy had made for him in the big maple tree close by his own house. He was sure of plenty to eat, because Farmer Brown's boy always looked out for that, and as a result Happy Jack was growing fat. None of his enemies of the Green Forest dared come so near to Farmer Brown's house, and the only one he had to watch out for at all was Black Pussy. By this time he wasn't afraid of her; not a bit. In fact, he rather enjoyed teasing her and getting her to chase him. When she was dozing on the doorstep, he liked to steal very close, wake her with a sharp bark, and then race for the nearest tree, and there scold her to his heart's content. He had made friends with Mrs. Brown and with Farmer Brown, and he even felt almost friends with Bowser the Hound. Sometimes he would climb up on the roof of Bowser's little house and drop nutshells on Bowser's head when he was asleep. The funny thing was Bowser never seemed to mind. He would lazily open his eyes and wink one of them at Happy Jack and thump with his tail. He seemed to feel that now Happy Jack was one of the family, just as he was.

So Happy Jack was just as happy as a fat gray squirrel with nothing to worry him could be. He was so happy that Sammy Jay actually became jealous. You know Sammy is a born trouble maker. He visited Happy Jack every morning, and while he helped himself to the good things that he always found spread for him, for Farmer Brown's boy always had something for the little feathered folk to eat, he would hint darkly that such goodness and kindness was not to be trusted, and that something was sure to happen. That is just the way with some folks; they always are suspicious.

But nothing that Sammy Jay could say troubled Happy Jack; and Sammy would fly away quite put out because he couldn't spoil Happy Jack's happiness the least little bit.

*(Happy Jack, Chapter 32.)*

## STORY 957. March 5, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Upsets Happy Jack Squirrel

Sammy Jay chuckled as he flew across the snow-covered Green Meadows on his



way to his home in the Green Forest. He chuckled and he chuckled. To have heard him you would have thought that either he had thought of something very pleasant, or something very pleasant had happened to him. Once he turned in the direction of Farmer Brown's house, but changed his mind as he saw the Black Shadows creeping out from the Purple Hills, and once more headed for the Green Forest.

"Too late today. Time I was home now. It'll keep until tomorrow," he muttered. Then he chuckled, and he was still chuckling when he reached the big hemlock tree, among the thick branches of which he spent each night.

"Don't know what started me off to the Old Pasture this afternoon, but I'm glad I went. My, my, my, but I'm glad I went," said he, as he fluffed out his feathers and prepared to tuck his head under his wing. "It pays to snoop around in this world and see what is going on. I learned a long time ago not to believe everything I hear, and that the surest way to make sure of things is to find out for myself. Nothing like using my own eyes and my own ears. Well, I must get to sleep." He began to chuckle again, and he was still chuckling as he fell asleep.

The next morning Sammy Jay was astir at the very first sign of light. He waited just long enough to see that every feather was in place, for Sammy is a bit vain, and very particular about his dress. Then he headed straight for Farmer Brown's house. Just as he expected he found Happy Jack Squirrel was awake, for Happy Jack is an early riser.

"Good morning," said Sammy Jay, and tried very hard to make his voice sound smooth and pleasant, a very hard thing for Sammy to do, for his voice, you know, is naturally harsh and unpleasant.

"You seem to be looking as happy as ever."

"Of course I am," replied Happy Jack. "Why shouldn't I be? I haven't a thing to worry about. Of course I'm happy, and I hope you're just as happy as I am. I'm going to get my breakfast now, and then I'll be happier still."

"That's so. There's nothing like a good breakfast to make one happy," said Sammy Jay, helping himself to some suet tied to a branch of the maple tree. "By the way, I saw an old friend of yours yesterday. He inquired after you particularly. He didn't exactly send his love, but he said that he hoped you are as well and fat as ever, and that he will see you again some time. He said that he didn't know of any one he likes to look at better than you."

Happy Jack looked flattered. "That was very nice of him," said he. "Who was it?"

"Guess," replied Sammy.

Happy Jack scratched his head thoughtfully. There were not many friends in winter. Most of them were asleep or had gone to the far away southland.

"Peter Rabbit," he ventured. Sammy shook his head.

"Jimmy Skunk!" Again Sammy shook his head.

“Jumper the Hare!”

“Guess again,” said Sammy, chuckling.

“Little Joe Otter?”

“Wrong,” replied Sammy.

“I give up. Who was it? Do tell me,” begged Happy Jack.

“It was Shadow the Weasel!” cried Sammy, triumphantly.

Happy Jack dropped the nut he was just going to eat, and in place of happiness something very like fear grew and grew in his eyes. “I—I don’t believe you,” he stammered. “Farmer Brown’s boy took him away and put an end to him. I saw him take him.”

“But you didn’t see him put an end to Shadow,” declared Sammy, “because he didn’t. He took him way up in the Old Pasture and let him go, and I saw him up there yesterday. That’s what comes of guessing at things. Shadow is no more dead than you are. Well, I must be going along. I hope you’ll enjoy your breakfast.”

With this, off flew Sammy Jay, chuckling as if he thought he had done a very smart thing in upsetting Happy Jack, which goes to show what queer ideas some people have.

(*Happy Jack*, Chapter 33, “Sammy Jay Upsets Happy Jack”)

## STORY 959<sup>1</sup>. March 6, 1915.

### Happy Jack Gets Busy

When you’ve made a bad mistake  
Don’t sit down and worry.  
Do your best to make it right!  
Hustle! Rustle! Scurry!

Happy Jack Squirrel was so upset by the news that Shadow the Weasel was alive after all that he lost all appetite for breakfast. He felt as if he couldn’t eat a mouthful. At first his thoughts were all of himself—selfish thoughts. Would Shadow come back from the Old Pasture where Farmer Brown’s boy had set him free? Sammy Jay had seemed to think he would. But perhaps Sammy said so just to make him feel uncomfortable. Sammy always did like to make people uncomfortable. Maybe Shadow would like it so well up in the Old Pasture that he wouldn’t come back at all. Happy Jack began to cheer up at that thought. He was getting really quite cheerful when all of a sudden, he remembered something. He remembered how he had told his friends that Shadow the Weasel had been made an end of by Farmer Brown’s Boy, and the news had been spread all around. Now no one would be looking out for Shadow, and—

Happy Jack didn’t like to think any further, supposing someday he should hear that Shadow had caught Peter Rabbit or Mrs. Grouse or some other of his friends, just because they were not watching out. Why, he would feel as if he had killed them



himself, because he was the one who had sent word that there was no longer any need to watch out. When he thought that such a dreadful thing as this might happen, Happy Jack became more unhappy than before.

O, dear! O, dear!" he cried. "Whatever did I say such a thing for when I didn't really know! Now something dreadful may happen and I'll be to blame. Whatever shall I do? O, dear! O, dear."

Dee, dee, chickadee!  
There you are and here I be!

"Whatever is the matter with you this fine morning? You look as if you had lost your last friend." It was the voice of Tommy Tit the Chickadee, and there was Tommy himself pecking away at the suet Farmer Brown's Boy had placed in the big maple tree.

"O, Tommy, it's dreadful, perfectly dreadful!" cried Happy Jack mournfully.

"What's perfectly dreadful?" demanded Tommy Tit. "Certainly this suet isn't; it's perfectly de-li-cious."

Then Happy Jack told Tommy all his troubles, and how terribly he felt because he had led everybody to think that they had nothing more to fear from Shadow the Weasel. Tommy looked grave. He had helped carry the news around himself when Happy Jack had first told him that Shadow was no more. But he is a very practical little fellow, is Tommy Tit.

"No use crying over mischief already done," said he. "The thing to do is to undo it. Why don't you get busy and tell everybody you can find that you was mistaken, and that Shadow is just as much alive as ever he was? I'll help."

"Will you? O, please do!" cried Happy Jack. "I'll start myself this very minute for the Green Forest." And without waiting another minute Happy Jack was off.

That was a busy day, a very busy day for Happy Jack. He warned his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel. He found Peter Rabbit and told him. He hunted and hunted until he found Mrs. Grouse, and told her. And he asked each one to pass the word along to all they met. When night came Happy Jack was so tired that when he ran across the dooryard to reach the big maple tree where his home now was, Black Pussy almost caught him, and he didn't have spunk enough left to scold at her. But as he curled up in his warm bed that night, he was almost happy again. He had done what he could to undo the mischief he had, done.

"I'll never, never, never say a thing is so again unless I really know," said he as he dropped asleep.

STORY 960. March 8, 1915.

## Blacky the Crow Makes a Discovery

To use your eyes is very wise  
And much to be commended;

But never see what cannot be  
For such as you intended.

That is something that Blacky the Crow never has learned. Probably he never will learn it because I doubt very much if he wants to. The truth is Blacky is always watching for things not intended for his sharp eyes. The result is that he gets into no end of trouble which he could avoid. In this respect he is just like his cousin, Sammy Jay. Between them they see a great deal with which they have no business and which it would be better for them not to see.

Now Blacky the Crow finds it no easy matter to pick up a living when snow covers the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and ice binds the Big River and the Smiling Pool. He has to use his sharp eyes for all they are worth in order to find enough to fill his stomach, and he will eat anything in the way of food that he can swallow. He sometimes travels long distances looking for food, but at night he always comes back to the same place in the Green Forest, to sleep in company with others of his family.

Blacky dearly loves company, particularly at night, and about the time jolly, round, red Mr. Sun is beginning to think about his bed behind the Purple Hills, you will find Blacky heading for a certain part of the Green Forest where he knows he will have neighbors of his own kind. Peter Rabbit says that it is because Blacky's conscience troubles him so that he doesn't dare sleep alone, but Happy Jack Squirrel says that Blacky hasn't any conscience. You can believe just which you please, though I suspect that neither of them really knows.

As I have said, Blacky is quite a traveler at this time of year, and sometimes his search for food takes him to out-of-the-way places. One day toward the very last of winter, the notion entered his black head that he would have a look in a certain lonesome corner of the Green Forest where once upon a time Redtail the Hawk had lived. Blacky knew well enough that Redtail wasn't there now; he had gone south in the fall and wouldn't be back until he was sure that Mistress Spring had arrived on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest.

Like the black imp he is, Blacky flew over the tree-tops, his sharp eyes watching for something interesting below. Presently he saw ahead of him the old nest of Redtail. He knew all about that nest. He had visited it before when Redtail was away. Still it might be worth another visit. You never can tell what you may find in old houses. Now, of course, Blacky knew perfectly well that Redtail was miles and miles, hundreds of miles away, and so there was nothing to fear from him. But Blacky learned ever so long ago that there is nothing like making sure that there is no danger, so, instead of flying straight to that old nest, he first flew over the tree so that he could look down into it.

Right away he saw something that made him gasp and blink his eyes. It was quite large and white, and it looked, it looked very much indeed like an egg. Do you wonder that Blacky gasped and blinked? Here was snow on the ground, and Rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost had given no hint that they were even thinking of going back to the frozen north. The idea of any one laying an egg at this time of year! Blacky flew over to a tall pine-tree to think it over.

Illustrations. March 1 to March 6, 1915.



**953. Farmer Brown's Boy Takes a Prisoner**

He came straight over to the foot of the big maple tree and put the thing he was carrying down on the ground.



**954. A Prisoner Without Fear**  
Happy Jack Squirrel was the first one to see him.



**955. What Farmer Brown's Boy Did With the Weasel**  
He was gone a long time, and when he did return the cage was empty.



**956. Happy Jack is Perfectly Happy**  
But nothing that Sammy Jay could say troubled Happy Jack.



**957. Sammy Jay Upsets Happy Jack Squirrel**  
"Good morning," said Sammy Jay.



**959. Happy Jack Gets Busy**  
He found Peter Rabbit and told him.

“Must be it was a little lump of snow,” thought he. “Yet if ever I saw an egg, that looked like one. Jumping grasshoppers, how good an egg would taste right now!” You know Blacky has a weakness for eggs. The more he thought about it, the hungrier he grew. Several times he almost made up his mind to fly straight over there and make sure, but he didn’t quite dare. If it were an egg, it must belong to somebody, and perhaps it would be best to find out who. Suddenly Blacky shook himself.

“I must be dreaming,” said he. “There couldn’t, there just couldn’t be an egg at this time of year, or in that old tumble-down nest! I’ll just fly away and forget it.”

So he flew away, but he couldn’t forget it. He kept thinking of it all day, and when he went to sleep that night, he made up his mind to have another look at that old nest.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 1.)*

## STORY 961. March 9, 1915.

### Blacky Makes Sure

“As true as ever I’ve cawed a caw  
That was a new-laid egg I saw.”

“What are you talking about?” demanded Sammy Jay, coming up just in time to hear the last part of what Blacky the Crow was mumbling to himself.

“Oh nothing, cousin, nothing at all,” replied Blacky. “I was just talking foolishness to myself.” Sammy looked at him sharply. “You aren’t feeling sick, are you, Cousin Blacky?” he asked. “Must be something the matter with you when you begin talking about new-laid eggs, when everything’s covered with snow and ice. Foolishness is no name for it. Whoever heard of such a thing as a new-laid egg this time of year.”

“Nobody, I guess,” replied Blacky. “I told you I was just talking foolishness. You see, I’m so hungry that I just got to thinking what I’d have if I could have anything I wanted. That made me think of eggs, and I tried to think just how I would feel if I should suddenly see a great big egg right in front of me. I guess I must have said something about it.”

“I guess you must have. It isn’t egg time yet, and it won’t be for a long time. Take my advice and just forget about impossible things. I’m going over to Farmer Brown’s cornercrib. Corn may not be as good as eggs, but it is very good and very filling. Better come along,” said Sammy.

“Not this morning, thank you. Some other time, perhaps,” replied Blacky.

He watched Sammy disappear through the trees. Then he flew to the top of the tallest pine-tree to make sure that no one was about. When he was quite sure that no one was watching him, he spread his wings and headed for the most lonesome corner of the Green Forest.

“I’m foolish. I know I’m foolish,” he muttered. “But I’ve just got to have another look in that old nest of Redtail the Hawk. I just can’t get it out of my head that that was

an egg, a great, big, white egg, that I saw there yesterday. It won't do any harm to have another look, anyway."

Straight toward the tree in which was the great tumble-down nest of Redtail the Hawk he flew, and as he drew near, he flew high, for Blacky is too shrewd and smart to take any chances. Not that he thought that there could be any danger there; but you never can tell, and it is always the part of wisdom to be on the safe side. As he passed over the top of the tree, he looked down eagerly. Just imagine how he felt when instead of one, he saw two white things in the old nest—two white things that looked for all the world like eggs! The day before there had been but one; now there were two. That settled it in Blacky's mind; they were eggs! They couldn't be anything else.

Blacky kept right on flying. Somehow, he didn't dare stop just then. He was too much excited by what he had discovered to think clearly. He had got to have time to get his wits together. Whoever had laid those eggs was big and strong. He felt sure of that. It must be someone a great deal bigger than himself, and he was of no mind to get into trouble, even for a dinner of fresh eggs. He must first find out whose they were; then he would know better what to do. He felt sure that no one else knew about them, and he knew that they couldn't run away. So he kept right on flying until he reached a certain tall pine-tree where he could sit and think without being disturbed.

"Eggs!" he muttered. "Real eggs! Now who under the sun can have moved into Redtail's old house? And what can they mean by laying eggs before Mistress Spring has even sent word that she has started? It's too much for me. It certainly is too much for me."

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 2.)*

## STORY 962. March 10, 1915.

### Blacky Finds Out Who Owns the Eggs

Some things are best forgotten  
As soon as they are learned.  
Who never plays with fire  
Will surely not get burned.

Two big white eggs in a tumbledown nest, and snow and ice everywhere! Did ever anybody hear of such a thing before?

"Wouldn't believe it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," muttered Blacky the Crow. "Have to believe them. If I can't believe them, it's of no use to try to believe anything in this world. As sure as I sit here, that old nest has two eggs in it. Whoever laid them must be crazy to start housekeeping at this time of year. I must find out whose eggs they are and then—"

Blacky didn't finish, but there was a hungry look in his eyes that would have told any who saw it, had there been any to see it, that he had a use for those eggs. But there was none to see it, and he took the greatest care that there should be none to see him

when he once again started for a certain lonesome corner of the Green Forest.

“First I’ll make sure that the eggs are still there,” thought he, and flew high above the tree tops, so that as he passed over the tree in which was the old nest of Redtail the Hawk, he might look down into it. To have seen him, you would never have guessed that he was looking for anything in particular. He seemed to be just flying over on his way to some distant place. If the eggs were still there, he meant to come back and hide in the top of a nearby pine tree to watch until he was sure that he might safely steal those eggs, or to find out whose they were.

Blacky’s heart beat fast with excitement as he drew near that old tumble-down nest. Would those two big white eggs be there? Perhaps there would be three! The very thought made him flap his wings a little faster. A few more wing strokes and he would be right over the tree. How he did hope to see those eggs! He could almost see into the nest now. One stroke! Two strokes! Three strokes! Blacky bit his tongue to keep from giving a sharp caw of disappointment and surprise.

There were no eggs to be seen. No, sir; there wasn’t a sign of eggs in that old nest. There wasn’t because—why, do you think? There wasn’t because Blacky looked straight down on a great mass of feathers which quite covered them from sight, and he didn’t have to look twice to know that that great mass of feathers was really a great bird, the bird to whom those eggs belonged.

Blacky didn’t turn to come back as he had planned. He kept right on, just as if he hadn’t seen anything, and as he flew, he shivered a little. He shivered at the thought of what might have happened to him if he had tried to steal those eggs the day before and had been caught doing it.

“I’m thankful I knew enough to leave them alone,” said he. “Funny I never once guessed whose eggs they are. I might have known that no one but Hooty the Horned Owl would think of nesting at this time of year. And that was Mrs. Hooty I saw on the nest just now. My, but she’s big! She’s bigger than Hooty himself! Yes, sir; it’s a lucky thing I didn’t try to get those eggs yesterday. Probably both Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were sitting close by, only they were sitting so still that I thought they were parts of the tree they were in. Blacky, Blacky, the sooner you forget those eggs the better.”

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 3.)*

## STORY 963. March 11, 1915.

### The Cunning of Blacky the Crow

Now when Blacky the Crow discovered that the eggs in the old tumble-down nest of Redtail the Hawk in a lonesome corner of the Green Forest belonged to Hooty the Owl, he straightway made the best of resolutions. He would simply forget all about those eggs. He would forget that he ever had seen them, and he would stay away from that corner of the Green Forest. That was a very wise resolution. Of all the people who live in the Green Forest, none is fiercer or more savage than Hooty the Owl, unless it is Mrs. Hooty. She is bigger than Hooty and certainly quite as much to be feared by the



little people.

All this Blacky knows. No one knows it better. And Blacky is not one to poke his head into trouble with his eyes open. So he very wisely resolved to forget all about those eggs. Now it is one thing to make a resolution and quite another thing to live up to it, as you all know. It was easy enough to say that he would forget, but not at all easy to forget. It would have been different if it had been spring or early summer, when there were plenty of other eggs to be had by any one smart enough to find them and steal them. But now, when it was still winter (such an unheard-of time for anyone to have eggs!), and it was hard work to find enough to keep a hungry crow's stomach filled, the thought of those eggs would keep popping into his head. He just couldn't seem to forget them. After a little, he didn't try.

Now Blacky the Crow is very, very cunning. He is one of the smartest of all the little people who fly. No one can get into more mischief and still keep out of trouble than can Blacky the Crow. That is because he uses the wits in that black head of his. In fact, some people are unkind enough to say that he spends all his spare time in planning mischief. The more he thought of those eggs, the more he wanted them, and it wasn't long before he began to try to plan some way to get them without risking his own precious skin.

"I can't do it alone," thought he, "and yet if I take any one into my secret, I'll have to share those eggs. That won't do at all, because I want them myself. I found them, and I ought to have them." He quite forgot or overlooked the fact that those eggs really belonged to Hooty and Mrs. Hooty and to no one else. "Now let me see, what can I do?"

He thought and he thought and he thought and he thought, and little by little a plan worked out in his little black head. Then he chuckled. He chuckled right out loud, then hurriedly looked around to see if any one had heard him. No one had, so he chuckled again. He cocked his head on one side and half closed his eyes, as if that plan was something he could see and he was looking at it very hard. Then he cocked his head on the other side and did the same thing.

"It's all right," said he at last. "It'll give my relatives a lot of fun, and of course they will be very grateful to me for that. It won't hurt Hooty or Mrs. Hooty a bit, but it will make them very angry. They have very short tempers, and people with short tempers usually forget everything else when they are angry. We'll pay them a visit while the sun is bright, because then perhaps they cannot see well enough to catch us, and we'll tease them until they lose their tempers and forget all about keeping guard over those eggs. Then I'll slip in and get one and perhaps both of them. Without knowing that they are doing anything of the kind, my friends and relatives will help me to get a good meal. My, how good those eggs will taste!"

It was a very clever and cunning plan, for Blacky is a very clever and cunning rascal, but of course it didn't deserve success because nothing that means needless worry and trouble for others deserves to succeed.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 4 "The Cunning of Blacky")*



STORY 964. March 12, 1915.

## Blacky the Crow Calls His Friends

When Blacky cries “Caw, caw, caw, caw!”  
As if he’d dislocate his jaw,  
His relatives all hasten where  
He waits them with a crafty air.

They know that there is mischief afoot, and the Crow family is always ready for mischief. So on this particular morning when they heard Blacky cawing at the top of his lungs from the tallest pine tree in the Green Forest, they hastened over there as fast as they could fly, calling to each other excitedly and sure that they were going to have a good time of some kind.

Blacky chuckled as he saw them coming. “Come on! Come on! Caw, caw, caw! Hurry up and flap your wings faster. I know where Hooty the Owl is, and we’ll have no end of fun with him. In this bright sun he’ll be blind as a bat<sup>2</sup>,” he cried.

“Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw, caw!” shouted all his relatives in great glee. “Where is he? Lead us to him. We’ll drive him out of the Green Forest!”

So Blacky led the way over to the most lonesome corner of the Green Forest, straight to the tree in which Hooty the Owl was comfortably sleeping. Blacky had taken pains to steal over and make sure just where he was early that morning. He had discovered Hooty fast asleep, and he knew that he would remain right where he was until dark. You know Hooty’s eyes were not meant for seeing in bright light, and the brighter the light, the more uncomfortable his eyes feel and the harder it is for him to see. Blacky knows this, too, and he had chosen the very brightest part of the morning to call his relatives over to torment poor Hooty. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his very brightest, and the white snow on the ground made it seem brighter still. Even Blacky had to blink, and he knew that poor Hooty would hardly be able to see at all.

But one thing Blacky was very careful not to even hint of, and that was that Mrs. Hooty was right close at hand. Mrs. Hooty is bigger and even more fierce than Hooty, and Blacky didn’t want to frighten any of the more timid of his relatives. What he hoped down deep in his crafty heart was that when they got to teasing and tormenting Hooty and making the great racket which he knew they would, Mrs. Hooty would lose her temper and fly over to join Hooty in trying to drive away the black tormentors. Then Blacky would slip over to the nest which she had left unguarded and steal one and perhaps both of the eggs he knew were there.

When they reached the tree where Hooty was, he was blinking his great yellow eyes and had fluffed out all his feathers, which is a way he has when he is angry, to make himself look twice as big as he really is. Of course, he had heard the noisy crew

---

2 In the book version of these stories, Burgess revised passages to downplay the putative blindness of owls in daylight.

coming, and he knew well enough what to expect. As soon as they saw him, they began to scream as loud as ever they could and to call him all manner of names. The boldest of them would dart at him as if to pull out a mouthful of feathers, but took the greatest care not to get too near. You see, the way Hooty hissed and snapped his great bill was very threatening, and they knew that if once he got hold of one of them with those big cruel claws of his, that would be the end.

So they were content to simply scold and scream at him and fly around him, just out of reach, and make him generally uncomfortable, and they were so busy doing this that no one noticed that Blacky was not joining in the fun, and no one paid any attention to the old tumble-down nest of Redtail the Hawk only a few trees distant. So far Blacky's plans were working out just as he had hoped.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 5 "Blacky Calls His Friends")*

## STORY 965. March 13, 1915

### Hooty the Owl Doesn't Stay Still

Now what's the good of being smart  
When others do not do their part?

If Blacky the Crow didn't say this to himself, he thought it. He knew that he had made a very cunning plan to get the eggs of Hooty the Owl, a plan so shrewd and cunning that no one else in the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows would have thought of it. There was only one weakness in it, and that was that it depended for success on having Hooty the Owl do as he usually did when tormented by a crowd of noisy crows—stay where he was until they got tired and flew away.

Now, Blacky sometimes makes a mistake that smart people are very apt to make; he thinks that because he is so smart, other people are stupid. That is where he proves that smart as he is, he isn't as smart as he thinks he is. He always thought of Hooty the Owl as stupid. That is, he always thought of him that way in daytime. At night, when he was waked out of a sound sleep by the fierce hunting cry of Hooty, he wasn't so sure about Hooty being stupid, and he always took care to sit perfectly still in the darkness, lest Hooty's great ears should hear him and Hooty's great eyes, made for seeing in the dark, should find him. No, in the night Blacky was not at all sure that Hooty was stupid.

But in the daytime he was sure. You see, he quite forgot the fact that the brightness of day is to Hooty what the blackness of night is to him. So, because Hooty would simply sit still and hiss and snap his bill, instead of trying to catch his tormentors or flying away, Blacky called him stupid. He felt sure that Hooty would stay right where he was now, and he hoped that Mrs. Hooty would lose her temper and leave the nest where she was sitting on those two eggs and join Hooty to help him try to drive away that noisy crew.

But Hooty isn't stupid. Not a bit of it. The minute he found out that Blacky and his friends had discovered him, he thought of Mrs. Hooty and the two precious eggs in the old nest of Redtail the Hawk close by.

“Mrs. Hooty mustn’t be disturbed,” thought he. “That will never do at all. I must lead these black rascals away where they won’t discover Mrs. Hooty. I certainly must.”

So he spread his broad wings and blundered away among the trees a little way. He didn’t fly far because on account of the bright light he couldn’t see very well. Then, too, the instant he started to fly that whole noisy crew with the exception of Blacky were after him and because he couldn’t use his claws or bill while flying, they grew bold enough to pull a few feathers out of his back. So he flew only a little way to a thick hemlock tree, where it wasn’t easy for the crows to get at him, and where the light didn’t hurt his eyes so much. There he rested a few minutes and then did the same thing over again. He meant to lead those bothersome crows into the darkest part of the Green Forest and there—well, he could see better there, and it might be that one of them would be careless enough to come within reach. No, Hooty wasn’t stupid. Certainly not.

Blacky awoke to that fact as he sat in the top of a tall pine-tree silently watching. He could see Mrs. Hooty on the nest, and as the noise of Hooty’s tormentors sounded from farther and farther away, she settled herself more comfortably and closed her eyes. Blacky could imagine that she was smiling to herself. It was clear that she had no intention of going to help Hooty. His splendid plan had failed just because stupid Hooty, who wasn’t stupid at all, had flown away when he ought to have sat still. It was very provoking.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 6)*

## STORY 966. March 15, 1915

### Blacky Tries Another Plan

When one plan fails, just try another;  
Declare you’ll win some way or other.

People who succeed are those who do not give up because they fail the first time they try. They are the ones who, as soon as one plan fails, get busy right away and think of another plan and try that. If the thing they are trying to do is a good thing, sooner or later they succeed. If they are trying to do a wrong thing, very likely all their plans fail, as they should.

Now Blacky the Crow knows all about the value of trying and trying. He isn’t easily discouraged. Sometimes it is a pity that he isn’t, because he plans so much mischief. But the fact remains that he isn’t, and he tries and tries until he cannot think of another plan and just has to give up. When he invited all his relatives to join him in tormenting Hooty the Owl, he thought he had a plan that just couldn’t fail. He felt sure that Mrs. Hooty would leave her nest and help Hooty try to drive away his tormentors. But Mrs. Hooty didn’t do anything of the kind, because Hooty was smart enough and thoughtful enough to lead his tormentors away from the nest into the darkest part of the Green Forest where their noise wouldn’t bother Mrs. Hooty. And so she just settled herself more comfortably than ever on those eggs which Blacky had hoped she would

give him a chance to steal, and his fine plan was quite upset.

Not one of his relatives had noticed that nest. They had been too busy teasing Hooty. This was just as Blacky had hoped. He didn't want them to know about that nest because he was selfish and wanted to get those eggs just for himself alone. But now he knew that the only way he could get Mrs. Hooty off of them would be by teasing her so that she would lose her temper and try to catch some of her tormentors. If she did that, there would be a chance that he might slip in and get at least one of those eggs. He would try it.

For a few minutes he listened to the noise of his relatives growing fainter and fainter, as Hooty led them farther and farther into the Green Forest. Then he opened his mouth.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw!" he screamed.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw! Come back, everybody! Here is Mrs. Hooty on her nest! Caw, caw, caw, caw!"

Now as soon as they heard that, all Blacky's relatives stopped chasing and tormenting Hooty and started back as fast as they could fly. They didn't like the dark part of the Green Forest into which Hooty was leading them. Besides, they wanted to see that nest. So back they came, cawing at the top of their lungs, for they were very much excited. Some of them never had seen a nest of Hooty's. And anyway, it would be just as much fun to tease Mrs. Hooty as it was to tease Hooty.

"Where is the nest?" they screamed, as they came back to where Blacky was cawing and pretending to be very much excited.

"Why," exclaimed one, "that is the old nest of Redtail the Hawk. I know all about that nest." And he looked at Blacky as if he thought Blacky was playing a joke on them.

"It was Redtail's, but it is Hooty's now. If you don't believe me, just look in it," retorted Blacky.

At once they all began to fly over the top of the tree where they could look down into the nest and there, sure enough, was Mrs. Hooty, her great, round, yellow eyes glaring up at them angrily. Such a racket! Right away Hooty was forgotten, and the whole crowd at once began to torment Mrs. Hooty. Only Blacky sat watchful and silent, waiting for Mrs. Hooty to lose her temper and try to catch one of her tormentors. He had hope, a great hope, that he would get one of those eggs.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 7.)*

## STORY 967. March 16, 1915.

### Hooty Comes to Mrs. Hooty's Aid

Nothing that you ever do,  
Nothing good or nothing bad,

## Illustrations. March 8 to March 13, 1915.



**960. Blacky the Crow Makes a Discovery**  
Like the black imp he is, Blacky flew over the tree tops.



**961. Blacky the Crow Makes Sure**  
He flew to the tallest pine tree to make sure that no one was about.



**962. Blacky Finds Out Who Owns the Eggs**  
Probably both Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were sitting close by.



**963. The Cunning of Blacky the Crow**  
"It's all right," said he at last. "It'll give my relatives a lot of fun."



**964. Blacky the Crow Calls His Friends**  
"Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw!" shouted all his relatives.



**965. Hooty the Owl Doesn't Stay Still**  
He meant to lead those bothersome crows into the darkest part of the Green Forest.

But has effect on other folks—  
Gives them pain or makes them glad.

That is absolutely true<sup>3</sup>. No one can live just for self alone. A lot of people think they can, but they are very much mistaken. They are making one of the greatest mistakes in the world. Every teeny, weeny act, no matter what it is, affects somebody else. That is one of Old Mother Nature's great laws. And it is just as true among the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows as with boys and girls and grown people. It is Old Mother Nature's way of making each of us responsible for the good of all and of teaching us that always we should help each other.

Now, when Blacky the Crow called all his relatives over to the nest where Mrs. Hooty was sitting on her eggs, they at once stopped tormenting Hooty and left him alone in a thick hemlock tree in the darkest part of the Green Forest. Of course, Hooty was very, very glad to be left in peace, and he might have spent the rest of the day there sleeping in comfort. But he didn't. No, sir, he didn't. At first he gave a great sigh of relief and settled himself as if he meant to stay. He listened to the voices of those noisy crows growing fainter and fainter and was glad. But it was only for a few minutes.

Presently those voices stopped growing fainter. They grew more excited sounding than ever, and they came right from one place. Hooty knew then that his tormentors had found the nest where Mrs. Hooty was, and that they were tormenting her just as they had tormented him.

He snapped his bill angrily and then more angrily. "I guess Mrs. Hooty is quite able to take care of herself," he grumbled, "but she ought not to be disturbed while she is sitting on those eggs. I hate to go back there in that bright sunshine. It hurts my eyes, and I can't half see, but I guess I'll have to go back there. Mrs. Hooty needs my help. I'd rather stay here, but—"

He didn't finish. Instead, he spread his broad wings and blundered back towards the nest and Mrs. Hooty. He blundered because he couldn't see very well. You know bright light hurts his eyes. But though he blundered, his great wings made no noise, for they are made so that he can fly without making a sound. "If I once get hold of one of those crows!" he muttered to himself. "If I once get hold of one of those Crows, I'll—" He didn't say what he would do, but if you had been near enough to hear the snap of his bill, you could have guessed the rest.

All this time the crows were having what they called fun with Mrs. Hooty. Nothing is true fun which makes others uncomfortable, but somehow a great many people seem to forget this. So, while Blacky sat watching, his relatives made a tremendous racket around Mrs. Hooty, and the more angry she grew, the more they screamed and called her names and darted down almost in her face, as they pretended that they were going to fight her. They were so busy doing this, and Blacky was so busy watching them, hoping that Mrs. Hooty would leave her nest and give him a chance to steal the eggs he knew were under her, that no one gave Hooty a thought.

All of a sudden, he was there, right in the tree close to the nest! No one had heard

---

3 The verse and first line were not included in the book version of this story.

a sound, but there he was, and in the claws of one foot he held the tail feathers of one of Blacky's relatives. It was lucky, very lucky indeed, for that one that Hooty was half blind because of the bright light, and so he had missed his aim. Otherwise, there would have been one less crow.

Now it is one thing to tease one lone owl and quite another to tease two together. Besides, there were those black tail feathers floating down to the snow-covered ground. Quite suddenly those crows decided that they had had fun enough for one day, and in spite of all Blacky could do to stop them, away they flew, cawing loudly and talking it all over noisily. Blacky was the last to go, and his heart was sorrowful. However, could he get those eggs?

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 8)*

## STORY 968. March 17, 1915.

### Blacky Thinks of Farmer Brown's Boy

"Such luck!" grumbled Blacky, as he flew over to his favorite tree to do a little thinking. "Such luck! Now all my neighbors know about the nest of Hooty the Owl, and sooner or later one of them will find out that there are eggs in it. There is one thing about it, though, and that is that if I can't get them, nobody can. That is to say, none of my relatives can. I've tried every way I can think of, and those eggs are still there. My, my, my, how I would like one of them right now!"

Then Blacky the Crow did a thing which disappointed scamps often do. He began to blame the ones he was trying to wrong because his plans had failed. To have heard him talking to himself, you would have supposed that those eggs really belonged to him and that Hooty and Mrs. Hooty had cheated him out of them. Yes, Sir, that is what you would have thought if you could have heard him muttering to himself there in the tree top. In his disappointment over not getting those eggs, he was so sorry for himself that he actually did feel that he was the one wronged—that Hooty and Mrs. Hooty should have let him have those eggs.

Of course, that was absolute foolishness, but he made himself believe it just the same. At least, he pretended to believe it. And the more he pretended, the angrier he grew. This is often the way with people who try to wrong others. They grow angry with the ones they have tried to wrong. When at last Blacky had to confess to himself that he could think of no other way to get those eggs, he began to wonder if there was some way to make trouble for Hooty and Mrs. Hooty and it was right then that he thought of Farmer Brown's boy. Blacky's eyes snapped. He remembered how, once upon a time, Farmer Brown's boy had delighted to rob nests<sup>4</sup>. Blacky had seen him take the eggs from the nests of Blacky's own relatives and from many other feathered people. What he did with the eggs, Blacky had no idea. Just now he didn't care. If Farmer Brown's boy would just happen to find Hooty's nest, he would be sure to take those eggs, and then he, Blacky, would feel better. He would feel that he was even with Hooty.

---

Right away he began to try to think of some way to bring Farmer Brown's boy

4 This is the first reference to Farmer Brown's boy's egg-collecting period.



over to the lonesome corner of the Green Forest where Hooty's nest was. If he could once get him there, he felt sure that Farmer Brown's boy would see the nest and climb up to it. Then, of course he would take the eggs. If he couldn't have those eggs himself, the next best thing would be to see someone else get them.

Dear me, dear me, such dreadful thoughts! I am afraid that Blacky's heart was as black as his coat. And the worst of it was, he seemed to get a lot of pleasure in his wicked plans. Now right down in his heart he knew that they were wicked plans, but he tried to make excuses to himself.

"Hooty the Owl is a robber," said he. "Everybody is afraid of him. He lives on other people, and so far as I know he does no good in the world. He is big and fierce, and no one loves him. The Green Forest would be better off without him. If those eggs hatch, there will be little owls to be fed, and they will grow up into big fierce owls, like their father and mother. So if I show Farmer Brown's boy that nest and he takes those eggs, I will be doing a kindness to my neighbors."

So Blacky talked to himself and tried to hush the still, small voice down inside that tried to tell him that what he was planning to do was really a dreadful thing. And all the time he watched for Farmer Brown's boy.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 9.)*

## STORY 969. March 18, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy and Hooty the Owl

Farmer Brown's boy had taken it into his head to visit the Green Forest. It was partly because he hadn't anything else to do, and it was partly because now that it was very near the end of winter, he wanted to see how things were there and if there were any signs of the coming of spring. Blacky the Crow saw him coming, and Blacky chuckled to himself. He had watched every day for a week for just this thing. Now he would tell Farmer Brown's boy about that nest of Hooty the Owl.

He flew over to the lonesome corner of the Green Forest where Hooty and Mrs. Hooty had made their home and at once began to caw at the top of his voice and pretend that he was terribly excited over something.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw!" shouted Blacky. At once all his relatives within hearing hurried over to join him. They knew that he was tormenting Hooty, and they wanted to join in the fun. It wasn't long before there was a great racket going on over in that lonesome corner of the Green Forest.

Of course Farmer Brown's boy heard it. He stopped and listened. "Now I wonder what Blacky and his friends have found this time," said he. "Whenever they make a fuss like that, there is usually something to see there. I believe I'll go over and have a look."

So he turned in the direction of the lonesome corner of the Green Forest, and as he drew near, he moved very carefully, so as to see all that he could without frightening

the crows. He knew that as soon as they saw him, they would fly away, and that might alarm the one they were tormenting, for he knew enough of crow ways to know that when they were making such a noise as they were now making, they were plaguing someone.

Blacky was the first to see him because he was watching for him. But he didn't say anything until Farmer Brown's boy was so near that he couldn't help but see that nest and Hooty himself, sitting up very straight and snapping his bill angrily at his tormentors. Then Blacky gave the alarm, and at once all the crows rose in the air and headed for the Green Meadows, cawing at the top of their lungs. Blacky went with them a little way. The first chance he got he dropped out of the flock and silently flew back to a place where he could see all that might happen at the nest of Hooty the Owl.

When Farmer Brown's boy first caught sight of the nest and saw the Crows darting down toward it and acting so excited, he was puzzled. "That's an old nest of Redtail the Hawk," thought he. "I found that last spring. Now what can there be there to excite those crows so?"

Then he caught sight of Hooty the Owl. "Ha, so that's it!" he exclaimed. "Those scamps have discovered Hooty and have been having no end of fun tormenting him because they know that he is half blind in the daytime. Wonder what he's doing there."

He no longer tried to keep out of sight, but walked right up to the foot of the tree, all the time looking up. Hooty saw him, but instead of flying away, he snapped his bill just as he had at the crows and hissed.

"That's funny," thought Farmer Brown's boy. "If I didn't know that to be the old nest of Redtail the Hawk, and if it weren't still the tail end of winter, I would think that is his nest." He walked in a circle around the tree, looking up. Suddenly he gave a little start. Was that a tail sticking over the edge of the nest? He found a stick and threw it up. It struck the bottom of the nest, and out flew a great bird. It was Mrs. Hooty! Blacky the Crow chuckled.

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 10, "Farmer Brown's Boy and Hooty")

## STORY 970. March 19, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy is Tempted

When you're tempted to do wrong  
Is the time to prove you're strong.  
Shut your eyes and clench each fist;  
It will help you to resist.

When a bird is found sitting on a nest, it is a pretty sure sign that that nest holds something worthwhile. It is a sign that that bird has set up housekeeping. So when Farmer Brown's boy discovered Mrs. Hooty sitting so close on the old nest of Redtail the Hawk, in the most lonesome corner of the Green Forest, he knew what it meant. Perhaps I should say that he knew what it ought to mean. It ought to mean that there

were eggs in that nest.

But it was hard for Farmer Brown's boy to believe that. Why, spring had not come yet! There was still snow, and the Smiling Pool was still covered with ice. Who ever heard of birds nesting at this time of year? Certainly not Farmer Brown's boy. And yet Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty were acting for all the world as feathered folks do act when they have eggs and are afraid that something is going to happen to them. It was very puzzling.

"That nest was built by Redtail the Hawk, and it hasn't even been repaired," muttered Farmer Brown's boy, as he stared up at it. "If Hooty and his wife have taken it for their home, they are mighty poor housekeepers. And if Mrs. Hooty has laid eggs this time of year, she must be crazy. I suppose the way to find out is to climb up there. It seems foolish, but I'm going to do it. Those owls certainly act as if they are mighty anxious about something, and I'm going to find out what it is."

He looked at Hooty and Mrs. Hooty, at their hooked bills and great claws, and decided that he would take a stout stick along with him. He had no desire to feel these great claws. When he had found a stick to suit him, he began to climb the tree. Hooty and Mrs. Hooty snapped their bills and hissed fiercely. They drew nearer. Farmer Brown's boy kept a watchful eye on them. They looked so big and fierce that he was almost tempted to give up and leave them in peace. But he just had to find out if there was anything in that nest, so he kept on. As he drew near it, Mrs. Hooty swooped very near to him, and the snap of her bill made an ugly sound. But she didn't quite dare attack him. He held his stick ready to strike and kept on.

The nest was simply a great platform of sticks. When Farmer Brown's boy reached it, he found that he could not get where he could look into it, so he reached over and felt inside. Almost at once his fingers touched something that made him tingle all over. It was an egg, a great big egg. There was no doubt about it. It was just as hard for him to believe as it had been for Blacky the Crow to believe, when he first saw those eggs. Farmer Brown's boy's fingers closed over that egg and took it out of the nest. Mrs. Hooty swooped very close, and Farmer Brown's boy nearly dropped the egg as he struck at her with his stick. Then Mrs. Hooty and Hooty seemed to lose courage and withdrew to a tree nearby, where they snapped their bills and hissed.

Then Farmer Brown's boy looked at the prize in his hand. It was a big, dirty-white egg. His eyes shone. What a splendid prize to add to his collection of birds' eggs! It was the first egg of the Great Horned Owl, the largest of all owls, that he ever had seen.

Once more he felt in the nest and found there was another egg there. "I'll take both of them," said he. "It's the first nest of Hooty's that I've ever found, and perhaps I'll never find another. Gee, I'm glad I came over here to find out what those crows were making such a fuss about. I wonder if I can get these down without breaking them."

Just at that very minute he remembered something. He remembered that he had stopped collecting eggs. He remembered that he had resolved never to take another bird's egg<sup>5</sup>.

---

5 The moment of this resolution does not appear to have been part of the continuity.

“But this is different,” whispered the tempter. “This isn’t like taking the eggs of the little song birds.”

(*Blacky the Crow*, Chapter 11.)

## STORY 971. March 20, 1915.

### A Tree-Top Battle

As black is black and white is white,  
So wrong is wrong and right is right.

There isn’t any half way about it. A thing is wrong or it is right, and that is all there is to it. But most people have hard work to see this when they want very much to do a thing that the still small voice way down inside tells them isn’t right. They try to compromise. To compromise is to do neither one thing nor the other but a little of both. But you can’t do that with right and wrong. It is a queer thing, but a half right never is as good as a whole right, while a half wrong often, very often, is as bad as a whole wrong.

Farmer Brown’s boy, up in the tree by the nest of Hooty the Owl in the lonesome corner of the Green Forest, was fighting a battle. No, he wasn’t fighting with Hooty or Mrs. Hooty. He was fighting a battle right inside himself. It was a battle between right and wrong. Once upon a time he had taken great delight in collecting the eggs of birds, in trying to see how many kinds he could get. Then as he had come to know the little forest and meadow people better, he had seen that taking the eggs of birds is very, very wrong, and he had stopped stealing them. He had declared that never again would he steal an egg from a bird.

But never before had he found a nest of Hooty the Owl. Those two big eggs would add ever so much to his collection. “Take ‘em,” said a little voice inside. “Hooty is a robber. You will be doing a kindness to the other birds by taking them.”

“Don’t do it,” said another little voice. “Hooty may be a robber, but he has a place in the Green Forest, or Old Mother Nature never would have put him there. It is just as much stealing to take his eggs as to take the eggs of any other bird. He has just as much right to them as Jenny Wren has to hers.”

“Take one and leave one,” said the first voice.

“That will be just as much stealing as if you took both,” said the second voice. “Besides, you will be breaking your own word. You said that you never would take another egg.”

“I didn’t promise anybody but myself,” declared Farmer Brown’s boy right out loud. At the sound of his voice, Hooty and Mrs. Hooty, sitting in the next tree, snapped their bills and hissed louder than ever.

“A promise to yourself ought to be just as good as a promise to anyone else. I don’t wonder Hooty hisses at you,” said the good little voice.

“Think how fine those eggs will look in your collection and how proud you will be to show them to the other fellows who never have found a nest of Hooty’s,” said the first little voice.

“And think how mean and small and cheap you’ll feel every time you look at them,” added the good little voice. “You’ll get a lot more fun if you leave them to hatch out and then watch the little owls grow up and learn all about their ways. Just think what a stout, brave fellow Hooty is to start housekeeping at this time of year, and how wonderful it is that Mrs. Hooty can keep these eggs warm and when they have hatched take care of the baby owls before others have even begun to build their nests. Besides, wrong is wrong and right is right, always.”

Slowly Farmer Brown’s boy reached over the edge of the nest and put back the egg. Then he began to climb down the tree. When he reached the ground, he went off a little way and watched. Almost at once Mrs. Hooty flew to the nest and settled down on the eggs, while Hooty mounted guard close by.

“I’m glad I didn’t take ‘em,” said Farmer Brown’s boy. “Yes, sir, I’m glad I didn’t take ‘em.”

As he turned back toward home, he saw Blacky the Crow flying over the Green Forest, and little did he guess how he had upset Blacky’s plans.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 12.)*

## STORY 972. March 22, 1915.

### Blacky Has a Change of Heart

Some little seeds of goodness  
You’ll find in every heart  
To sprout and keep on growing  
Can they but get a start.<sup>6</sup>

Blacky The Crow isn’t all black. No, indeed. His coat is black, and sometimes it seems as if his heart is all black, but this isn’t so. It certainly seemed as if his heart was all black when he tried so hard to make trouble for Hooty the Owl. It would seem as if only a black heart could have urged him to try so hard to steal the eggs of Hooty and Mrs. Hooty, but this wasn’t really so. You see, it didn’t seem at all wrong to try to get those eggs. He was hungry, and those eggs would have given him a good meal. He knew that Hooty wouldn’t hesitate to catch him and eat him if he had the chance, and so it seemed to him perfectly right and fair to steal Hooty’s eggs if he was smart enough to do so. And most of the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows would have felt the same way about it. You see, it is one of the laws of Old Mother Nature that each one must learn to look out for himself.

But when Blacky showed that nest of Hooty’s to Farmer Brown’s boy with the hope that Farmer Brown’s boy would steal those eggs, there was blackness in his heart. He was doing something then which was pure meanness. He was just trying to make

<sup>6</sup> This verse does not appear in the book version of this story.

trouble for Hooty, to get even because Hooty had been too smart for him. He had sat in the top of a tall pine tree where he could see all that happened, and he had chuckled wickedly as he had seen Farmer Brown's boy climb to Hooty's nest and take out an egg. He felt sure that he would take both eggs. He hoped so, anyway.

When he saw Farmer Brown's boy put the eggs back and climb down the tree without any, he had to blink his eyes to make sure that he saw straight. He just couldn't believe what he saw. At first he was dreadfully disappointed and angry. It looked very much as if he weren't going to get even with Hooty after all. He flew over to his favorite tree to think things over. Now it is a good thing to sit by oneself and think things over sometimes. It gives the little small voice deep down inside a chance to be heard. It was just that way with Blacky now.

The longer he thought, the meaner his action in calling Farmer Brown's boy looked. It was one thing to try to steal those eggs himself, but it was quite another matter to try to have them stolen by someone against whom Hooty had no protection whatever.

"If it had been any one but Hooty, you would have done your best to have kept Farmer Brown's boy away," said the little voice inside. Blacky hung his head. He knew that it was true. More than once, in fact many times, he had warned other feathered folks when Farmer Brown's boy had been hunting for their nests, and had helped to lead him away.

At last, Blacky threw up his head and chuckled, and this time his chuckle was good to hear. "I'm glad that Farmer Brown's boy didn't take those eggs," said he right out loud. "Yes, sir, I'm glad. I'll never do such a thing as that again. I'm ashamed of what I did; yet I'm glad I did it. I'm glad because I've learned some things. I've learned that Farmer Brown's boy isn't as much to be feared as he used to be. I've learned that Hooty isn't as stupid as I thought he was. I've learned that while it may be all right for us people of the Green Forest to try to outwit each other we ought to protect each other against common dangers. And I've learned something I didn't know before, and that is that Hooty the Owl is the very first of us to set up housekeeping. Now I think I'll go hunt for an honest meal." And he did.

*(Blacky the Crow, Chapter 13.)*

## STORY 973. March 23, 1915.

### Buster Bear Wakes Up

Gentle Sister South Wind was very busy in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. She was very busy, indeed, for there was a great deal to do. You see she was making ready for sweet Mistress Spring. First there was all that snow and ice to be gotten rid of. Mistress Spring would promptly turn and go back if she found that there. So Gentle Sister South Wind was melting the snow and ice with her warm breath as fast as ever she could, and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was helping her. They are great friends, you know.

Illustrations. March 15 to March 21, 1915.



966. Blacky Tries Another Plan  
“Where is the nest?” they  
screamed.



967. Hooty Comes to Mrs.  
Hooty’s Aid  
Instead he spread his broad wings  
and blundered back toward the  
west.



968. Blacky Thinks of Farmer  
Brown’s Boy  
“Hooty the Owl is a robber,” said  
he. “Everybody is afraid of him.”



969. Farmer Brown’s Boy and  
Hooty the Owl  
Then he caught sight of Hooty  
the Owl.



970. Farmer Brown’s Boy is  
Tempted  
When he had found a stick to suit  
him, he began to climb the tree.



971. A Tree-Top Battle  
Slowly Farmer Brown’s boy  
reached over and put back the  
egg.



Between them they had swept away all the snow from the Green Meadows and a great deal from the Green Forest. But there were places there where the snow was piled deep under the hemlock and pine trees and the thick growing spruce trees to which the warm rays of jolly Mr. Sun could not reach, so gentle Sister South Wind had to attend to these all alone, and it was slow work. One of these snow banks was right in front of the great rock under which Buster Bear had been found asleep by Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink at the beginning of winter. No one else had found him, and he had slept undisturbed all winter long. In fact, he had been quite forgotten by the little forest people. In the struggle to get enough to eat and to keep warm they had quite too much else to think about to waste any thoughts on Buster Bear.

When gentle Sister South Wind came to this big snow bank she wasted no time, but began to melt it as fast as ever she could. She found the little hole made by the breath of Buster Bear, the very same little hole by which Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink had found Buster, and she began right away to make this larger by melting the snow away around the edges. She wondered what there might be in back of that snow bank, so she peeped in. There, on a comfortable bed of leaves under the shelving rock, lay Buster Bear fast asleep.

“The lazy fellow!” exclaimed Sister South Wind. Then mischievously she tickled his nose.

“Kerchew!” Buster Bear sneezed. Once Sister South Wind tickled his nose.

“Kerchew! Kerchew!” Buster Bear half opened his eyes. For a few minutes he couldn’t think where he was. You see when he went to sleep there had been no snow, and he could look right out into the Green Forest. Now, of course, he was shut in with only a little ray of light coming in at the hole Sister South Wind was making bigger as fast as she could.

Buster yawned and stretched. “Ouch!” he grumbled. “Must be I’m getting the rheumatics. Ouch!” You see he had been asleep so long that his limbs were cramped. He kept on stretching and every time he stretched, he cried “Ouch!” Then he lay quiet for a while, just yawning now and then. He could hear the sound of gurgling water, the water from the melting snow, and it was good to hear. Pretty soon he began to feel a dreadful emptiness in his stomach. “Woof, woof!” he said. “My, but I’m hungry!”

“Get up, you old lazybones!” called gentle Sister South Wind through that little hole. “Get up, you old lazybones! Are you going to sleep all summer as well as all winter?”

“Who’s been sleeping all winter growled Buster in his deep, rumbling-grumbly voice. “I went to sleep last night. Pity a fellow can’t lie abed in the morning if he wants to.”

Gentle Sister South Wind began to laugh and her laugh was like music. “Come on, you lazy fellow! Come on!” she cried.

Buster just had to grin. “I guess I’ll have to get up,” he muttered. “She won’t give me any peace if I don’t. Besides, I never was so hungry in all my life.”

## Blacky the Crow Laughs Himself Almost Sick

An honest laugh is good to hear;  
A splendid tonic, too, my dear.  
Just take some laughter every day,  
And make a little by the way.

That is one of the best recipes for good feelings of which I know. Whoever has a good, honest laugh every day, and as he goes along makes a little laughter for others, never lacks for friends. It seemed to Blacky the Crow that he hadn't had a good, honest laugh for months and months. In fact, since the beginning of winter there had been little enough to laugh at. Getting a living in winter is pretty serious business. Blacky thinks so, anyway.

He was glad that winter was nearly over. It made his heart rejoice to look over the Green Meadows and see that gentle Sister South Wind had swept away all the snow. It made him glad all over to hear the sound of the Laughing Brook once more. He needed but a good laugh to make him quite his old self. And though he had no idea of it, he was even now flying straight toward it.

Sometime before he had seen Farmer Brown's boy enter the Green Forest. Blacky had been busy at the time, but he had noticed the direction in which Farmer Brown's boy had gone, having nothing else to do, he was flying that way to see what had become of him. He saw nothing of him until he came in sight of the green rock deep in the Green Forest under which, unknown to anyone but Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink, Buster Bear had gone to sleep for the winter. Farmer Brown's Boy was on top of the great rock resting. Blacky decided that he would rest, too, so he stopped in the top of a tall pine tree where he could watch.

Blacky was getting a little impatient when at last Farmer Brown's Boy stood up and stretched. Then for a few minutes he stood looking down at a great bank of snow along the foot of the great rock. You see, the snow had been piled up so deep there that gentle Sister South Wind, having no help from Jolly, bright Mr. Sun, because of the shade from many trees, had not been able to clear it all away, though she was working very hard at it.

Suddenly Farmer Brown's boy jumped. He jumped straight down into the snowbank. Perhaps he thought it was the easiest way of getting down. Perhaps he thought that it would be the last chance he would have to jump into a snowbank until another winter. Anyway, he jumped. When he struck the snow, he went right through up to his shoulders.

And then something happened. It happened so quickly that Blacky the Crow gave a startled cry and half lifted his wings to fly. But he didn't fly. No, sir, he didn't fly. Instead, he began to laugh. He laughed and he laughed and he laughed and he laughed. He laughed so hard that tears came to his eyes and filled them so that he could hardly see. He laughed until his sides ached. He laughed until he was so tired that when at last,

he started home, still laughing, he could hardly fly.

“I wouldn’t have missed that for anything in the wide, wide world,” said he, as he reached his favorite tree and settled down to think it over. “It was the funniest thing I ever have seen, and—O, dear! If I laugh much more, I certainly shall make myself sick.”

Blacky was still laughing when he went to bed that night, and twice he awoke in the night to chuckle over the memory of what he had seen when Farmer Brown’s Boy jumped into the snowbank.

## STORY 975. March 25, 1915.

### What Happened When Farmer Brown’s Boy Jumped Down

There is a great big word which is sometimes used when things happen and cannot be explained any other way, it is called co-in-ci-dence. When two, people start to do the same thing or to go to the same place, neither knowing anything about what the other was doing or planning to do, that is co-in-ci-dence. So it was co-in-ci-dence that was at the bottom of what happened to make Blacky the Crow laugh until he almost made himself sick.

Farmer Brown’s boy wasn’t thinking of Buster Bear at all. It was so long since he had heard of or seen any sign of Buster that he had made up his mind that Buster had left the Green Forest and gone back to the Great Woods from which he had he had come. When Farmer Brown’s boy stood on the great rock deep in the Green Forest making up his mind whether or not to jump down into that snowbank at the foot, Buster Bear was as far from his thoughts as the moon is from the earth.

Now, if Farmer Brown’s boy had gone there a day later, nothing would have happened. It was just co-in-ci-dence that he went when he did, which was at the very time when Buster had been waked from his long sleep by gentle Sister South Wind. You know, Buster had slept all winter on a shelf under that great rock, nicely shut in by that very snowbank Farmer Brown’s boy was looking down on. And now that he was awake, Buster was hungry, very hungry, for he had had nothing to eat since he went to sleep at the very beginning of winter.

So when he stretched he had stretched and kicked the kinks out of his legs, he began to dig his way out through that snowbank. He had just got nicely started when something came plunging down through the snow almost on to him. It was Farmer Brown’s boy, who had jumped from the top of the great rock. Now, it would have been bad enough to have a thing like that happen under any circumstances, but Buster was really only half awake and, of course, this made it worse.

“Wow!” he bawled, and began to scramble madly to get out and away from this terrible thing that had come plunging down through the snow.

“Hi, O! Help!” yelled Farmer Brown’s boy as Buster bumped into him and

knocked him down and rolled him over in the snow.

Blacky the Crow, looking on from the top of a tree, saw a great disturbance in that bank of snow; then out of it burst two snow-covered figures. One was Farmer Brown's boy. He had lost his hat, but he didn't stop to look for it. With a wild yell he started to run, stumbled, fell, scrambled to his feet and ran, yelling "Help! help!"

The other figure was Buster Bear, and he ran in the other direction, whining and whimpering. His black coat was filled with snow, and he was just as badly frightened as was Farmer Brown's boy, and trying just as hard to get away. Do you wonder that Blacky laughed and laughed? The fact is it is doubtful if either Buster or Farmer Brown's boy knew just what had happened. It had been so sudden that neither had time to think and each was doing his best to get away. They would do their thinking later. Each was sure that the other was after him, and each was trusting to his own good legs to get him to safety. It was very, very funny; but only Blacky the Crow saw the funny side then. Farmer Brown's boy would later, but just then his only thought was to get out of the Green Forest.

And this is how Buster Bear finally came forth from his winter sleep, and why Blacky the Crow nearly laughed himself sick.

## STORY 976. March 26, 1915.

### Buster Smells Something Good

It's neither in the head or heart  
That mischief gets its usual start.  
But somewhere else.  
Now, can you guess?  
It's in the stomach, nothing less.

That's a fact. The stomach is a very troublesome organ sometimes. Hasn't yours ever got you into trouble? Of course it has. It had made you want things which you ought not to have, or which you had been told that you couldn't have. All stomachs are like that, even the stomachs of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, of the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool. Little or big, it makes no difference, they all get into mischief sooner or later, and nine times out of ten it is because of their stomachs.

Now, wouldn't you think that Buster Bear is big enough and smart enough to keep out of mischief? You know he is the biggest and, in some ways, the smartest of all the Green Forest people. Buster Bear has a stomach. Of course! And Buster's stomach is very much like other stomachs—it sometimes won't take no for an answer, not even when Buster's common sense tells him that it should. So Buster gets into mischief, and getting into mischief usually means getting into trouble.

Now that he was thoroughly awake after his long sleep, Buster was hungry. It seemed to him that never before in all his life had he been so hungry. You see, he had had nothing to eat all winter, because he had been asleep all the time. So his stomach

was so empty that it seemed to him that the sides touched each other. As soon as he was sure that he was safe, after the great scare he had had when Farmer Brown's boy jumped through the snowbank behind which he had been sleeping, Buster thought of nothing but filling that empty stomach. He was so thin that his great, handsome, black coat was twice too big for him.

The worst of it was it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to find enough to eat, because it was so early in the spring. He wasn't a bit fussy, not a bit. Anything he could eat he would eat. So by night and day he prowled about hunting for food. To make matters worse, his feet were sore. During that long sleep the skin on the soles had dried and now it cracked and peeled off, leaving the new skin underneath very soft and tender. But his claws were just as good and stout and strong as ever, and with them he tore open old mossy, rotted stumps and logs to hunt for bugs and beetles that might be inside. Along the edge of the Laughing Brook, he dug up certain roots for which he has a liking. He hunted for mice and he went fishing, but he couldn't have much luck fishing, because the water was so high in the Laughing Brook that there were no little shallow pools out of which he could scoop foolish fish. He even tried to catch Peter Rabbit, but Peter was too smart for him and just laughed at him.

So Buster Bear roamed about through the Green Forest footsore and hungry and very short of temper. But you could hardly blame him for that, could you? To be all the time hungry is enough to make anybody short tempered. One day he came to a part of the Green Forest where nothing but big maple trees grow. Suddenly he stopped and sat up to sniff. He sniffed and sniffed and sniffed. He smelled the odor of burning wood, and he didn't like that at all, for it made him think of men. When he thought of men the hair along his back and neck rose ever so little, for he was afraid of men, and because he was afraid of them, he hated them. But with that smell of smoke was another odor that made him tingle all over. It did more than that—it made his mouth water. Yes, sir, it made his mouth water.

The smell of the smoke made him want to run away, but the other smell made him want to stay. Finally, he made up his mind. He would go away until after dark, and then he would return and find out what it was that smelled so good.

## STORY 977. March 27, 1915.

### Buster Bear Sees Strange Things

Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills, and the Black Shadows had crept all through the Green Forest until it was very dark there. Anyway, it was very dark for those who have eyes to see only in the daytime. It was the time that Buster Bear had been waiting for so impatiently that he had been unable to sit still.

"Now it will be safe to visit that part of the Green Forest where the maple trees grow, and where I smelled that delicious something this afternoon," thought he. "My, my, but that did smell good!" He licked his chops as he thought of it.

Then he hurried in the direction of the big maple trees. As he drew near once

more, he smelled the smoke of burning wood and he growled angrily. It was a deep rumbling-grumbly growl. Buster Bear was angry because he was disappointed. He was disappointed because he had been so sure that when night came, the men who had made that smoke would leave the Green Forest. You see, Buster knows that only human beings can make fire, and when he had smelled the smoke in the afternoon, he had felt sure that there were human beings about, and so he had wisely kept out of sight, waiting for night to come. And now night had come and still there was smoke, so, of course, there must be somebody where the smoke came from.

He sat up and sniffed and sniffed. Yes, there was that same delicious odor that had made his mouth water so before. It did the same thing now. Perhaps, after all, those dreaded human beings had gone away and left the fire. Buster brightened up at the thought. Then he listened with all his might. You know, Buster has very keen ears even if they are small. Presently he heard voices. Once more his heart sank and he growled deep down in his throat. Then he sniffed again, and with that sniff he made up his mind that he would see what was going on. It was so dark that he knew he could get very near without danger of being seen.

So, walking very, very softly, and no one can walk any more softly than he, Buster Bear, big as he is, followed his nose straight toward the place from which that delicious odor came. Presently he saw lights and shadowy forms moving about among the trees just outside a rough little house. They were Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy. Sometimes they would go inside the little house and stay some time. Then they would come out with tin pails and dip something out of a great barrel and go back inside.

Buster crept nearer. That delicious smell was stronger now and it came from inside that little house where the fire was. Buster's tongue fairly hung out of his mouth with longing. He prowled all around that little house as near to it as he dared to go, and in doing so he made a discovery. Fastened to the trunks of the big maple trees were tin pails. That was curious. He scowled at them suspiciously. By and by his curiosity got the best of him and very cautiously he peeped into one. It was almost empty, but in the bottom was a little, a very little, liquid that looked like water. He sniffed at it and then he knew what it was. It was the sweet sap from the maple tree. He had sometimes found it dripping from a broken branch. He ran his long tongue into the pail and lapped up the very last drop. Buster has a sweet tooth and that sap was the greatest kind of a treat.

Then he went to another pail. Alas, it was empty. So was the next and the next and a lot more. Buster was just about to give up and go back and see what was going on at the little house when he came to a pail brimming full and running over. With a great sigh of happiness Buster took that pail in his big paws and drank every drop, and then licked out the inside of the pail. Then he dropped it and it fell with a clatter that frightened him so that he wanted to take to his heels, But he didn't. He just held his breath and kept perfectly still.

Farmer Brown's boy came to the door of the little house and put his head out. "Thought I emptied every pail, but I must have overlooked one and it was so heavy it pulled out the nail it was hanging on," said he. "Isn't making maple syrup at night fun?"

STORY 978. March 29, 1915.

## Buster Bear is Perfectly Happy

Woof! woof! woof! Have a care  
You're in mischief, Buster Bear!

The little stars looked down and twinkled as they peeped between the bare branches of the big maple trees in the Green Forest and watched Buster hiding near the sugar camp of Farmer Brown, for that is what the little house among the maple trees was called. You all know what maple sugar is, and just how good it tastes when it is fresh, and you all know what maple syrup is and how very, very good that is, too.

Now maple syrup is made from the sap of the maple trees when it first goes up from the roots, where it has been stored all winter, to the branches before ever the leaves begin to show. It goes up during the warmth of daytime and stops running during the frosty night. It is collected by boring little holes in the trunks of the trees. In each of these little holes a little spout is fastened, and under each of these is hung a pail.

All day long Farmer Brown's boy had collected the full pails and emptied them into a great barrel at the little sugar house. And in the sugar house Farmer Brown had kept a hot fire going under a great pan called an evap-o-ra-tor, in which the sap was boiled and boiled until it grew thick and became syrup, and was put in cans to be sold. It was the smell of the boiling syrup which had so tickled the nose of Buster Bear.

Now, the season when the sap runs is very short, and so Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy had to make the most of it so as to get all the syrup and sugar possible. That is why they had not gone home when jolly, round red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills as Buster Bear had thought they would. Mrs. Brown had put up a good supper for them and they had stayed right there so as to boil all the sap they had collected during the day and be ready for the next day's run of sap. It was hard work lugging those pails of sap and chopping wood for the fire, but Farmer Brown's boy thought it great fun, the very best work of all the year. All day they had made syrup, and now they were making sugar. This is made by boiling the syrup until it grows thicker and thicker. Finally, when it is just right it is drawn off and poured into little molds. When it grows cold it becomes sugar, a cake of sugar in each little mold. Farmer Brown's boy had a pan of snow just outside the little house and when the syrup was almost, but not quite thick enough for sugar, he would pour a little on this snow. Right away it would harden into what is called maple wax, and Farmer Brown's boy and a great many other people think there is nothing quite so delicious as maple wax.

From the safe cover of the black shadows Buster Bear watched and longed and longed for a taste of that delicious syrup and sugar, for no one has a sweeter tooth than Buster Bear. He began to wonder if they were going to stay all night, for it grew later and later until the night was nearly half gone. But at last Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy came out of the little house and closed the door. Then, each with a lantern, they started off through the Green Forest in the direction of their home. Buster watched until the bobbing lights disappeared. Then he gave a great sigh of relief and boldly



walked over to the little house.

Round and round it he prowled, sniffing and snuffing and whining, for there were wide cracks between the boards, and the smell of the good things within set him almost crazy. He stood up on his hind legs and pushed against the door, but it was latched. Then he tried to get his claws in at the cracks and pull it open. Quite by accident one of his big paws hit the latch and the door swung open. Buster was so startled that he jumped back with a low growl. Then he stared in and waited. Nothing more happened. He poked his head in. All was quiet. Then quiet. Then he walked in. There was the hateful man smell, but he forgot this in the delicious smell of sugar and syrup. He walked over to a corner where were piled a great many cakes of sugar and took one. Never in his life had he tasted anything so good unless it was honey. He sat down and began to stuff himself. Buster Bear was perfectly happy.

## STORY 979. March 30, 1915

### The Piggishness of Buster Bear

Piggy, Piggy, full of greed.

Thinks of nothing but his feed.

“Um-m-m, how good it tastes!” muttered Buster Bear as he stuffed himself with maple sugar in the little sugar house of Farmer Brown among the big maple trees in the Green Forest. “I knew by the smell that it must be good, but I didn’t know how good. Um-m-m!”

Little cakes and big cakes were disappearing at a rate that promised to leave not so much as a crumb. Even if Buster had not felt half-starved after his long winter’s sleep, he could have stowed away a great amount of that delicious sugar, but as it was he felt that he could eat, every last bit and still wish for more. He just crammed it into his mouth so that sometimes he could hardly get his breath. Once in a while he would stop long enough to pat his stomach with one paw just because it seemed so good to feel it filling out so.

When the sugar was eaten to the very last crumb Buster looked about for something else, and he wasn’t long in finding it. His nose led him straight to it. It was a pail of maple syrup. He tasted it.

“My, but this is good! It’s just as good as honey!” he exclaimed. You know Buster is very, very fond of honey.”

“The best of it is, there are no hot-tempered bees to sting and make a fellow uncomfortable.”

He dipped a paw in the pail and then licked it off, all the time grunting and whining. Then he picked the pail up and tried to drink it, and he was so greedy that he poured the syrup all over himself. But he didn’t mind that a bit. He emptied the pail and he lapped up what he could from the floor. Then what do you think he did? Why, the greedy fellow went looking for more! It was a lucky thing for Farmer Brown that most

## Illustrations. March 22 to March 27, 1915.



### 972. Blacky the Crow Has a Change of Heart

"I'm glad that Farmer Brown's boy didn't take those eggs," said he, right out loud.



### 973. Buster Bear Wakes Up

"I guess I'll have to get up," he muttered.



### 974. Blacky the Crow Laughs Himself Almost Sick

"O, dear! If I laugh much more, I certainly shall make myself sick."



### 975. What Happened When Farmer Brown's Boy Jumped Down

The other figure was Buster Bear, and he ran in the other direction.



### 976. Buster Smells Something Good

So, by night and day, he prowled about, hunting for food.



### 977. Buster Bear Sees Strange Things

Fastened to the trunks of the big trees were tin pails.

of the syrup had been put in cans, and that these had been sealed up. Something told Buster that these cans were full of syrup, but try as he would he couldn't get one open. Then he lost his temper. Foolish Buster Bear lost his temper. He batted those harmless cans around as if they were to blame, and the more he batted them around the angrier he grew.

He upset a pile of the pails, and because the clatter of them, frightened him for a minute, he batted them around also until they were dented and all out of shape. At last, he stopped from sheer weariness, and then for the first time he discovered that there was syrup in the evaporator. At first he kept away. You see, there was still some fire under the great pan, and Buster Bear is very much afraid of fire. But when he got round back of the evaporator, he couldn't see the fire and he could both see and smell the syrup.

Greedy, greedy Buster Bear! He plunged his nose into the syrup and swept his long tongue out to lap it up. Alas! The syrup was hot. It burned his tongue! It burned his nose! It was worse than all the angry bees that ever had tried to pay him back for stealing their honey.

"Wow! Wow! Ouch! O' O!" yelled Buster Bear, and clawed at his mouth with both hands. Then he tore around the little house trying to find the door and going right past it two or three times because he was too excited to see it. There wasn't much inside the little house that could be knocked down that Buster didn't knock down, and between his roars and his growls and his whines and the clatter of tin pails and syrup cans there was such a racket as the Green Forest never heard before. At last, he found the door and rushed out to plunge his nose in a snowbank and roll over and over on the ground till what with the dead leaves and sticks and dirt sticking to his fur where he had gotten syrup all over himself, there never was such a looking bear.

And it was all because of Buster's piggishness.

## STORY 980. March 31, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy Runs All the Way Home

Topsy-turvy! Such a sight!  
Farmer Brown's boy took to flight.

As soon as he had fed the biddies and done the other things which were part of his daily duties Farmer Brown's boy took the basket of lunch which his mother had put up for him, whistled to Bowser the Hound, and started for the sugar camp among the big maples in the Green Forest. The night had been sharp and frosty, but the day promised to be warm, all of which meant that the sap would run freely,

Farmer Brown's boy whistled as he tramped along. His thoughts were very pleasant. There was all that sugar made the day before, and by the time he went to bed again there would be a lot more. He stopped to listen to the soft whistle of Winsome Bluebird and the joyous carol of Welcome Robin telling the glad news that sweet Mistress Spring would soon reach the Green Forest. He stopped to talk to Tommy Tit

the Chickadee, and in his heart was the joy of perfect happiness. Even Bowser the Hound seemed to feel the same way and was as frisky as a young puppy.

So they came to the great maple trees and Farmer Brown's boy smiled as he saw the clear sap dripping into the pails hung just under the little spouts in each tree. He was going to have a busy day if the sap kept running at that rate, but he was glad. Presently they reached the rough little sugar house and the first thing Farmer Brown's boy noticed was the wide-open door.

"Hello!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I am sure I closed that last night. Must be I didn't latch it and the wind blew it open."

Bowser the Hound had run ahead into the little house. Now he came slinking out with his tail between his legs and growling. Bowser acted very much as if he were afraid of something.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Farmer Brown's boy. "You look as if you had seen a ghost, but you know ghosts don't come out in daylight."

By this time he had reached the door and got his first glimpse of the inside. Such a sight! Empty pails and empty syrup cans, battered and dented, scattered everywhere! Syrup spilled on the floor and smeared all over everything. Sugar molds thrown this way and that! And of that nice sugar they had made the night before not so much as a crumb to be seen! Farmer Brown's boy fairly gasped. It was very clear to him that a robber had been at work there, and not content with stealing the sugar and syrup had done all the mischief he could. But who could have done such a thing? He just stood still and stared. After a few minutes he put down the things he was carrying and hastily searched to see if he could find any signs by which he might guess who the robber was. Then he came outside to look around and over in a little patch he found—a great footprint.

"A bear!" he exclaimed, and he felt his hair rise ever so little as he hastily looked around as if he half-expected to find Buster Bear watching him. "It must be the very one I so nearly jumped on the other day over by the great rock. My gracious, what a mess! I must tell Dad."

With that Farmer Brown's boy started for home, with Bowser the Hound at his heels, and they ran as if Buster Bear was right behind them threatening to gobble them up. Farmer Brown's boy was so out of breath when he reached the barn where Farmer Brown was at work that he could hardly speak, and his eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head. "A bear!" he gasped. "A bear has eaten up all our sugar and syrup and made the worst mess in the sugar house you ever saw!"

STORY 981. April 1, 1915.

## It is Planned to Give Buster Bear a Surprise

Just as sure as night must follow  
On the heels of parting day.

He who does a thing that's naughty  
For his mischief has to pay.

Sometimes it seems as if this isn't true, but it is. Sometimes people do wrong things for such a long time without getting caught that it seems as if they never will have to pay. But sooner or later they will. Buster Bear had to pay right away for the mischief he got into in Farmer Brown's sugar house, for you remember he burned his tongue and nose. Of course, Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy didn't know anything about that, so they set about planning more punishment for Buster.

At first Farmer Brown wouldn't believe that a bear had visited the sugar house. He didn't believe that there was a bear in the Green Forest. You see, he never had seen Buster as his boy had, and he had laughed at the tales his boy had told of his meetings with Buster, thinking that he had been frightened by a big dog which he imagined was a bear. But when he reached the sugar house and saw the mess that Buster had made there, he knew that nothing but a bear could have done it. The first thing he did was to beg his boy's pardon for doubting him. Then he grew angry, very angry indeed.

"That bear must be killed," said he. "He won't come around again today while we are here, but unless I am greatly mistaken, he'll be back tonight for more sugar. A bear just can't leave sweets alone. I'll bring my rifle, we'll hide here, and when he comes, we'll shoot him."

That would be exciting and Farmer Brown's boy could think of nothing else as he went about putting the sugar house in order as best he could, collecting the sap and chopping firewood. But after a while he wasn't sure that he wanted Buster Bear killed. Finally he was sure he didn't want anything so dreadful to happen. A live bear in the Green Forest would be ever so much more interesting than a dead one. Buster was the first bear who had been known of in the Green Forest for years and years, and there might never be another. The more he thought about it, the more sure he was that he didn't want Buster killed. Of course, Buster must be taught a lesson. It would be just as much fun to give Buster a great fright, rather more fun in fact. If they could scare him so that he never would be tempted to visit the sugar house again they would have nothing more to fear from him and he would still be free to live in the Green Forest.

By and by he told Farmer Brown just how he felt. At first Farmer Brown wouldn't listen to any such plan. You see, he was terribly angry over the loss of his sugar and syrup and the damage to his pails and cans. Buster must be shot, and that was all there was to it. But Farmer Brown's boy pleaded so hard that at last Farmer Brown relented and promised that if any way could be thought of to teach Buster a lesson that he would remember he wouldn't shoot him.

So while Farmer Brown's boy collected the pails of sap he thought and thought, and at last he worked out a plan. When he told it to his father Farmer Brown chuckled. "I believe that'll do it," said he, "We'll try it, anyway. You go home and get the things."

So Farmer Brown's boy went home, and when he came back he brought with him his dreadful gun, his camera, blankets and some little boxes of powder. And all the time over in the deepest, most lonely part of the Green Forest, where none would see him,

Buster Bear was nursing a sore nose, mouth and tongue, and I think that if you could have asked him he would have told you that he had been punished enough. And yet he hadn't, as you shall see.

## STORY 982. April 2, 1915.

### Farmer Brown Ready for Buster Bear

Just as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and the first Black Shadows began to creep in among the big maple trees in the Green Forest the very last pail of sap was emptied into the great barrel beside the sugar house by Farmer Brown's boy. Then he and Farmer Brown ate the supper Mrs. Brown had put up for them. As they ate, they talked about Buster Bear and the lesson they would give him.

"Do you suppose he will come back tonight?" asked Farmer Brown's boy.

"Not the least doubt in the world," replied Farmer Brown. "A bear can no more keep away from sweets than a boy can from candy. I should think he'd have the stomach ache after all he ate last night, but I suspect that by this time he has forgotten everything but how good it tasted, and that he's got his plans all made to have another feast. I expected that our neighbors would say that I am crazy not to shoot him, but I begin to feel a good deal as you do, son. As long as he does no harm, I rather like the idea of having him in the Green Forest. Most people are terribly afraid of bears, but the truth is bears are even more afraid of people. The only time a bear is dangerous is when he thinks he is cornered and has got to fight, or when a mother bear has cubs to protect. You've seen this bear two or three times, but it was when you surprised him. Probably he has seen you a dozen times and has been clever enough to keep out of sight. Give a bear a chance to get away and he'll do it every time. After the scare we are going to give him tonight we'll be lucky if we ever see him again even if he does continue to live right here in the Green Forest."

"How soon do you suppose he will come?" asked Farmer Brown's boy.

"Well," replied Farmer Brown, "I suspect that he will be hanging around where he can watch us just as soon as it gets real dark, but he won't try to come in here until all is quiet and he thinks we have gone away. We'll keep right on making sugar until it is time to go to bed. Then you can fix things; we'll let the fire die down, put out the lights and keep perfectly still. I don't believe he'll keep us waiting very long. If he does, we'll take turns sleeping. You told mother to give you the thickest blankets she had, didn't you?"

Farmer Brown's boy nodded. "I brought along a horse blanket, too," said he.

As soon as supper was finished they went to work again and it was very late indeed when Farmer Brown finally said it was time to stop. Farmer Brown's boy set his camera up so that it would face the open door. Then he arranged some little boxes of gray powder so that he could reach out and, touch it with a piece of burning punk, which is something that burns very slowly without making any light. The instant he should do that the gray powder would explode and make a blinding flash of light, and



for that reason it is called flashlight powder. It would do two things: It would give Buster a terrible fright and it would take his photograph. The terrible, gun was loaded and put where it could be grabbed instantly. Then they sat down to wait.

Buster Bear didn't come as soon as Farmer Brown expected. They waited and waited, keeping perfectly still, but no sign of Buster Bear. At last Farmer Brown rolled up in the blankets on a nice bed of fir boughs in one corner and went to sleep. It was very still and very dark and very exciting to Farmer Brown's boy keeping watch. Funny little shivers ran over him. He wondered just where Buster Bear was and if he would hear him coming. Once Hooty the Owl made him jump with his fierce hunting call. But even an excited boy gets sleepy sitting perfectly still in the dark, and Farmer Brown's boy was perfectly willing to take his turn on the bough bed at the end of a couple of hours.

So by turns they watched the long night through, but there was no Buster Bear. The truth is Buster was nursing a sore tongue and mouth, burned by the hot syrup the night before, and he wasn't very hungry anyway.

"Never mind," said Farmer Brown, as they started home for breakfast in the morning, "we'll try again tonight. That bear is bound to come back or I don't know anything about bears."

## STORY 983. April 3, 1915.

### Buster Bear has His Picture Taken

O, Buster, Buster, Buster Bear,  
However, ever did you dare?

It was two days since Buster Bear had filled his stomach and burned his tongue in the sugar house of Farmer Brown. Now his stomach was once more empty and his tongue—well, his tongue was sore, but it wasn't nearly as sore as it had been. His stomach whispered, "Go get some more sugar tonight." His tongue whispered, "Keep away from there. You got in trouble before, so keep away."

Buster was inclined to listen to his tongue, though he would have much rather listened to his stomach. He really made up his mind that he wouldn't go near the sugar house. But after it grew dark his stomach whispered louder than ever. "It won't do any harm to go over that way and just see what is going on," said he to himself. "Perhaps there will be some of that good sap in those shiny things on the trees, and it is perfectly safe to drink out of those."

So Buster Bear stole softly over to where the big maple trees grow in the Green Forest. As he drew near the sugar house, he took the greatest care not to make the least sound. Now and then he stopped to look in a pail hung on a tree to catch the sap, but each time he was disappointed. You see, Farmer Brown's boy had emptied every single one just before dark. When Buster reached a place where he could see the sugar house he saw lights, and Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy very busy there just as he had seen them two nights before. And there was that same delicious smell of syrup.



Buster took a long sniff. "Stay here until they go and then go help yourself again," whispered his stomach.

"Don't do it," prompted his sore tongue.

"You can keep away from that thing where you got burned before," whispered his stomach. "You know you've never tasted anything half so good except honey."

Now it is one of the hardest things in the world not to listen to an empty stomach, and Buster listened. He just couldn't tear himself away. Every time he tried to that delicious odor tickled his nose, and every time it did that, he listened to the whispering of his stomach and stayed. It seemed to him that Farmer Brown's boy and Farmer Brown never would go. But after a long, long time the lights went out. He didn't see Farmer Brown and his boy go, but he was sure that they must have gone for there wasn't a sound from the old sugar house.

Little by little Buster Bear crept nearer. His little eyes began to shine greedily. He could think of nothing but the sugar and syrup he was sure he would find inside. He knew just where the door was and he went straight to it. Very much to his surprise it was wide open. "Woof!" said Buster, and sat up to stare inside.

Right then something happened. There was a terrible flash that blinded him for minute. It was just like the lightning in a thunder storm. Then there were two more flashes and the bang! bang! of a terrible gun. Buster fell right over backward. Then he scrambled to his feet and ran. How he ran! He didn't look to see where he was going, but bumped into trees and scrambled through bushes, the worst scared bear ever seen. And as he ran, he heard the yells of Farmer Brown's boy and Farmer Brown himself, and they frightened him still more.

When they could no longer hear the sound of Buster crashing through the brush, Farmer Brown and his boy sat down and laughed and laughed. You see that terrible flash had been set off to scare Buster and at the same time take his picture. Then the terrible gun had been fired, not at Buster, but into the air, just to add to his fright. And the yells had been for the same purpose. "I guess," said Farmer Brown, "that that bear will never come here again." And Buster never did.

## STORY 984. April 5, 1915

### A Happy, Happy Easter

The meadows green are ringing  
With joy of birdies singing;  
The sunshine and the showers,  
Are bringing forth the towers,  
And all the world rejoices.

It is always so at the beautiful Easter season. Peter Rabbit felt happy the minute he opened his eyes. He didn't know just why, but he did. "I guess it's in the air," said Peter, and I guess that he was right. Danny Meadow Mouse felt happy in just the same

way, So did Jerry Muskrat and Billy Mink and Bobby Coon, and Sammy Jay and all the other little people, even Reddy Fox and Buster Bear, In fact, everybody felt so happy that no one could sit still. They just had to go visiting and tell their neighbors how happy they felt.

Peter Rabbit started bright and early for the Old Orchard to make Chatterer the Red Squirrel a call. When he reached the old stone wall who should he see whisking along but Striped Chipmunk. Striped Chipmunk was just as pert and saucy and frisky as ever and seemed just as glad to see Peter as Peter was to see him.

"I hear the Winter was pretty hard," said Striped Chipmunk. "I don't see what any one wants to go hungry and cold for. I'd rather sleep and be comfortable."

"But think of all you miss!" cried Peter. "Why, I don't suppose you ever have known a single Christmas."

"What's Christmas?" demanded Striped Chipmunk. "If it is warm and nice like Easter I'm sorry I've missed it, but if it isn't I don't mind. Easter suits me."

"O, I am happy as can be,

Pray, won't you come and dance with me?"

Then Striped Chipmunk frisked about so Peter just had to laugh at him.

"Happy Easter to you," cried Peter, and hopped on, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Just from force of habit he headed straight for Johnny Chuck's house under the apple tree in the far corner of the Old Orchard. As soon as he came in sight of it, he squealed with pleasure. There sat Johnny Chuck on his door-step, thinner than when he last saw him in the Fall, but still the same Johnny.

"Hello, Johnny, you old sleepy-head! I'm mighty glad to see you," exclaimed Peter. "When did you wake up?"

Johnny rubbed his eyes sleepily and yawned. "You don't need to tell me. You've waked up this very morning," declared Peter. "What made you?"

"Because it's Easter," replied Johnny. "It's the wakening of all sleepers that makes Easter, you know. My, it's good to feel the sun again!"

Hurrying down the Lone Little Path toward the Smiling Pool to see if Grandfather Frog was awake, too, Peter almost stumbled over someone.

"Why, if it isn't old Mr. Toad!" cried Peter.

"What of it?" demanded old Mr. Toad a little gruffly.

Peter paid no heed to his gruffness. "Have you waked up for Easter, too?" he cried.

"Of course," replied old Mr. Toad testily. "You didn't suppose I'd sleep over Easter, did you?"

"Then I wish you the very happiest Easter you have ever known, and I'm awfully glad to see you again," declared Peter.

“Thank you,” said Mr. Toad, beginning to smile. “It is good to be awake again and see what is going on in the world. You folks who do not sleep all winter don’t know the joy of waking. Is my cousin, Grandfather Frog, awake yet?”

“I don’t know, but I’m on my way to find out, replied Peter, once more starting on, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Grandfather Frog was awake and ready for his friends to pay their respects. And it seemed as everybody knew it and was hastening to give him greeting.

“Chug-a-rum!” exclaimed Grandfather Frog. “Didn’t know I had so many friends. I wish everybody a happy Easter.”

“We wish you the same,” cried all together. Then everybody fell to wishing everybody else the same. Altogether it was the happiest Easter Peter could remember.

## STORY 985. April 6, 1915.

### Jimmy Skunk is Puzzled

Old Mother West Wind had just come down from the Purple Hills and turned loose her children, the Merry Little Breezes, from the big bag in which she had been carrying them. They were very lively and very merry as they danced and raced across the Green Meadows in all directions, for it was good to be back there once more. Old Mother West Wind almost sighed as she watched them for a few minutes. She felt that she would like to join them. Always the springtime made her feel this way—young and carefree, and happy. But she had work to do. She had to turn the windmill to pump water for Farmer Brown’s cows, and this was only one of many mills standing idle as they waited for her. And this was only a part of the work awaiting her. So she puffed her cheeks out and started about her business.

Jimmy Skunk sat at the top of the hill that overlooks the Green Meadows and watched her out of sight. Then he started to amble down the Lone Little Path to look for some beetles. He was ambling along in his lazy way, for you know he never hurries, when he heard someone puffing and blowing behind him. Of course he turned to see who it was, and he was greatly surprised when he discovered old Mr. Toad. Yes, sir, it was old Mr. Toad, and he seemed in a great hurry. He was quite short of breath, but he was hopping along in the most determined way as if he were in a great hurry to get somewhere.

Now it is a very unusual thing for Mr. Toad to hurry, very unusual indeed. In fact, it is even more unusual than for Jimmy himself to hurry. Usually he hops a few steps and then sits down to think it over. Jimmy had never before seen him hop more than a few steps unless he was trying to get away from danger, from Mr. Blacksnake for instance. Of course, the first thing Jimmy thought of was Mr. Blacksnake, and he looked for him. But there was no sign of Mr. Blacksnake nor of any other danger. Then he looked very hard at old Mr. Toad, and he saw right away that old Mr. Toad didn’t seem to be frightened at all, only very determined, and as if he had something important on his mind.

“Well, well,” exclaimed Jimmy Skunk, “whatever has got into those long hind legs

Illustrations. March 29 to April 3, 1915.



**978. Buster Bear is Perfectly Happy**  
Then he gave a great sigh of relief and boldly walked over to the little house.



**979. The Piggishness of Buster Bear**  
Little cakes and big cakes were disappearing at a rate that promised to leave not so much as a crumb.



**980. Farmer Brown's Boy Runs All the Way Home**  
"Hello!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I am sure I closed that last night."



**981. It is Planned to Give Buster Bear a Surprise**  
At first Farmer Brown wouldn't believe that a bear had visited the sugar house.



**982. Farmer Brown Ready for Buster Bear**  
"Never mind," said Farmer Brown. "We'll try again tonight."



**983. Buster Bear has His Picture Taken**  
There was a terrible flash that blinded him for a minute.

of yours to make them work so fast?"

Old Mr. Toad didn't say a word, but simply tried to get past Jimmy and keep on his way. Jimmy put out one hand and turned old Mr. Toad right over on his back, where he kicked and struggled in an effort to get on his feet again, and looked very ridiculous.

"Don't you know that it isn't polite not to speak when you are spoken to?" demanded Jimmy severely, though his eyes twinkled.

"I—I beg your pardon. I didn't have any breath to spare," panted old Mr. Toad. "You see I'm in a great hurry."

"Yes, I see," replied Jimmy. "But don't you know that it isn't good for the health to hurry so? Now, pray, what are you in such a hurry for? I don't see anything to run away from."

"I'm not running away," retorted old Mr. Toad indignantly. "I've business to attend to at the Smiling Pool, and I'm late as it is."

"Business!" exclaimed Jimmy as if he could hardly believe his ears. "What business have you at the Smiling Pool?"

"That is my own affair," retorted Old Mr. Toad, "but if you really want to know, I'll tell you. I have a very important part in the spring chorus, and I'm going down there to sing. I have a very beautiful voice."

That was too much for Jimmy Skunk. He just lay down and rolled over and over with laughter. The idea of any one so homely, almost ugly-looking, as Mr. Toad thinking that he had a beautiful voice! "Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" roared Jimmy.

When at last he stopped because he couldn't laugh any more, he discovered that old Mr. Toad was on his way again. Hop, hop, hipperty-hop; hop, hop, hipperty-hop went Mr. Toad. Jimmy watched him, and he confessed that he was puzzled.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 1)*

## STORY 986. April 7, 1915.

### Jimmy Skunk Sees his Friends

Jimmy Skunk scratched his head thoughtfully as he watched old Mr. Toad go down the Lone Little Path, hop, hop, hipperty-hop, towards the Smiling Pool. He certainly was puzzled, was Jimmy Skunk. If old Mr. Toad had told him that he could fly, Jimmy would not have been more surprised, or found it harder to believe than that old Mr. Toad had a beautiful voice. The truth is, Jimmy didn't believe it. He thought that old Mr. Toad was trying to fool him.

Presently Peter Rabbit came along. He found Jimmy Skunk sitting in a brown study. He had quite forgotten to look for fat beetles, and when he forgets to do that, you may make up your mind that Jimmy is doing some hard thinking.

"Hello, old Striped Coat, what have you got on your mind this fine morning?"

cried Peter Rabbit.

“Him,” said Jimmy simply, pointing down the Lone Little Path.

Peter looked. “Do you mean old Mr. Toad!” he asked.

Jimmy nodded. “Do you see anything queer about him?” he asked in his turn.

Peter stared down the Lone Little Path. “No,” he replied, “except that he seems in a great hurry.”

“That’s just it,” Jimmy returned promptly. “Did you ever see him hurry unless he was frightened?”

Peter confessed that he never had.

“Well, he isn’t frightened now, yet just look at him go,” retorted Jimmy. “Says he has got a beautiful voice, and that he has to take part in the spring chorus at the Smiling Pool and that he is late.”

Peter looked very hard at Jimmy to see if he was fooling or telling the truth. Then he began to laugh. “Old Mr. Toad sing! The very idea!” he cried. “He can sing about as much as I can, and that is not at all.”

Jimmy grinned. “I think he’s crazy, if you ask me,” said he. “And yet he was just as earnest about it as if it were really so. I think he must have eaten something that has gone to his head. There’s Unc’ Billy Possum over there. Let’s ask him what he thinks.”

So Jimmy and Peter joined Unc’ Billy, and Jimmy told the story about old Mr. Toad all over again. Unc’ Billy chuckled and laughed just as they had at the idea of old Mr. Toad’s saying he had a beautiful voice. But Unc’ Billy has a shrewd little head on his shoulders. After a few minutes he stopped laughing.

“Ah don’ learn a right smart long time ago that Ah don’ know all there is to know about mah neighbors,” said he. “We-uns done think of Brer Toad as ugly-lookin’ fo’ so long that we-uns may have overlooked something. Ah don’ reckon Brer Toad can sing, but Ah ‘low that perhaps he thinks he can. What do you-alls say to we-uns going down to the Smiling Pool and finding out what he really is up to?”

“The very thing!” cried Peter, kicking up his heels. You know Peter is always ready to go anywhere or do anything that will satisfy his curiosity.

Jimmy Skunk thought it over for a few minutes, and then he decided that as he hadn’t anything in particular to do, and as he might find some fat beetles on the way, he would go too. So off they started after old Mr. Toad, Peter Rabbit in the lead as usual, Unc’ Billy Possum next, grinning as only he can grin, and in the rear Jimmy Skunk, taking his time and keeping a sharp eye out for fat beetles.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 2, “Jimmy Skunk Consults His Friends”)*

## STORY 987. April 8, 1915.

### The Hunt for Old Mr. Toad

Peter Rabbit, Jimmy Skunk, and Unc' Billy Possum had started to follow old Mr. Toad, who had gone hop, hop, hoppity-hop, down the Lone Little Path toward the Smiling Pool. He had gone in a hurry, and it was the first time in all their lives that they had ever seen him hurry, excepting when Mr. Blacksnake was after him. But though old Mr. Toad was hurrying as fast as ever he could and was quite out of breath, he wasn't getting along very fast compared with the way Peter Rabbit or either of the others could cover the ground when they were in a hurry. You see he cannot make long jumps like his cousin, Grandfather Frog, but only little short hops.

So Peter and Jimmy and Unc' Billy took their time about following him. They stopped to hunt for fat beetles for Jimmy Skunk, and at every little patch of sweet clover for Peter Rabbit to help himself. Once they wasted a lot of time while Unc' Billy Possum hunted for a nest of Carol the Meadow Lark, on the chance that he would find some fresh eggs there. He didn't find the nest for the very good reason that Carol hadn't built one yet. Peter was secretly glad. You know he doesn't eat eggs, and he is always sorry for his feathered friends when their eggs are stolen.

Half way across the Green Meadows they stopped to play with the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, and because it was very pleasant there, they played longer than they realized. When at last they started on again, old Mr. Toad was out of sight. You see all the time he had kept right on going, hop, hop, hipperty-hop.

"Never mind," said Peter, "we can catch up with him easy enough, he's such a slow-poke."

But even a slow-poke who keeps right on doing a thing without wasting any time always gets somewhere sooner or later, very often sooner than those who are naturally quicker, but who waste their time. So it was with old Mr. Toad. He kept right on, hop, hop, hipperty-hop, while the others were playing, and so it happened that when at last Peter and Jimmy and Unc' Billy reached the Smiling Pool, they hadn't caught another glimpse of Old Mr. Toad.

"Do you suppose he hid somewhere, and we passed him?" asked Peter.

Unc' Billy shook his head. "Ah don' reckon so," said he. "We-uns done been foolin' away our time, an' Brer Toad done stole a march on us. Ah reckons we-uns will find him sitting on the bank here somewhere."

So right away the three separated to look for old Mr. Toad. All along the bank of the Smiling Pool they looked. They peeped under old leaves and sticks. They looked in every place where old Mr. Toad might have hidden, but not a trace of him did they find.

"Tra-la-la-lee! Oka-chee! Oka-chee!

Happy am I as I can be!"

sang Mr. Redwing, as he swayed to and fro among the bulrushes.



“Say, Mr. Redwing, have you seen old Mr. Toad?” called Peter Rabbit.

“No,” replied Mr. Redwing. “Is that whom you fellows are looking for? I wondered if you had lost something. What do you want with old Mr. Toad?”

Peter explained how they had followed old Mr. Toad had hurried down to the Smiling Pool saying that he had a beautiful voice and must take part in the great Spring chorus, and how they had followed him just to see what he really was up to. “Of course we know that he hasn’t any more voice than I have,” declared Peter, “but we are curious to know if he really thinks he has, and why he should be in such a hurry to reach the Smiling Pool. It looks to us as if the spring has made old Mr. Toad crazy.”

“Oh, that’s it, is it?” replied Mr. Redwing, his bright eyes twinkling. “Some people don’t know as much as they might. I’ve been wondering where old Mr. Toad was, and I’m ever so glad to learn that he hasn’t forgotten that he has a very important part in our beautiful spring chorus.” Then once more Mr. Redwing began to sing.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 3)*

## STORY 988. April 9, 1915.

### Peter finds Old Mr. Toad

Let all the world with music ring  
Beneath the magic touch of spring.

It isn’t often that Peter Rabbit is truly envious, but sometimes in the joyousness of spring he is. He envies the birds because they can pour out in beautiful song the joy that is in them. The only way he can express his feelings is by kicking his long heels, jumping about, and such foolish things. While that gives Peter a great deal of satisfaction, it doesn’t add to the joy of other people as do the songs of the birds, and you know to give joy to others is to add to your own joy. So there are times when Peter wishes he could sing.

He was wishing this very thing now, as he sat on the bank of the Smiling Pool, listening to the great spring chorus.

“Tra-la-la-lee! Oka-chee! Oka-chee!  
There’s joy in the spring for you and for me,”  
sang Redwing the Blackbird from the bulrushes.

From over in the Green Meadows rose the clear lilt of Carol the Meadow Lark, and among the alders just where the Laughing Brook ran into the Smiling Pool a flood of happiness was pouring from the throat of Little Friend the Song Sparrow. Winsome Bluebird’s sweet, almost plaintive, whistle seemed to fairly float in the air, so that it was hard to say just where it did come from, and in the top of the big hickory tree, Welcome Robin was singing as if his heart were bursting with joy. Even Sammy Jay was adding a beautiful, bell-like note instead of his usual harsh scream. As for the Smiling Pool, it seemed as if the very water itself sang, for a mighty chorus of clear

pipng voices from unseen singers rose from all around its banks. Peter knew who those singers were, although look as he would he could see none of them. They were hylas, the tiny cousins of Stickytoes the Tree Toad.

Listening to all these joyous voices, Peter forgot for a time what had brought him to the Smiling Pool. But Jimmy Skunk and Unc' Billy Possum didn't forget. They were still hunting for old Mr. Toad.

"Well, old Mr. Dreamer, have you found him yet?" asked Jimmy Skunk, stealing up behind Peter and poking him in the back.

Peter came to himself with a guilty start. "No," said he. "I was just listening and wishing that I could sing, too. Don't you ever wish you could sing, Jimmy?"

"No," replied Jimmy. "I never waste time wishing I could do things it was never meant I should do. It's funny where old Mr. Toad is. He said that he was coming down here to sing, and Redwing the Blackbird seemed to be expecting him. Now, I don't believe he can sing, but if he can, it's up to us to find out. I've looked everywhere I can think of without finding him, but I don't believe in giving up without another try. Stop your dreaming and come help us hunt for old Mr. Toad."

So Peter stopped his dreaming and joined in the search. Now there was one place where neither Peter nor Jimmy nor Unc' Billy had thought of looking. In fact, it hadn't entered their heads. That was in the Smiling Pool itself. They just took it for granted that old Mr. Toad was somewhere on the bank. Presently Peter came to a place where the bank was very low and the water was shallow for quite a little distance out in the Smiling Pool. From out of that shallow water came the piping voice of a hyla, and Peter stopped to stare, trying to see the tiny singer.

Suddenly he jumped right up in the air with surprise. There was a familiar-looking head sticking out of the water. Peter had found old Mr. Toad!

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 4, "Peter Rabbit Finds Old Mr. Toad")*

## STORY 989. April 10, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad's Music Bag

Never think that you have learned  
All there is to know.  
That's the surest way of all  
Ignorance to show.

"I've found old Mr. Toad!" cried Peter Rabbit, hurrying after Jimmy Skunk.

"Where?" demanded Jimmy.

"In the water," declared Peter. "He's sitting right over there where the water is shallow, and he didn't notice me at all. Let's get Unc' Billy, and then creep over to the edge of the Smiling Pool and watch to see if old Mr. Toad really does try to sing."

So they hunted up Unc' Billy Possum, and the three stole very softly over to the

edge of the Smiling Pool, where the bank was low and the water shallow. Sure enough, there sat old Mr. Toad with just his head out of water. And while they were watching him, something very strange happened.

Peter's big eyes looked as if they might pop out of his head.

"What—what's the matter with him?" he whispered.

"If he don't watch out, he'll blow up and bust!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Listen!" whispered Unc' Billy Possum. "Do mah ol' ears hear right? 'Pears to me that that song is coming right from where Brer Toad is sitting."

It certainly did appear so, and of all the songs that glad spring day there was none sweeter. Indeed, there were few as sweet. The only trouble was the song was so very short. It lasted only for two or three seconds. And when it ended, old Mr. Toad looked quite his natural self again; just as commonplace, almost ugly, as ever. Peter looked at Jimmy Skunk, Jimmy looked at Unc' Billy Possum, Unc' Billy looked at Peter. And no one had a word to say. They just didn't now what to say. Then all three looked back at old Mr. Toad.

And even as they looked, his throat began to swell and swell and swell, until it was no wonder that Jimmy Skunk had thought that he was in danger of blowing up. And then, when it stopped swelling, there came again those beautiful little notes, so sweet and tremulous that Peter actually held his breath to listen. There was no doubt that old Mr. Toad was singing just as he had said he was going to, and it was just as true that his song was one of the sweetest if not the sweetest of all the chorus from and around the Smiling Pool. It was very hard to believe, but Peter and Jimmy and Unc' Billy both saw and heard, and that was enough. Their respect for old Mr. Toad grew tremendously as they listened. They had thought that it was either a joke or that he was crazy when he had told them that he was going down to the Smiling Pool to sing.

"How does he do it?" whispered Peter.

"With that bag under his chin, of course," replied Jimmy Skunk. "Don't you see it's only when that is swelled out that he sings? It's a regular music bag. And I didn't know he had any such bag there at all."

"I wish," said Peter Rabbit, feeling of his throat, "that I had a music bag like that in my throat."

And then he joined in the laugh of Jimmy and Unc' Billy, but still with something of a look of wistfulness in his eyes.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 5)*

## STORY 990. April 12, 1915

### Peter Discovers Something More

There are stranger things in the world today  
Than ever you dreamed could be.

There's beauty in some of the commonest things  
If only you've eyes to see.

Peter Rabbit couldn't get over his discovery that Old Mr. Toad could sing; and not only that, but that his song was one of the sweetest of all the glad Springtime. Ever since Peter Rabbit was a little chap and had first ran away from home, he had known old Mr. Toad, and never once had Peter suspected that he could sing. In fact, he had looked on Old Mr. Toad as such a homely fellow as to be almost ugly-looking, and he knew that most of his neighbors looked on Old Mr. Toad in the same way. They were fond of him, for he was always good-natured and attended strictly to his own affairs; but they liked to poke fun at him, and as for there being anything beautiful about him, why, it never entered their heads that such a thing could be.

Now that they had discovered that he really has a very beautiful voice, they began to look on him with a great deal more respect. This was especially so with Peter. He got in the habit of going over to the Smiling Pool every day, when the way was clear, just to sit on the bank and listen to Old Mr. Toad.

"Why didn't you ever tell us before that you could sing?" he asked one day, as Old Mr. Toad looked up at him from the Smiling Pool.

"What was the use of wasting my breath?" demanded Old Mr. Toad. "You wouldn't have believed me if I had. You didn't believe me when I did tell you."

Peter knew that this was true, and he couldn't find any answer ready. At last he ventured another question. "Why haven't I ever heard you sing before?"

"You have," replied Old Mr. Toad tartly. "I sang right in this very place last spring, and the spring before, and the spring before that. You've sat on that very bank lots of times while I was singing. The trouble with you, Peter, is that you don't use your eyes or your ears."

Peter looked more foolish than ever. But he ventured another question. It wouldn't be Peter to let a chance for questions go by. "Have I ever heard you singing up on the meadows or in the Old Orchard?"

"No," replied Old Mr. Toad, "I only sing in the springtime. That's the time for singing. I just have to sing then. In the summer it is too hot, and in the winter I sleep. I always return to my old home to sing. You know I was born here. All my family gathers here in the spring to sing, so of course I come too."

Old Mr. Toad filled out his queer music bag under his chin and began to sing again. Peter watched him. Now it just happened that Old Mr. Toad was facing him, and so Peter looked down straight into his eyes. He never had looked into Mr. Toad's eyes before, and now he just stared and stared, for it came over him that those eyes were very beautiful, very beautiful indeed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a queer little catch in his breath. "What beautiful eyes you have, Mr. Toad!"

"So I've been told before," replied old Mr. Toad. "My family always has had

beautiful eyes. There is an old saying that every Toad has jewels in his head, but of course he hasn't—not real jewels. It is just the beautiful eyes. Excuse me, Peter, but I'm needed in that chorus." Old Mr. Toad once more swelled out his throat and began to sing.

Peter watched him a while longer, then hopped away to the dear Old Briar Patch, and he was very thoughtful. He had discovered that old Mr. Toad had beautiful eyes, as well as a beautiful voice.

"Never again will I call anybody homely and ugly until I know all about them," said Peter, which was a very wise decision. Don't you think so?

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 6.)*

## STORY 991. April 13, 1915.

### A Shadow Passes Over the Smiling Pool

Here's what Mr. Toad says;  
Heed it well, my dear:  
"Time to watch for clouds is  
When the sky is clear."

He says that that is the reason that he lives to a good old age, does Old Mr. Toad. I suppose he means that when the sky is cloudy, everybody is looking for rain and is prepared for it, but when the sun is shining, most people forget that there is such a thing as a storm, so when it comes suddenly very few are prepared for it. It is the same way with danger and trouble. So Old Mr. Toad very wisely watches out when there seems to be the least need of it, and he finds it always pays.

It was a beautiful spring evening. Over back of the Purple Hills to which Old Mother West Wind had taken her children, the Merry Little Breezes, and behind which jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed, there was still a faint, clear light. But over the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool the shadows had drawn a curtain of soft dusk which in the Green Forest became black. The little stars looked down from the sky and twinkled just to see their reflections twinkle back at them from the Smiling Pool. And there and all around it was perfect peace. Jerry Muskrat swam back and forth, making little silver lines on the surface of the Smiling Pool and squeaking contentedly, for it was the hour which he loves best. Little Friend the Song Sparrow had tucked his head under his wing and gone to sleep among the alders along the Laughing Brook and Redwing the Blackbird had done the same thing among the bulrushes. All the feathered songsters who had made joyous the bright day had gone to bed.

But this did not mean that the glad spring chorus was silent. Oh, my, no! No indeed! The Green Meadows were silent, and the Green Forest was silent, but as if to make up for this, the sweet singers of the Smiling Pool, the hylas and the frogs and Old Mr. Toad, were pouring out their gladness as if they had not been singing most of the departed day. You see it was the hour they love best of all, the hour which seems to them just made for singing, and they were doing their best to tell Old Mother Nature

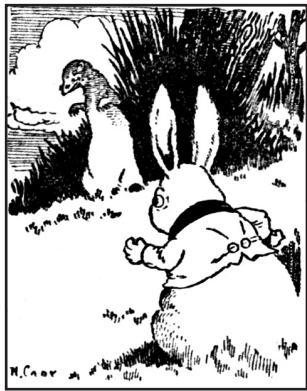
Illustrations. April 5 to April 9, 1915.



984. A Happy, Happy Easter  
“You’ve waked up this very morning,” declared Peter.



985. Jimmy Skunk is Puzzled  
Hop, hop, hipperty-hop, hop, hop, hipperty-hop, went Mr. Toad.



986. Jimmy Skunk Sees his Friends  
“Do you mean Old Mr. Toad?” asked Peter.



987. The Hunt for Old Mr. Toad  
“Say, Mr. Redwing, have you seen Old Mr. Toad?” asked Peter.



988. Peter finds Old Mr. Toad  
There was a familiar looking head sticking out of the water.



989. Old Mr. Toad’s Music Bag  
“I wish,” said Peter Rabbit, “that I had a music bag like that.”

how they love her, and how glad they were that she had brought back sweet Mistress Spring to waken them from their long sleep.

It was so peaceful and beautiful there that it didn't seem possible that danger of any kind could be lurking near. But Old Mr. Toad, swelling out that queer music bag in his throat and singing with all his might, never once forgot that wise saying of his, and so he was the first to see what looked like nothing so much as a little detached bit of the blackness of the Green Forest floating out towards the Smiling Pool. Instantly he stopped singing. Now that was a signal. When he stopped singing, his nearest neighbor stopped singing, then the next one and the next, and in a minute there wasn't a sound from the Smiling Pool save the squeak of Jerry Muskrat hidden among the bulrushes. That great chorus stopped as abruptly as the electric lights go out when you press a button.

Back and forth over the Smiling Pool, this way and that way, floated the shadow, but there was no sign of any living thing in the Smiling Pool. After a while the shadow floated away over the Green Meadows without a sound.

"Hooty the Owl didn't get one of us that time," said Old Mr. Toad to his nearest neighbor with a chuckle of satisfaction. Then he swelled out his music bag and began to sing again. And at once, as abruptly as it had stopped, the great chorus began again as joyous as before, for nothing had happened to bring sadness as might have but for the watchfulness of Old Mr. Toad.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 7.)*

## STORY 992. April 14, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad's Babies

The Smiling Pool's a nursery  
Where all the sunny day  
A thousand funny babies  
Are taught while at their play.

Really the Smiling Pool is a sort of kindergarten, one of the most interesting kindergartens in the world. Little Joe Otter's children learn to swim there. So do Jerry Muskrat's babies and those of Billy Mink, the Trout and Minnow babies, and a lot more. And there you will find the children and grandchildren of Grandfather Frog and Old Mr. Toad.

Peter Rabbit had known for a long time about the Frog babies, but though he knew that Old Mr. Toad was own cousin to Grandfather Frog, he hadn't known anything about the Toad babies, except that at a certain time in the year he was forever running across tiny Toads, especially on rainy days, and each little Toad was just like Old Mr. Toad, except for his size. Peter had heard it said that Toads rain down from the sky, and sometimes it seems as if this must be so. Of course he knew it couldn't be, but it puzzled him a great deal. There wouldn't be a Toad in sight. Then it would begin to rain, and right away there would be so many tiny Toads that it was hard work to jump



without stepping on some.

He remembered this as he went to pay his daily call on Old Mr. Toad in the Smiling Pool and listen to his sweet song. He hadn't seen any little Toads this year, but he remembered his experiences with them in other years, and he meant to ask about them. You see, Peter had discovered that Old Mr. Toad, whom he had always looked down on as rather stupid, homely and uninteresting, wasn't at all what he had supposed. In the first place, he could sing, which Peter couldn't. Then he had the most beautiful eyes Peter ever had looked into. Peter was beginning to suspect that there might be more interesting things about Old Mr. Toad, and he had made up his mind to find out.

Old Mr. Toad was sitting in his usual place, but he wasn't singing. He was staring at something in the water. When Peter said "Good morning," Old Mr. Toad didn't seem to hear him. He was too much interested in what he was watching. Peter stared down into the water to see what was interesting Old Mr. Toad so much, but he saw nothing but a lot of wriggling tadpoles.

"What are you staring at so, Mr. Sobersides?" asked Peter, speaking a little louder than before.

Old Mr. Toad turned and looked at Peter, and there was a look of great pride in his face. "I'm just watching my babies. Aren't they lovely?" said he.

Peter stared harder than ever, but he couldn't see anything that looked like a baby Toad.

"Where are they?" asked he. "I don't see any babies but those of Grandfather Frog, and if you ask me, I always did think tadpoles about the homeliest things in the world."

Old Mr. Toad grew indignant. "Those are not Grandfather Frog's children; they're mine!" he sputtered. "And I'll have you know that they are the most beautiful babies in the world!"

Peter drew a hand across his mouth to hide a smile. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Toad," said he. "I—I thought all tadpoles were Frog babies. They all look alike to me."

"Well, they're not," declared Old Mr. Toad. "How anyone can mistake my babies for their cousins I cannot understand. Now mine are beautiful, while—"

"Chug-arum!" interrupted the great deep voice of Grandfather Frog. "What are you talking about? Why, your babies are no more to be compared with my babies for real beauty than nothing at all! I'll leave it to Peter if they are."

But Peter wisely held his tongue. To tell the truth, he couldn't see beauty in any of them. To him they were all just wriggling pollywogs. They were more interesting now, because he had found out that some of them were toads and some were frogs, and he hadn't known before that baby toads begin life as tadpoles, but he had no intention of being drawn into the dispute now waxing furious between Grandfather Frog and Old Mr. Toad.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 8.)*

## STORY 993. April 15, 1915.

### The Smiling Pool Kindergarten.

Play a little, learn a little, grow a little too;  
That's what every pollywog tries his best to do.

Of course. That's what a kindergarten is for. And you may be sure that the babies of Grandfather Frog and Old Mr. Toad and Stickytoes the Tree Toad did all of these things in the kindergarten of the Smiling Pool. They looked considerably alike, did these little cousins, for they were all pollywogs to begin with. Peter Rabbit came over every day to watch them. Always he had thought pollywogs just homely, wriggling things, not the least bit interesting, but since he had discovered how proud of them were Grandfather Frog and Old Mr. Toad, he had begun to wonder about them and then to watch them.

"There's one thing about them, and that is they are not in danger the way any babies are," said Peter, talking to himself as is his way when there is no one else to talk to. Just then a funny little black pollywog wriggled into sight, and while Peter was watching him, a stout-jawed water-beetle suddenly rushed from among the water grass, seized the pollywog by his tail, and dragged him down. Peter stared. Could it be that that ugly-looking bug was as dangerous an enemy to the baby Toad as Reddy Fox is to a baby Rabbit? He began to suspect so, and a little later he knew so, for there was that same little pollywog trying hard to swim and making bad work of it, because he had lost half of his long tail.

That set Peter to watching sharper than ever, and presently he discovered that pollywogs have to keep their eyes open quite as much as do baby rabbits, if they would live to grow up. There were several kinds of queer, ugly-looking bugs forever darting out at the wriggling pollywogs. Hungry looking fish lay in wait for them, and Longlegs the Blue Heron seemed to have a special liking for them. But the pollywogs were spry, and seemed to have learned to watch out.

They seemed to Peter to spend all their time swimming and eating and growing. They grew so fast that it seemed to him that he could almost see them grow. And just imagine how surprised Peter was to discover one day that that very pollywog which he had seen lose his tail had grown a new one. That puzzled Peter more than anything he had seen in a long time.

"Why, I couldn't do that!" he exclaimed right out loud.

"Do what?" demanded Jerry Muskrat, who happened along just then.

"Why, grow a new tail like that pollywog," replied Peter, and told Jerry all that he had seen. Jerry laughed.

"You'll see queerer things than that if you watch those pollywogs long enough," said he. "They are a queer lot of babies, and very interesting to watch if you've got the time for it. I haven't. This Smiling Pool is a great kindergarten, and there's something happening here every minute. There's no place like it."

“Are those great big fat pollywogs Grandfather Frog’s children, or Old Mr. Toad’s?” asked Peter.

“Grandfather Frog’s last year’s children,” replied Jerry. “They’ll grow into real Frogs this summer, if nothing happens to them.”

“Where are Old Mr. Toad’s last year’s children?” asked Peter.

“Don’t ask me,” replied Jerry. “They hopped away last summer. Never saw anything like the way those Toad youngsters grow. Those toad pollywogs you see now will turn into real toads, and be leaving the Smiling Pool in a few weeks. People think Old Mr. Toad is slow, but there is nothing slow about his children. Look at that little fellow over there; he’s begun to grow legs already.”

Peter looked, and sure enough there was a pollywog with a pair of legs sprouting out. They were his fore legs, and they certainly did make him look funny. And only a few days before there hadn’t been a sign of legs.

“My gracious!” exclaimed Peter. “What a funny sight! I thought my babies grew fast, but these beat them.”

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 9.)*

## STORY 994. April 16, 1915

### The Little Toads Start Out to See the World

The world is a wonderful, great, big place,  
And in it the young must roam  
To learn what their elders have long since learned—  
There’s never a place like home.

It had been some time since Peter Rabbit had visited the Smiling Pool to watch the pollywogs. He has too many other things to do. You see, there was so much going on everywhere in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows that Peter found it hard work to keep up with the news. It seemed as if there was something new happening every minute of the day.

But one cloudy morning he happened to think of them, and decided that he would run over there and see how they were getting along. It looked very much like rain, but Peter didn’t mind that. So off he started, lipperty-lipperty-lip. He wondered if those pollywog children of Old Mr. Toad would be much changed. The last time he saw them some of them had just begun to grow legs, although they still had long tails.

He had almost reached the Smiling Pool when great big drops of rain began to splash down on him and all around him. And with those first raindrops something funny happened. Anyway, it seemed funny to Peter. Right away he was surrounded by tiny little Toads. There were toads to the right of him and toads to the left of him and toads in front of him and toads behind him. Everywhere he looked he saw toads, tiny little toads just like Old Mr. Toad, only so tiny that one could have sat comfortably on a

ten-cent piece and still had plenty of room.

Peter's big eyes grew round with surprise as he stared. Where had they all come from so suddenly? A minute before he hadn't seen a single one, and now he could hardly move without stepping on one. It seemed, it really seemed, as if each raindrop turned into a tiny toad the instant it struck the ground. Of course Peter knew that that couldn't be, but it was very puzzling. And all those little Toads were bravely hopping along as if they were bound for some particular place.

Peter watched them for a few minutes. He quite forgot that it was raining. Then he once more started for the Smiling Pool, taking the greatest care not to stop on any of these little toads. And this meant that he had to go slowly, in spite of his impatience, for if he had tried to hurry he surely would have stepped on some of these funny little babies.

He was almost to the Smiling Pool when whom should he meet but Old Mr. Toad. He looked rather thin, and his back was to the Smiling Pool. Yes, sir, he was hopping away from the Smiling Pool where he had been all the spring, singing in the great chorus. Peter was almost as surprised to see him as he had been to see the little toads, but just then he was most interested in those little toads.

"Good morning, Old Mr. Toad," said Peter in his most polite manner. "Can you tell me where all these little toads came from?"

"Certainly," replied Old Mr. Toad. "They came from the Smiling Pool, of course. Where did you suppose they came from?"

"I—I didn't know. There wasn't one to be seen, and then it began to rain, and right away they were everywhere. It—it almost seemed as if they had rained down out of the sky."

Old Mr. Toad chuckled. "They've got good sense, if I must say it about my own children," said he. "They know that wet weather is the only weather for toads to travel in. They left the Smiling Pool in the night while it was damp and comfortable, and then, when the sun came up, they hid, like sensible children, under anything they could find, sticks, stones, pieces of bark, grass. The minute this shower came up, they knew it was good traveling weather and out they popped."

"But what did they leave the Smiling Pool for?" Peter asked.

"To see the Great World," replied Old Mr. Toad. "Foolish, very foolish of them, but they would do it. I did the same thing myself when I was their age. Couldn't stop me any more than I could stop them. They don't know when they're well off, but young folks never do. Fine weather, isn't it?"

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 10)*

STORY 995. April 17, 1915

## Old Mr. Toad's Queer Tongue

Old Mother Nature doth provide  
For all her children, large or small.  
Her wisdom foresees all their needs  
And makes provision for them all.

If you don't believe it, just you go ask Old Mr. Toad, as Peter Rabbit did, how such a slow-moving fellow as he is can catch enough bugs and insects to keep him alive. Perhaps you'll learn something just as Peter did. Peter and Old Mr. Toad sat in the rain watching the tiny toads, who, you know, were Mr. Toad's children, leaving their kindergarten in the Smiling Pool and starting out to see the Great World. When at last the last little toads had passed them, Old Mr. Toad suddenly remembered that he was hungry, very hungry indeed.

"Didn't have time to eat much while I was in the Smiling Pool," he explained. "Couldn't eat and sing too, and while I was down there, I was supposed to sing. Now that it is time to quit singing, I begin to realize that I've got a stomach to look out for as well as a voice. See that bug over there on that leaf? Watch him."

Peter looked, and sure enough there was a fat bug crawling along on an old leaf. He was about two inches from Old Mr. Toad, and he was crawling very fast. And right while Peter was looking at him he disappeared. Peter turned to look at Old Mr. Toad. He hadn't budged. He was sitting exactly where he had been sitting all the time, but he was smacking his lips, and there was a twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. Peter opened his eyes very wide.

"Wha—what—" he began.

"Nice bug," interrupted Old Mr. Toad. "Nicest bug I've eaten for a long time."

"But I didn't see you catch him!" protested Peter, looking at Old Mr. Toad as if he suspected him of joking.

"Anything wrong with your eyes?" inquired Old Mr. Toad.

"No," replied Peter just a wee bit crossly. "My eyes are just as good as ever."

"Then watch me catch that fly over yonder," said Old Mr. Toad. He hopped towards a fly which had alighted on a blade of grass just ahead. About two inches from it he stopped, and so far as Peter could see, he sat perfectly still. But the fly disappeared, and it wasn't because it flew away, either. Peter was sure of that. As he told Mrs. Peter about it afterwards, "It was there, and then it wasn't, and that was all there was to it."

Old Mr. Toad chuckled. "Didn't you see that one go, Peter?" he asked.

Peter shook his head. "I wish you would stop fooling me," said Peter. "The joke is on me, but now you've had your laugh at my expense, I wish you would tell me how you do it. Please, Mr. Toad."

Now when Peter said please that way, of course Old Mr. Toad couldn't resist him. Nobody could.

“Here comes an ant this way. Now you watch my mouth instead of the ant and see what happens,” said Old Mr. Toad.

Peter looked and saw a big black ant coming. Then he kept his eyes on Old Mr. Toad’s mouth. Suddenly there was a little flash of red from it, so tiny and so quick that Peter couldn’t be absolutely sure that he saw it. But when he looked for the ant, it was nowhere to be seen. Peter looked at Old Mr. Toad very hard.

“Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Toad, that you’ve got a tongue long enough to reach way over to where that ant was?” he asked.

Old Mr. Toad chuckled again. With every insect swallowed he felt better natured. “You’ve guessed it, Peter,” said he. “Handy tongue, isn’t it?”

“I think it’s a very queer tongue,” retorted Peter, “and I don’t understand it at all. If it’s so long as all that, where do you keep it when it isn’t in use? I should think you’d have to swallow it to get it out of the way, or else leave it hanging out of your mouth.”

“Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed Old Mr. Toad. “My tongue never is in the way, and it’s the handiest tongue in the world. I’ll show it to you.”

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 11.)*

## STORY 996. April 19, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad Shows His Tongue

To show one’s tongue, as you well know,  
Is not considered nice to do;  
But if it were like Mr. Toad’s  
I’d want to show it—wouldn’t you?

I’m quite sure you would. You see, if it were like Old Mr. Toad’s, it would be such a wonderful tongue that I suspect you would want everybody to see it. Old Mr. Toad thinks his tongue the most satisfactory tongue in the world. In fact, he is quite sure that without it he couldn’t get along at all, and I don’t know as he could. And yet very few of his neighbors know anything about that tongue and how different it is from most other tongues. Peter Rabbit didn’t until Old Mr. Toad showed him after Peter had puzzled and puzzled over the mysterious way in which bugs and flies disappeared whenever they happened to come within two inches or less of Old Mr. Toad.

Peter would watch them and right while he was looking at them they would vanish. Yet so far as he could see Old Mr. Toad hadn’t moved. But there was no doubt that those bugs and flies had found a resting place in Old Mr. Toad’s stomach. Peter had only to look at the satisfied expression on Old Mr. Toad’s face to be sure of that. Then by watching Old Mr. Toad very sharply Peter discovered that Old Mr. Toad just darted his tongue out like a tiny pink flash and brought back the bug with it. What Peter couldn’t understand was what Old Mr. Toad did with a tongue that would reach two inches beyond his mouth. He said as much.

“I’ll show you my tongue, and then you’ll wish you had one just like it,” said Old Mr. Toad, with a twinkle in his eyes.

He opened his big mouth and slowly ran his tongue out its full length. “Why! Why-ee!” exclaimed Peter. “It’s fastened at the wrong end!”

“No such thing!” replied Old Mr. Toad indignantly. “If it was fastened at the other end, how could I run it out so far?”

“But mine and all other tongues that I ever have seen are fastened way down in the throat,” protested Peter. “Yours is fastened at the other end, way in the very front of your mouth. I never heard of such a thing.”

“There are a great many things you have never heard of, Peter Rabbit,” replied Old Mr. Toad dryly. “Mine is the right way to have a tongue. Because it is fastened way up in the front of my mouth that way, I can use the whole of it. You see it goes out its full length. Then, when I draw it in with a bug on the end of it, I just turn it over so that the end that was out goes way back in my throat and takes the bug with it to just the right place to swallow.”

Peter thought this over for a few minutes before he ventured another question. “I begin to understand,” said he, “but how do you hold on to the bug with your tongue?”

“My tongue is sticky, of course, Mr. Stupid,” replied Old Mr. Toad, looking very much disgusted. “Just let me touch a bug with it, and he’s mine every time.”

Peter thought this over. Then he felt of his own tongue. “Mine isn’t sticky,” said he very innocently.

Old Mr. Toad laughed right out. “Perhaps if it was, you couldn’t ask so many questions,” said he. “Now watch me catch that fly.” His funny little tongue darted out, and the fly was gone.

“It certainly is very handy,” said Peter politely. “I think we are going to have more rain, and I’d better be getting back to the dear Old Briar Patch. I’m very much obliged to you, Mr. Toad. I—I think you are very wonderful.”

“Not at all,” replied Old Mr. Toad. “I’ve simply got the things I need in order to live, just as you have the things you need. I couldn’t get along with your kind of a tongue, but no more could you get along with mine. If you live long enough, you will learn that Old Mother Nature makes no mistakes. She gives each of us what we need, and each one has different needs.”

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 12.)*

## STORY 997. April 20, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit is Impolite

Peter Rabbit couldn’t get Old Mr. Toad off his mind. He had discovered so many interesting things about Old Mr. Toad that he was almost on the point of believing him to be the most interesting of all his neighbors. And his respect for Old Mr. Toad



Illustrations. April 12 to April 17, 1915.



990. Peter Discovers Something More  
“Why didn’t you ever tell us before that you could sing?”



991. Shadow Passes Over the Smiling Pool  
“Hooty the Owl didn’t get one of us that time,” said Old Mr. Toad.



992. Old Mr. Toad’s Babies  
But Peter wisely held his tongue.



993. Smiling Pool Kindergarten  
“Do what?” demanded Jerry Muskrat.



994. The Little Toads Start Out to See the World  
There were toads to the right of him and toads to the left of him.



995. Old Mr. Toad’s Queer Tongue  
Peter saw a fat bug crawling along an old leaf.

had become very great indeed. Of course. Who wouldn't respect any one with such beautiful eyes and such a sweet voice and such a wonderful tongue? Yet at the same time Peter felt very foolish whenever he remembered that all his life he had been acquainted with Old Mr. Toad without really knowing him at all. There was one comforting thought, and that was that most of his neighbors were just as ignorant regarding Old Mr. Toad as Peter had been.

"Funny," mused Peter, "how we can live right beside people all our lives and not really know them at all. I suppose that is why we should never judge people hastily. I believe I will go hunt up Old Mr. Toad and see if I can find out anything more."

Off started Peter, lipperty-lipperty-lip. He didn't know just where to go, now that Old Mr. Toad had left the Smiling Pool, but he had an idea that he would not be far from their meeting place of the day before, when Old Mr. Toad had explained about his wonderful tongue. But when he got there, Peter found no trace of Old Mr. Toad. You see, it had rained the day before, and that is just the kind of weather that a toad likes best for traveling. Peter ought to have thought of that, but he didn't. He hunted for a while and finally gave it up and started up the Crooked Little Path with the idea of running over for a call on Johnny Chuck in the Old Orchard.

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his brightest, and Peter soon forgot all about Old Mr. Toad. He scampered along up the Crooked Little Path, thinking of nothing in particular but how good it was to be alive, and occasionally kicking up his heels for pure joy. He had just done this when his ears caught the sound of a queer noise a little to one side of the Crooked Little Path. Instantly Peter stopped and sat up to listen. There it was again, and it seemed to come from under an old piece of board. It was just a little, rustling sound, hardly to be heard.

"There's someone under that old board," thought Peter, and peeped under. All he could see was that there was something moving. Instantly Peter was all curiosity. Whoever was there was not very big. He was sure of that. Of course that meant that he had nothing to fear. So what do you think Peter did? Why, he just pulled that old board over. And when he did that, he saw, whom do you think? Why, Old Mr. Toad, to be sure.

But such a sight as Old Mr. Toad was! Peter just stared. For a full minute he couldn't find his voice. Old Mr. Toad was changing his clothes! Yes, sir, that is just what Old Mr. Toad was doing. He was taking off his old suit, and under it was a brand new one. But such a time as he was having! He was opening and shutting his big mouth, and drawing his hind legs under him, and rubbing them against his body. Then Peter saw a strange thing. He saw that Old Mr. Toad's old suit had split in several places, and he was getting it off by sucking it into his mouth!

In a few minutes his hind legs were free of the old suit, and little by little it began to be pulled free from his body. All the time Old Mr. Toad was working very hard to suck it at the corners of his big mouth. He glared angrily at Peter, but he couldn't say anything because his mouth was too full. He looked so funny that Peter just threw himself on the ground and rolled over and over with laughter. This made Old Mr. Toad glare more angrily than ever, but he couldn't say anything, not a word.

When he had got his hands free by pulling the sleeves of his old coat off inside out, he used his hands to pull the last of it over his head. Then he gulped very hard two or three times to swallow his old suit, and when the last of it had disappeared, he found his voice.

“Don’t you know that it is the most impolite thing in the world to look at people when they are changing their clothes?” he sputtered.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 13.)*

## STORY 998. April 21, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad Disappears

Admit your fault when you’ve done wrong,  
And don’t postpone it over long.

Peter Rabbit didn’t blame Old Mr. Toad a bit for being indignant because Peter had watched him change his suit. It wasn’t a nice thing to do. Old Mr. Toad had looked very funny while he was struggling out of his old suit, and Peter just couldn’t help laughing at him. But he realized that he had been very impolite, and he very meekly told Old Mr. Toad so.

“You see, it was this way,” explained Peter. “I heard something under that old board, and I just naturally turned it over to find out what was there.”

“Humph!” grunted Old Mr. Toad.

“I didn’t have the least idea that you were there,” continued Peter. “When I found who it was, and what you were doing, I couldn’t help watching because it was so interesting, and I couldn’t help laughing because you really did look so funny. But I’m sorry, Mr. Toad. Truly I am. I didn’t mean to be so impolite. I promise never to do it again. I don’t suppose, Mr. Toad, that it seems at all wonderful to you that you can change your suit that way, but it does to me. I had heard that you swallowed your old suits, but I never half believed it. Now I know it is so and just how you do it, and I feel as if I had learned something worth knowing. Do you know, I think you are one of the most interesting and wonderful of all my neighbors, and I’ll never laugh at or tease you again, Mr. Toad.”

“Humph!” grunted Old Mr. Toad again, but it was very clear that he was a little flattered by Peter’s interest in him and was rapidly recovering his good nature.

“There is one thing I don’t understand yet,” said Peter, “and that is where you go to sleep all winter. Do you go down into the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool the way Grandfather Frog does?”

“Certainly not!” retorted Old Mr. Toad. “Use your common sense, Peter Rabbit. If I had spent the winter in the Smiling Pool, do you suppose I would have left it to come way up here and then have turned right around and gone back there to sing? I’m not so fond of long journeys as all that.”

“That’s so.” Peter looked foolish. “I didn’t think of that when I spoke.”

“The trouble with you, and with a lot of other people, is that you speak first and do your thinking afterward, when you do any thinking at all,” grunted Old Mr. Toad. “Now if I wanted to, I could disappear right here.”

“You mean that you would hide under that old board just as you did before,” said Peter, with a very wise look.

“Nothing of the sort!” snapped Old Mr. Toad. “I could disappear and not go near that old board— not a step nearer than I am now.”

Peter looked in all directions carefully, but not a thing could he see under which Old Mr. Toad could possibly hide except the old board, and he had said he wouldn’t hide under that. “I don’t like to doubt your word, Mr. Toad,” said he, “but you’ll have to show me before I can believe that.”

Old Mr. Toad’s eyes twinkled. Here was a chance to get even with Peter for watching him change his suit. “If you’ll turn your back to me and look straight down the Crooked Little Path for five minutes, I’ll disappear,” said he. “More than that, I give you my word of honor that I will not hop three feet from where I am sitting.”

“All right,” replied Peter promptly, turning his back to Old Mr. Toad. “I’ll look down the Crooked Little Path for five minutes and promise not to peek.”

So Peter sat and gazed straight down the Crooked Little Path. It was a great temptation to roll his eyes back and peep behind him, but he had given his word that he wouldn’t, and he didn’t. When he thought the five minutes were up, he turned around. Old Mr. Toad was nowhere to be seen. Peter looked hastily this way and that way, but there was not a sign of Old Mr. Toad. He had disappeared as completely as if he never had been there.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 14.)*

## STORY 999. April 22, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad Gives Peter a Scare

If you play pranks on other folks  
You may be sure that they  
Will take the first chance that they get  
A joke on you to play.

When Peter Rabbit had turned over the old board under which Old Mr. Toad had been changing his suit he had not intended it as a prank. The fact is he hadn’t known who was under it. But Old Mr. Toad was considerably put out, the more so as Peter had laughed and laughed at him as he struggled to get out of and swallow his old suit. Now he was getting even. While Peter’s back had been turned, Old Mr. Toad had disappeared.

It was too much for Peter. Look as he would, he couldn’t see so much as a chip

under which Old Mr. Toad might have hidden, excepting the old board, and Old Mr. Toad had given his word of honor that he wouldn't hide under that. Nevertheless, Peter hopped over to it and turned it over again, because he couldn't think of any other place to look. Of course, Old Mr. Toad wasn't there. Of course not. He had given his word that he wouldn't hide there, and he always lives up to his word. Peter should have known better than to have looked there.

Old Mr. Toad had also said that he would not go three feet from the spot where he was sitting at the time, so Peter should have known better than to have raced up the Crooked Little Path as he did. But if Old Mr. Toad had nothing to hide under, of course he must have hopped away, reasoned Peter. He couldn't hop far in five minutes, that was sure, and so Peter ran this way and that way a great deal farther than it would have been possible for Old Mr. Toad to have gone. But it was a wholly useless search, and presently Peter returned and sat down on the very spot where he had last seen Old Mr. Toad. Peter never had felt more foolish in all his life. He began to think that Old Mr. Toad must be bewitched and had some strange power of making himself invisible.

For a long time Peter sat perfectly still, trying to puzzle out how Old Mr. Toad had disappeared, but the more he puzzled over it, the more impossible it seemed. And yet Old Mr. Toad had disappeared. Suddenly Peter gave a frightened scream and jumped higher than he ever had jumped before in all his life. A voice, the voice of Old Mr. Toad himself, had said, "Well, now are you satisfied?" And that voice had come from right under Peter! Do you wonder that he was frightened? When he turned to look, there sat Old Mr. Toad right where he himself had been sitting a moment before. Peter rubbed his eyes and stared very foolishly.

"Wh-wh-where did you come from?" he stammered at last.

Old Mr. Toad grinned. "I'll show you," said he. And right while Peter was looking at him, he began to sink down into the ground until only the top of his head could be seen. Then that disappeared. Old Mr. Toad had gone down, and the sand had fallen right back over him. Peter just had to rub his eyes again. He had to. Then, to make sure, he began to dig away the sand where Old Mr. Toad had been sitting. In a minute he felt Old Mr. Toad, who at once came out again.

Old Mr. Toad's beautiful eyes twinkled more than ever. "I guess we are even now, Peter," said he.

Peter nodded. "More than that, Mr. Toad. I think you have a little the best of it," he replied. "Now won't you tell me how you did it?"

Old Mr. Toad held up one of his stout hind feet, and on it was a kind of spur. "There's another just like that on the other foot," said he, "and I use them to dig with. You go into a hole headfirst, but I go in the other way. I make my hole in soft earth and back into it at the same time, this way." He began to work his stout hind feet, and as he kicked the earth out, he backed in at the same time. When he was deep enough, the earth just fell back over him, for you see it was very loose and not packed down at all. When he once more reappeared, Peter thanked him. Then he asked one more question.

"Is that the way you go into winter quarters?"

Old Mr. Toad nodded. "And it's the way I escape from my enemies," he added.

*(The Adventures of Old Mr. Toad, Chapter 15.)*

## STORY 1000. April 23, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Becomes a Quaddy

You never heard of "Quaddies"?

Fie! fie! How can that be?

In meadows and in forest

You'll find them, glad and free.

It was an idea of Peter Rabbit! Peter does have ideas once in a while. You see, he sits in the dear Old Brier Patch so much without anything in particular to do that sometimes he gets to dreaming and sometimes he gets to thinking. When the idea of the "Quaddies" popped into his head Peter was either dreaming or thinking, and to this day he doesn't know which. But as soon as that idea became fixed in his mind, Peter began to do some real thinking, and the more he thought about it the bigger and more splendid the idea seemed. Finally he called to Mrs. Peter, who, you remember, used to be Little Miss Fuzzytail.

"Fuzzy, my dear, come here," he called.

Mrs Peter hurried over to where Peter was sitting in the heart of the dear Old Brier Patch.

"Do you know what I am?" asked Peter very soberly.

Mrs Peter smiled. "I ought to by this time. I've lived long enough with you to," she replied. "You're just a foolish Rabbit, forever getting crazy ideas into your head and doing reckless things, but I love you just the same."

"I'm a Quaddy," announced Peter very impressively. "And you're a Quaddy, and all our children are little Quaddies. I've just thought of it."

Mrs. Peter stared at Peter very hard, as if she wasn't quite sure that he was in his right mind. "What's a Quaddy?" she demanded tartly.

"Why, a little quadruped, of course," replied Peter gravely. "As I've just told you, I am a Quaddy, and so are you and the children.

So is Johnny Chuck. Polly Chuck is, too, and Jimmy Skunk, and Unc' Billy Possum, and Bobby Coon, and Billy Mink, and Jerry Muskrat, and Striped Chipmunk, and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Prickly Porky, and all the rest of our friends and neighbors who wear fur.

"What about Shadow the Weasel and Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote and Buster Bear?" demanded timid little Mrs Peter. "If they are Quaddies, I'm sure I don't want to be one.

Peter slowly scratched his long left ear with his long right hind foot, which is a

way he has when he is puzzled. "They certainly are quadrupeds, so I suppose they must be Quaddies," said he slowly and a little doubtfully.

"And that great big stupid creature, Bossy the Cow—I suppose she is a Quaddy, too, and Black Pussy the Cat and Bowser the Hound!" snapped Mrs. Peter. "I don't think much of your idea, Peter. I'm satisfied to be just plain Rabbit."

Peter looked a little crestfallen, but in a minute he brightened up. "No," said he, "they're not."

"They're quadrupeds, of course, but they're not Quaddies. There are no Quaddies yet but you and me and the children. We'll form a society of just the little people of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, and the Smiling Pool, and we'll call it the Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies, and we'll ask to be members only those we want. I'm going right away to tell Johnny Chuck about it."

"But what's the society for? What good is a society unless it is for something?" asked Mrs Peter.

"Why—why" began Peter uncertainly.

Then his face brightened. "It is for something!" he cried.

"It is to help one another to live our lives the very best we can and to protect each other so far as we can from common enemies like hunters and dogs and cats. It's to try and make life better and happier for everybody. Now you watch the children, my dear. I'm going straight over to tell Johnny Chuck about it and find out what he thinks."

With a kick of his long hind feet Peter was off, lipperty-lipperty-lip, for the corner of the Old Orchard where Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck live, so full of his new idea that he could hardly wait to get there.

## STORY 1001. April 24, 1915.

### Polly and Johnny Chuck Join the Quaddies

Good luck is in my hindfoot,  
Good luck is in my name;  
Though I'm a little "Quaddy,"  
I'm Peter just the same.

Peter Rabbit made that up as he hurried, lipperty-lipperty-lip, over to the Old Orchard to look for Johnny Chuck. He found Johnny giving his youngest children a lesson in the important art of watching out for danger. Peter sat down to wait until the lesson was over. When the youngsters were at last sent scampering to join their mother at the house under the old apple tree in the far corner of the Old Orchard, Johnny Chuck turned to Peter with a sigh.

"It's a very responsible matter to bring children up right, isn't it?" said he.

Peter nodded. "It certainly is," he replied. "It certainly is. That reminds me of what I came over to see you about, Johnny. Don't you think we ought to train our children



that it isn't enough to just watch out for themselves, but that they ought to do the same thing for their neighbors?"

Johnny Chuck considered this gravely for a few minutes. He was just opening his mouth to reply when impatient Peter asked another question.

"Do you know what you are, Johnny Chuck?"

"Certainly," retorted Johnny. "I'm a foolish Woodchuck to be sitting here wasting my time when I've got so much to do."

"You're a Quaddy!" cried Peter triumphantly.

"A what? Now look here, Peter, don't you go to calling me names. We've always been friends, but being called names is something I won't stand from anybody." Johnny spoke sharply.

"You are, Johnny, or anyway you're going to be a Quaddy," replied Peter. Then as he saw a frown gathering on Johnny Chuck's face he hastened to add, "I'm one myself. You see a Quaddy is a little quadruped of the Green Meadows or the Green Forest or the Smiling Pool. Of course we are all quadrupeds, but only those who join my new society are Quaddies."

"Your new society! What's that?" Johnny began to look interested.

Then Peter explained his great idea of banding together all the little people who wear fur in a society to be called The Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies, each member to agree and promise to do what he could for the good of all, and to give warning whenever a common danger was near. That name sounded very grand and imposing as Peter rolled it out and it rather tickled Johnny Chuck.

"Who else belongs?" he asked.

"Nobody but Mrs. Peter and the children, and they don't know it yet, excepting Mrs. Peter. You see I only thought of it a little while ago and I hurried right over here to tell you so that you would be one of the very first members. We can have meetings and—and do all kinds of things, and help one another. The last is the best part of it."

"Just so," declared Polly Chuck, who had come up while Peter had been explaining. "Johnny and I will join the Quaddies right now, Peter, and we'll get as many of our neighbors to join as we can."

"But," began Johnny.

"There are no buts about it," declared Polly. "We've joined the Quaddies and that's all there is to it."

"Good for you, Polly!" cried Peter. "Now when I first proposed it to Mrs. Peter she was just like Johnny, full of buts."

"Then she was very foolish to allow you to start the thing," declared Polly Chuck. "If I had been in her place and hadn't approved of it, it would have ended right there."

And Peter knew by the way she spoke that it was all true, for Polly Chuck had a

mind of her own. And he was glad she approved of the Quaddies, for it was very clear that if she hadn't Johnny Chuck would never in the world have joined.

## STORY 1002. April 26, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Calls a Meeting

Peter Rabbit was so full of his new idea for a society of the little people of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, and the Smiling Pool that Mrs. Peter insisted that he thought Quaddies, dreamed Quaddies, and ate Quaddies. Or course she didn't really mean that last part, because that is the very last thing Peter would think of doing. What she did mean, was that Peter couldn't think about or talk about anything else.

When he told Mrs. Peter that Polly Chuck approved of the Quaddy Idea, and that she and Johnny Chuck had agreed to join, Mrs. Peter began to take more Interest.

"Why don't you go right out and get Jimmy Skunk and Unc' Billy Possum to join?" she asked.

It was something new for little Mrs. Peter to suggest that Peter should leave the dear Old Brier Patch for anything and he lost no time in acting on her suggestion before she should have a chance to change her mind.

"Just what I am going to do, my dear," he replied. "In fact I am going me to call a meeting of my friends and neighbors right away and explain all about the Quaddies. Goodby, my dear. I have a great many to see, and don't know when I shall return."

With that Peter started out from the dear Old Brier Patch, lipperty-lipperty- lip.

"Peter! Oh-h Peter! Be careful! Don't do anything rash! You're so excited that I'm afraid that you'll run head first right into danger before you know it," she called after him.

But Peter was already out of hearing and timid little Mrs. Peter turned back with an anxious sigh. "If only he wasn't so heedless," she murmured. "When he goes away I never feel sure that I ever will see him again."

But that time she had no need to worry, for Peter was as watchful as a careful rabbit should be. He took no chances until he was sure the way was clear. First he went to the Green Forest and hunted up Bobby Coon. Bobby was in his hollow tree asleep, and it was a very sleepy looking face that finally peered down at Peter. "There's going to be a meeting, a very important meeting under the big hickory tree by the Smiling Pool tonight as soon as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun goes to bed, and it is most important that you be there," he announced.

Then, without waiting for a reply. Peter hurried off. He did the same thing at Unc' Billy Possum's house. He called on Prickly Porky the Porcupine and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Jimmy Skunk, and Jumper the Hare, and Danny Meadow Mouse, and in each case he announced he important meeting, but did not tell what it was for. He did the same thing with Jerry Muskrat and asked Jerry to

pass the word along to Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter. Then very well satisfied, he started back for the dear Old Brier Patch to wait for folly, round, bright Mr. Sun to go to bed behind the Purple Hills.

On the way he stopped in the far corner of the Old Orchard to tell Johnny Chuck what he had done. "I don't suppose you will come, though I wish you would," said Peter wistfully.

"No," replied Johnny. That is my bedtime and I don't approve of being out late nights. But whatever you do I will agree to. However did you get them all to agree to be there?"

Peter grinned. "I didn't," said he. "I didn't tell them what the meeting is for, and I didn't wait to answer questions. That's how I am sure they will be there. They will be so curious to learn what it all about that they'll come, every one of 'em. Curiosity is really good for something when you know how to make use of it."

With which sage remark Peter once more started for the dear Old Brier Patch.

## STORY 1003. April 27, 1915.

### Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies

If for another you will do  
Some homely, kindly, little deed;  
Maybe some day 'twill happen you  
Will find a friend when most in need.

Of course that is a selfish way of looking at things. Certainly, kind deeds should be done just out of kindness of the heart, and not with any thought of reward. But it is true that just as surely as the sun shines the reward will come sooner or later. It was this that was really at the bottom of Peter Rabbit's idea of the Quaddies. Peter felt that if all the little people of the Green Meadows and all the little folks of the Green Forest and the Smiling Pool would agree to watch out for common danger and warn each other, and so do each other a kindness, it would make life a great deal easier for all. So he had called a meeting of certain of his particular friends to tell them about his plan.

He hadn't told them what the meeting was for, but simply that it was most important that each should there. No one had promised to come, but Peter hadn't a doubt that most of them would be at the big hickory tree by the Smiling Pool as soon as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. They'll be so curious that they can't stay away," he chuckled as he brushed his coat carefully and made ready to start for the meeting place.

And Peter was right When he got there he found every single one whom he had invited had got there before him. Bobby Coon, Unc' Billy Possum, Prickly Porky, Jumper the Hare, Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Billy Mink, Little Joe Otter, Jerry Muskrat, Danny Meadow Mouse and Jimmy Skunk were all there. Those who could climb were up in the big hickory tree, while the others were

Illustrations. April 19 to April 24, 1915.



**996. Old Mr. Toad Shows his Tongue**  
His funny little tongue darted out and the fly was gone.



**997. Peter Rabbit is Impolite**  
“There’s someone under that old board,” thought Peter.



**998. Old Mr. Toad Disappears**  
“Turn your back for five minutes and I’ll disappear.”



**999. Old Mr. Toad Gives Peter a Scare**  
And right while Peter was looking at him he began to sink into the ground.



**1000. Peter Rabbit Becomes a Quaddy**  
“I’m a Quaddy,” announced Peter very impressively.



**1001. Polly and Johnny Chuck Join the Quaddies**  
“You’re a Quaddy,” cried Peter, triumphantly.

underneath it. Peter felt very important and he tried to look as important as he felt. In fact, I am afraid Peter fairly strutted as he saw all eyes turned in his direction. He hopped up on a little mound where all could see and cleared his throat. Then he looked this way and that way to be sure that Reddy Fox was nowhere about, and that Hooty the Owl wasn't in sight. Then in his best speech-making voice he began:

Friends and neighbors," said he, "I have called you together to tell you about the Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies."

"The what?" squeaked Danny Meadow Mouse.

"The Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies," repeated Peter, rolling the big words out grandly.

Jimmy Skunk scratched his head in a comical way. "Somebody must have been careless and left those big words lying around and Peter ate them," said he.

Everybody but Peter laughed. Peter pretended not to notice the interruption.

"Ancient," he explained, "means very old. Supreme means the most important, and Quaddies means little quadrupeds.

"What's a quadruped?" piped up Danny Meadow Mouse once more in his funny, squeaky voice."

"You are," retorted Peter. "Any animal having four feet is a quadruped."

"What's an order?" asked Bobby Coon.

"A society. A lot of people banded together for purpose," replied Peter.

"And that's what I've called this meeting for. It seems to me that we all ought to help each other more than we do. When there are common dangers about, like men and boys and dogs, each one ought to warn his neighbors, and when we find another in trouble we ought to try to help him. It would make life lots better for all of us. So I thought we might band ourselves together with a promise to do this and call ourselves the Quaddies. Of course our families all go back to the days when the world was young, which means that quadrupeds are ancient, and of course they are most important, and so supreme. And so I think Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies makes a very fine sounding name and means something. I thought it all out myself."

"Hurrah for the Quaddies! I'll join," cried Billy Mink. Everybody else followed his example at once, and so the Quaddies came into being.

## STORY 1004. April 28, 1915.

### The Quaddies Talk it Over

As soon as Peter Rabbit had explained to his friends and neighbors at the meeting under the big hickory tree his idea for a band of little forest and meadow people to be called the Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies, and all had followed Billy Mink's lead and said they would join, they all fell to talking at once.

“It’s a good ideah,” said Unc’ Billy Possum sagely. “Yes, sah, it’s a good ideah. Ah cert’nly have learned something from it already.”

“What?” demanded Bobby Coon.

“That there’s something besides curiosity and foolishness in Brer Rabbit’s haid after all,” replied Unc’ Billy with a grin.

Everybody laughed, even Peter.

“You never can tell what’s in anybody’s head,” said Bobby. “I wouldn’t have believed this of Peter myself. But I like the idea. We’ve never had a common name before, and just having that sort of binds us all together. It’s kind of like being all in one family.”

“That’s it,” broke in Peter Rabbit. “Being all Quaddies, every Quaddy will help every other Quaddy just because he is a Quaddy.”

“Are we going to let everybody join?” asked Jimmy Skunk.

I don’t know,” confessed Peter with a troubled face. Seems to me we ought to, and yet—and yet—” Peter was thinking of Reddy Fox and Granny Fox, and Old Man Coyote.

“I know what’s on your mind, Peter,” declared Happy Jack Squirrel. “It’s Reddy Fox. Now own up, isn’t it?”

Peter nodded. “It is,” he confessed. “If he wants to be a Quaddy, are we going to let him be one?”

“I tell you what I think,” broke in Danny Meadow Mouse in his funny, squeaky voice, “and that is we ought not to admit any one until we are sure that they have some good qualities. We don’t want any Quaddies who are all bad like—” Danny hesitated.

“Go on,” commanded Jerry Muskrat. “Who is it that is all bad?”

“I guess I’d rather not say, because perhaps I don’t know,” replied Danny. “You know some folks seem all bad when really they are not at all.”

“Danny’s got the right idea,” declared Jimmy Skunk. “If anyone wants to join us and become a Quaddy we must first find some good in them. That will set us all to watching out for the good points in our neighbors.”

Everybody agreed to this, and then each promised that he would try to get someone to join the Quaddies. Just then someone shouted: “Here comes Hooty the Owl!” and almost as quickly as you could wink your eye the meeting had broken up, so that by the time Hooty reached the big hickory tree no one was to be seen save Prickly Porky and Bobby Coon, who, you know, have no fear of Hooty. Bobby was chuckling as they made their way back to the Green Forest.

“I wonder,” said he, “if Peter Rabbit or Danny Meadow Mouse will be able to find any good in Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote.”

And so Peter and Danny were wondering the same thing. Danny was very sure

he couldn't. Peter wasn't so sure. You see he has been around so much that he has learned that things are not always as they seem. Ever since he found out what a really wonderful fellow Old Mr. Toad is, he has been not quite so sure that he knows all there is to know about his neighbors, which is quite the proper state of mind.

"I don't know any good in Reddy Fox now," muttered Peter, as he headed for the dear Old Briar Patch, "but perhaps that is because I haven't discovered it yet. Maybe he won't want to be Quaddy. I hope he won't," he added hopefully.

## STORY 1005. April 29, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Wants to be a Quaddy

The Quaddies are a merry band,  
Doing good throughout the land.

Of course it wasn't long before Reddy Fox and Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow learned about the Quaddies. There are not many things going on in the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows that they don't learn about. You know they have very sharp eyes, and because they live by their wits, they are pretty sure to know when there is something unusual going on.

When they heard about the Quaddies, they just laughed and made fun of them. They seemed to think it all a great joke. Any way they pretended to. "I wouldn't join if they wanted me to," said Reddy. "I hear that they have agreed to warn each other when danger is near, and I'm going to give them plenty of chance. Any Quaddy who comes within my reach is a goner."

There was a sudden queer rustling and rattling just back of Reddy, who made a quick jump or two and then turned, snarling angrily. There was Prickly Porky, the Porcupine, shaking the thousand little spears which he carries in his coat.

"I don't feel like a goner, Reddy Fox. I don't feel like a goner," said he. Reddy looked just as he felt, both foolish and angry. "I wasn't talking about you," he said. "I was talking about the Quaddies."

"Then you were talking about me," retorted Prickly Porky, "because I'm a Quaddy. I shall certainly warn all other Quaddies of what you have said."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sammy Jay suddenly. "He's a Quaddy, so why don't you make him a goner, Reddy? He's within reach."

"Caw, caw, caw!" shouted Blacky the Crow. "Now is your chance to show what you are going to do to the Quaddies."

Reddy had an angry retort on the tip of his tongue, but he didn't let it slip out. Instead, he tried very hard to smile. He didn't dare touch Prickly Porky, and he knew that the others all knew it. "If all the Quaddies were like Prickly Porky I should want to be a Quaddy myself, said he with a very low bow to Prickly Porky. "I have too much respect for our neighbor of the Green Forest to have the least desire to do him



any harm.” With this Reddy made another low bow and then marched off with what he imagined was very much the air of a gentleman.

Blacky the Crow remembered that he had to be over on the Green Meadows shortly and flew away. This left Sammy Jay alone with Prickly Porky. Now, despite the fact that Sammy had made fun of the Quaddies, right down in his heart he wanted to be one of them. Why? Well, the truth is Sammy wants to be in everything that is going on. He can’t bear to be left out. So when he was left all alone with Prickly Porky the first thing he did was to look all about to be sure that no one else was within hearing. Then he flew over into the tree where Prickly Porky was busily filling his stomach with bark.

“Say,” said he, “what does one have to do to be a Quaddy?”

Prickly Porky was so surprised that he nearly choked on a piece of bark he was eating. A funny look came into his dull little eyes. “Why, Sammy,” said he, “you couldn’t be a Quaddy if you wanted to.”

“Why not?” demanded Sammy. “I guess I’m just as good as Chatterer the Red Squirrel and he’s a Quaddy. I don’t want to join your old Quaddies anyway. I just want to know what one has to do to join.”

Now Prickly Porky may be slow of wit, but he wasn’t so slow as to be fooled by Sammy when he said that he didn’t want to be a Quaddy. He knew that Sammy was not honest when he said that. He suspected that Sammy was just trying to fool himself, but the very fact that he wanted to know what to do to become a Quaddy was proof enough that he did want to be one.

“It won’t be the least bit of use for you to know what to do because you can’t be one anyway,” he replied. “You are not a quadruped, and a Quaddy is a little quadruped.”

“What’s a quadruped?” demanded Sammy suspiciously.

“An animal with four feet,” replied Prickly Porky.

## STORY 1006. April 30, 1915.

### Sammy Jay is Told to See Peter Rabbit

If you would be a Quaddy, the thing for you to do  
Is visit Peter Rabbit and ask his help for you.

That is what Prickly Porky the Porcupine told Sammy Jay when Sammy persisted in asking him what he would have to do to become a Quaddy. Sammy likes to argue. Prickly Porky had told him that he couldn’t be a Quaddy anyway because the Quaddies were little quadrupeds, that is little people with four legs. Of course, Sammy has only two legs. Prickly Porky thought that would settle the matter. But Sammy was not to be got rid of so easily.

“That’s all right,” said Sammy. “I’ve got two legs and two wings. These two wings ought to count for two legs. What do you use your legs for? To get about with,

don't you? Well, that's what I use my wings for, so why shouldn't they count as legs? They're a lot better than legs anyway. I may not be a quadruped, but I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be a Quaddy if I want to. I don't say I want to, but I might, I just might want to join some time. You haven't told me yet what one has to do."

"Well, for one thing you have to have some good in you. No one who is all bad can be a Quaddy, and I guess that settles you," retorted Prickly Porky, who was hungry and was losing patience.

Sammy's quick temper flared up right away. "Do you mean to say that I am all bad?" he demanded.

"I'm not saying," replied Prickly Porky. "Go see Peter Rabbit. He's the one who started the Quaddies. With this Prickly Porky turned his back on Sammy and began to eat quite as if no one was there.

Sammy hung around a few minutes, but when he found he could get nothing more from Prickly Porky he flew away, screaming angrily. Presently he spied Happy Jack Squirrel. He knew that Happy Jack was a Quaddy, so he at once began to ask him the same questions he had asked Prickly Porky. Happy Jack was puzzled.

"Of course you are not a quadruped, So I don't see how you can be a Quaddy," he replied. "I tell you what, go see Peter Rabbit."

That was all Sammy could get from Happy Jack, so once more he took wing. Presently he saw Danny Meadow Mouse over on the Green Meadows. He stopped to ask Danny the same questions and he got the same answer, "Go see Peter Rabbit."

It was just the same at the Smiling Pool when he talked with Jerry Muskrat and Billy Mink. Sammy was beginning to lose patience. The fact is he didn't want to go see Peter Rabbit. He had played so many tricks on Peter that he felt sure that Peter would just be only too glad to refuse to tell him what he wanted to know. Besides, he didn't want Peter to suspect that he was at all interested in the Quaddies.

But Sammy is just like most people. The thing he couldn't find out about became all at once the thing he most wanted to know. He couldn't think of anything else. He is so sly and smart that usually he can find out for himself whatever he wants to know, but here was something that he couldn't find out about.

"I won't go near Peter Rabbit!" said he to himself. "I don't want to be a Quaddy anyway."

But right down in his heart he knew that he did want to be a Quaddy. He wanted to be one just because it seemed that he couldn't be one. It often happens that way. The thing that you can't have is the thing that you want. So when at last Sammy just happened to overhear Unc' Billy Possum trying to sing in a funny cracked voice:

Mah name is Billy Possum  
And Ah'm a Quaddy, too;  
To help mah friends and neighbors  
Ah'll try mah best to do.

Sammy suddenly made up his mind. He would go over to the dear Old Briar Patch and see Peter Rabbit.

## STORY 1007. May 1, 1915.

### Sammy Jay is Very Polite to Peter Rabbit

Peter Rabbit saw Sammy Jay headed for the dear Old Briar Patch, and he knew by the looks of him that he had something on his mind. When Sammy got there, he was very nice to Peter.

“Good morning, Peter. I hope you are feeling very well today. Fine weather, isn’t it?” Sammy spoke in his most polite manner.

Peter looked at Sammy sharply. “He wants something. I know him. He never would be so polite as all this if there wasn’t something he wants of me,” he thought. Aloud he said, “It certainly is fine weather. I am feeling fine, thank you. I hope you are feeling the same.”

“O, I’m so as to be up and around,” replied Sammy. “By the way, I hear you had a meeting the other night.

“You mean the meeting of the Quaddies,” replied Peter. “Yes, we had a meeting. Too bad, Sammy, you are not a quadruped and then you might join the Quaddies.”

“Even if I were I don’t know as I would want to join,” returned Sammy, trying to speak carelessly. “I don’t quite see why I shouldn’t join as it is.”

“Because you haven’t got four feet,” retorted Peter. “A Quaddy is a little quadruped.”

“That is no reason at all,” replied Sammy. “I’ve got two feet and two wings and the wings just take the place of feet. From what I’ve heard I supposed the Quaddies were just a band of little forest and meadow people, and I don’t see why you should shut out anybody just because it happens that Old Mother Nature hasn’t given them four feet. Take Mrs. Grouse, for instance. She’s a good friend of yours, but, of course she can’t be a Quaddy if she wants to be. I don’t think much of that kind of a society.”

Peter sat up and stared at Sammy Jay thoughtfully. “I hadn’t thought of that,” said he. “Of course I should like to have Mrs. Grouse to be a Quaddy if she wants to be. She is very nice, a splendid neighbor.”

“And there are Tommy Tit the Chickadee, and Winsome Bluebird, and Welcome Robin, and a lot more. But, of course, they can’t be Quaddies because they haven’t four feet,” continued Sammy.

Peter thoughtfully scratched his long left ear with his long right hindfoot. Right away he thought of a lot of friends who have wings whom he would like to have join the Quaddy band. He hadn’t thought of them before.

“I am much obliged to you, Sammy Jay,” said he. “I think I shall have to see the other Quaddies and have a change made. Our band really ought to include those you

have mentioned. In fact I think it ought to include any of the little meadow and forest people who want to join and can.”

“What do you mean by can?” asked Sammy.

“Why only those who have some good in them can be Quaddies,” replied Peter.

“That is why you can’t be a Quaddy,” he added with a sparkle of mischief in his eyes.

Sammy opened his mouth to make an angry reply, but instead he said, “I’m sorry you think so badly of me as all that, Peter. I know I do a lot of mean things. Somehow, I just can’t seem to help it. Did you ever happen to think that there may be some good in the worst of us if only you look for it? I hope you’ll think better of me some day, not because I want to join the Quaddies, but because I don’t like to have any one think I am wholly bad. I must be going along now. By the way, watch out for Reddy Fox. He says that any Quaddy who comes within reach of him is a goner. Look out that you are not that one.”

With this off flew Sammy Jay. Peter watched him out of sight. “That was very nice of Sammy to give me that warning,” thought Peter. “I wonder—” he paused and looked very thoughtful. “Perhaps I’m mistaken about Sammy after all. I wonder if he would like to be a Quaddy.”

## STORY 1008. May 3, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Does a Kind Deed

Peter Rabbit sat in the dear Old Brier Patch looking out over the Green Meadows. The Merry Little Breezes were racing and playing over toward the Green Forest. Presently Peter saw a little spot of red. It came out from the edge of the Green Forest and disappeared among the grasses of the Green Meadows. Peter watched. Presently he caught another glimpse of it moving very slowly, very carefully, over toward the place where Danny Meadow Mouse lives.

Peter sat up very straight and watched. He knew perfectly well what that little red spot meant. He knew that Reddy Fox was out hunting for his breakfast.

“My goodness!” exclaimed Peter, “I hope Danny Meadow Mouse has got his eyes open.”

Presently Reddy crouched down and began to crawl on his stomach. Peter knew what that meant. He knew that when Reddy does that, he is usually very close to the one he is hunting. Peter began to get anxious. It seemed to him that he just couldn’t sit still there and see Danny Meadow Mouse caught. He must do something, he just must! But what could he do? There wasn’t time for him to go over there himself to warn Danny, and even if there had been, it wouldn’t have been safe for him to go so far from the dear Old Brier Patch.

Now, Peter is very fond of Danny Meadow Mouse; moreover, you know, Danny

was a Quaddy and Peter was a Quaddy, and all Quaddies are bound to help all other Quaddies in time of danger. Somehow Peter felt that he wasn't a true Quaddy unless he did something for Danny Meadow Mouse.

Nearer and nearer crept Reddy Fox to the place where Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were at play. For once Danny had forgotten to watch out for danger. It isn't often that Danny forgets, but there are few in this world who do not forget once in a while. Danny is no different from the rest of us. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his very best. It was very beautiful down there among the meadow grasses. It was good to be alive and happy. Danny and Nanny thought of nothing but how happy they were. It just didn't seem possible that there could be danger where everything was so beautiful.

Reddy Fox crept and crept nearer and nearer without making a sound. His yellow eyes were wide with the excitement of the hunt and with anticipation of the good breakfast which was now not more than two jumps away. He was just setting his hind legs under him to make those two jumps, when there was a sharp scream right under his head. Peter Rabbit over in the dear Old Brier Patch heard that scream. It was the harsh voice of Sammy Jay, and he was giving warning to Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. No one had noticed Sammy. Sitting in a tree on the edge of the Green Forest, he had watched Reddy Fox steal out of the Green Meadows and he had waited to make sure that Reddy really saw someone. Then on silent wings he had flown out until he could see Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse and just in the nick of time, he had given them warning.

That is a way Sammy has of doing. Many and many a time has he saved the lives of some of his little neighbors by giving warning of danger in just this way. Of course, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse scampered into their safest retreat at the very first sound of his voice. Of course, Reddy Fox flew into a terrible rage and said unkind things to Sammy Jay, and, of course, Sammy just laughed, for that also is a way he has.

Over in the dear Old Brier Patch Peter saw all of this and gave a great sigh of relief. Then he grew thoughtful. It was only the day before he had told Sammy Jay that there was no good in him and so, of course, that he could not be a Quaddy. Yet, here was Sammy doing a good deed and saving Danny and Nanny Mouse when no one else could. Peter suddenly made up his mind. He would call another meeting of the Quaddies at once.

STORY 1009. May 4, 1915.

## Another Meeting of the Quaddies

Under the big hickory tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool were gathered together the Quaddies. Billy Mink was there. So were Little Joe Otter, Jerry Muskrat, Prickly Porky, Bobby Coon, Jimmy Skunk, Danny Meadow Mouse, Jumper the Hare, Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Unc' Billy Possum and, of course, Peter Rabbit. The fact is, Peter had called this meeting.

Peter hardly knew where to begin, but at last he decided that he would tell the others the whole story of Sammy Jay. So he began at the beginning and told how Sammy, had visited him in the dear old Brier Patch and had asked what was necessary in order to become a Quaddy.

“Pooh!” interrupted Prickly Porky, “he asked me that, and I told him that he couldn’t be a Quaddy because he isn’t a little quadruped, and, of course, only little quadrupeds can be Quaddies.”

“That’s what I told him,” replied Peter, “and right away he said that he didn’t think much of a band which would not admit such good friends as Mrs. Grouse, Tommy Tit the Chickadee, Welcome Robin, and Winsome Bluebird, but, of course, they are not quadrupeds. That set me to thinking. Sammy said that he should think the Quaddies ought to include all the little meadow and forest people, and I believe he is right; that is, of course, we ought to include all those who agree to help each other. Now, I don’t see why we shouldn’t include Mrs. Grouse and the others. To be sure they are not quadrupeds, because they haven’t four feet, but they have two feet and two wings, and after all what are wings but a different kind of feet? The birds use them just as we use our feet, to get around with, so I do not see why we should not let the feathered folks join the Quaddies.”

“Ah must say Brer Rabbit is talking sense,” declared Unc’ Billy Possum. “Ah don’t bear Brer Jay any love, but Ah cert’nly would like to see Sister Grouse and some of our other feathered neighbors members of our band.”

“I told Sammy Jay that he couldn’t be a Quaddy, anyway,” replied Peter. “I told him that nobody could be a Quaddy who is wholly bad. I thought he would fly off into a temper, but he didn’t. He was just as polite as you please. He said he didn’t want to be a Quaddy, but he just wanted to know what was necessary to become one. Now I am going to ask Danny Meadow Mouse to tell just what Sammy Jay did this morning.”

So Danny Meadow Mouse, in his funny, squeaky, little voice, told the story of how he had been careless that morning, forgetting to watch out for danger, and how Reddy Fox certainly would have caught him had it not been for Sammy Jay. “I certainly owe my life and the life of Nanny Meadow Mouse to Sammy Jay,” said Danny, “and I think you will all agree that Sammy has some good in him.”

“All that Danny has said is true,” said Peter. “I saw it all from the dear Old Briar Patch and couldn’t do a thing to help. You all know I don’t love Sammy Jay.”

“Who does?” interrupted Bobby Coon.

“Nobody, I guess,” grinned Peter, “but it seems to me we will have to admit that there is some good in him, and that being the case, is there any reason why he cannot become a Quaddy if he wants to?”

For a few minutes no one said a word, then Danny Meadow Mouse once more spoke. “I think,” said he, “that Sammy has proven that there is good in him and if he really wants to be a Quaddy we should let him.”

“Ah done think Brer Meadow Mouse is right,” declared Unc’ Billy, and in his

Illustrations. April 26 to May 1, 1915.



**1002. Peter Rabbit Calls a Meeting**  
“I don’t suppose you will come, though I wish you would,” said Peter



**1003. Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies**  
When he got there he found every single one whom he had invited.



**1004. The Quaddies Talk it Over**  
“Yes, Sah; It’s a good idea. Ah certainly have learned something already.”



**1005. Sammy Jay Wants to be a Quaddy**  
“What does one have to do to be a Quaddy?”



**1006. Sammy Jay is Told to See Peter Rabbit**  
Sammy would go over to see Peter Rabbit.



**1007. Sammy Jay is Very Polite to Peter Rabbit**  
Sammy would go over to see Peter Rabbit.



opinion all the others agreed. So it was decided to invite Sammy Jay to join the Quaddies.

## STORY 1010. May 5, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Now Becomes a Quaddy

Like the planting of a seed  
Is a kindly little deed.

Sammy Jay felt very pleased with himself. He knew that in saving Danny and Nanny Mouse from Reddy Fox he had done a kindly deed, and somehow it made him feel very good. That is the way with kindly deeds. He didn't mind how angry Reddy Fox might feel, because he is so used to seeing Reddy angry, and he knew that Reddy would get over it. When he had given Danny and Nanny that kindly warning he had acted on impulse. Impulse, you know, is the doing of a thing without thought. Sammy had not once thought of the Quaddies when he gave that warning. It had not once entered his head that he was showing his neighbors that there is some good in him.

All the rest of that day the memory of his good deed made the day brighter. It did more than that. It led him to want to do other good deeds. You know, one good deed leads to another good deed, and that is why a good deed is like a seed planted in good soil. So Sammy flew about through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows watching for a chance to do something more for his neighbors. Now, of course, he was proving himself a good Quaddy, although he didn't know it, for it was for just such acts of kindness and helpfulness that the band of Quaddies had been formed.

Late that afternoon Sammy just happened by the dear old Brier Patch. Peter Rabbit saw Sammy before Sammy saw Peter. "Hello, Sammy!" cried Peter. "You are just the one I want to see. How would you like to be a Quaddy?"

"Huh!" replied Sammy, "I thought you said I couldn't be a Quaddy?"

"So I did," replied Peter, "but we had another meeting last night and we've decided to admit our feathered neighbors as well as our four-footed ones. That means, of course, if you want to be a Quaddy, you can be."

"Oh, no, it doesn't it doesn't either," replied Sammy. "Who was it told me that only those who have some good in them can become Quaddies, and that, therefore, I had no chance?"

Peter hung his head and looked very much ashamed. "I am sorry, Sammy, that I ever said such a thing," said he; "I was mistaken. I saw you yesterday when you saved Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse from Reddy Fox. It was just such a deed as any Quaddy would have been proud to do. I called a meeting of the Quaddies last night and told them all about it. Danny Meadow Mouse did, too. We talked it all over and we decided that if you would like to be a Quaddy we would like to have you join the band."

Sammy didn't know just what to say. He cleared his voice two or three times,

started to speak, then stopped. The fact is Sammy was remembering that he had made fun of the Quaddies and said that he didn't want to join the band. All the time he had wanted to, because he thought he couldn't. Now that he could, a little feeling of shame crept over him. Peter noticed it.

"Of course," said he, "we don't want you to join unless you want to. If you want to, we want you to. There are no sharper eyes on the Green Meadows or the Green Forest than yours, Sammy Jay, and they would be of great help to us in times of danger. In return all the other Quaddies would be glad to do something for you whenever they had a chance. Just think it over."

Now Sammy Jay has a way of making up his mind quickly; he did now. "I'll do it," said he. "From now on I'm a Quaddy, and I'll do my best to show that, as bad as I am, there is still some good in me. By the way, have you invited Reddy Fox to join?"

"No," replied Peter. "Do you know of any good in Reddy Fox?"

STORY 1011. May 6, 1915.

## How Reddy Fox Became a Quaddy

The world would be a place most sad  
If anyone were wholly bad.

Reddy Fox trotted down the Crooked Little Path. Reddy was feeling very good indeed. He had a good breakfast. He had nothing to worry him, and he was feeling as good natured as it is possible for him to feel. Over on the Green Meadows he saw Peter Rabbit. Peter was far from the dear Old Brier Patch. In fact, he was so far from it that Reddy felt in his bones if he were to try he might catch Peter. But somehow, for the first time in his life, he didn't want to catch Peter. Perhaps that was because he had already had a good breakfast. You know a full stomach is one of the very best things in the world to make good nature.

Reddy sat down and watched Peter, who was hunting for sweet clover. Presently Reddy saw a black speck in the distance, it grew larger and larger. At first Reddy had thought it was Ol' Mistah Buzzard, but as it drew nearer, he saw that it was Redtail the Hawk. It always had seemed to Reddy that it must be a wonderful thing to be able to fly, and many and many a time he had envied Redtail and Whitetail and Ol' Mistah Buzzard, as they sailed back and forth high in the sky. Some such thoughts were passing through Reddy's mind now as he sat watching Redtail swinging around in great circles.

"I wonder if he has had his breakfast," thought Reddy, and with that thought he remembered Peter Rabbit. He looked over at Peter again. Peter was very busy; he was filling that big stomach of his with sweet clover, and if there is anything in the world that Peter loves it is sweet clover. Every minute or two Peter would sit up and look around, but he didn't look up in the sky. It was clear that he had not yet seen Redtail the Hawk.

Reddy grinned. "I reckon I'll see some fun pretty soon if I sit still," thought he. "If Redtail gets much nearer to Peter, Peter will have to show what his legs are good for if he wants to save his skin."

Round and round and round in great circles sailed Redtail, and each circle brought him nearer to the point where Peter Rabbit was having such a good time. If Peter had not seen him, it was equally true that he had not seen Peter, but he would in a minute or two. You know that Redtail has wonderful eyes. "What's the matter with Peter?" muttered Reddy. "If I were out there hunting him, he would have seen me long ago. If he doesn't watch out, old Redtail will have him before he even knows that Redtail is anywhere near."

Just then Redtail paused and seemed to hang perfectly still in the air. Reddy knew what that meant. He knew that Redtail saw Peter and that he was getting ready to drop like a shot out of the sky. Then Reddy did something that surprised himself. He did just exactly what Sammy Jay had done when he warned Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. He acted on impulse, and it was a good impulse. He opened his mouth and barked.

Now Peter knew what that bark meant. Peter knew Reddy's bark quite as well as he knows the bark of Bowser the Hound. He sat up quickly and looked in Reddy's direction. Once more Reddy barked, and this time Peter looked up in the sky, for he saw that Reddy was looking up in the sky. Instantly Peter jumped and started for the dear Old Brier Patch as fast as his long legs could take him, lippity-lippity-lip. Down from the sky shot Redtail the Hawk. Peter dodged this way. Peter dodged that way. And all the time he ran with all his might, two or three times Redtail almost got him, but not quite, and at last Peter was safe in the dear Old Brier Patch.

That night Reddy just happened to pass the dear Old Brier Patch. Peter called to him. He thanked Reddy for saving him that day, and then what do you think he did? Why, he invited Reddy to join the Quaddies. You see he had found some good in Reddy Fox, and that is how it happened that Reddy Fox became a Quaddy.

## STORY 1012. May 7, 1915.

### Buster Bear is Interested

I am a little Quaddy! Dee, dee, chickadee!  
I am a little Quaddy and happy as can be.

So sang Tommy Tit the Chickadee, as he flitted through the Green Forest. Buster Bear heard him. He cocked his head on one side and listened.

"Woof, woof!" exclaimed Buster Bear in the deep, rumbly, grumbly voice. "What is that you are saying, Tommy Tit?"

"I'm saying that I'm glad I'm a Quaddy," replied Tommy, hanging head down from the tip of a branch.

"And pray tell me what is a Quaddy?" asked Buster Bear, his little eyes twinkling with interest.

“My gracious, Buster Bear, do you mean to say you don’t know about the Quaddies yet?” asked Tommy Tit. “This is what comes of living so much by yourself so deep in the Green Forest.”

“Tell me all about it,” commanded Buster, as he sat down and made himself comfortable to listen.

So Tommy Tit told Buster Bear all about the Quaddies. He told how the idea had first started with Peter Rabbit, and how nearly all the Little Meadow and Forest people had joined the Quaddies in order to help one another. You know Tommy Tit is a very enthusiastic little fellow, and the way in which he told about the Quaddies made them seem very important indeed. Buster Bear said so.

“They are,” replied Tommy, “they are the most important people in the world. Don’t you see that if everybody lives up to his promise to warn all his neighbors against common danger, and to do a kindly deed whenever he can, it is going to make life ever so much easier and better for all of us?”

“It’s a good idea, a very good idea,” declared Buster. “It is one of the best ideas I have ever heard of. What is the reason I can’t join?”

Tommy Tit looked doubtful. “Why, in the first place,” he exclaimed, “a Quaddy is a little quadruped, and you are not little. My gracious, no! I don’t see how anybody as big as you are I could ever be a Quaddy.”

“But I’m a quadruped,” declared Buster. “It seems to me that I have more right to be a Quaddy than you have, for you are not a quadruped at all.”

Then Tommy Tit explained how it had been decided to admit all the little people of the Green Forest and Green Meadows as Quaddies even if they didn’t have four legs. “But we’re all little,” he was careful to explain.

“I don’t see what that’s got to do with it,” growled Buster Bear. “I’m one of the people of the Green Forest. I live here just the same as the rest, and I don’t see any reason why I shouldn’t be a Quaddy. I like that idea of helping one another, and I want to be a Quaddy. Now, you go hunt up Peter Rabbit and the others and tell them that I want to join the band. I can be of just as much help to the others as anyone else, and I want them to help me. I’ll promise to do all I can in return for all that is done for me. Just because I happen to be big is no reason at all for shutting me out. Now, honest, Tommy Tit, do you think it is?”

Tommy scratched his head thoughtfully. “No—o,” said he, slowly, “I don’t think it is. I think it will be fine to have you as a Quaddy, and ‘I am going right away to hunt up Peter Rabbit and tell him about it.’”

STORY 1013. May 8, 1915.

## Buster Bear Has Visitors

Tommy Tit had told Peter Rabbit that Buster Bear wanted to be a Quaddy and

Peter had straightway hunted up everybody else he could find and told them the news. Now for some reason or other, which no one could explain, no one had once thought of Buster Bear as a Quaddy. You know all the little Meadow and Forest people have a great deal of respect for Buster Bear. You will almost always find that little people respect big people, and Buster is the biggest of all who live in the Green Forest. Right away everybody thought it would be a very fine thing to have Buster a member of the Quaddy band, and so it was decided that as many as possible should meet on the edge of the Green Forest as soon as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun pulled his nightcap on and went to bed behind the Purple Hills.

So this is how it happens that when the first little stars came out and began to twinkle they twinkled twice as hard as usual because of what they saw. Going along the Lone Little Path was the funniest procession ever seen in the Green Forest. At its head was Peter Rabbit, looking quite as important as he felt. Behind him came his cousin, Jumper the Hare, looking anxiously this way and that, for you know he is very timid. Behind him came Bobby Coon, Unc' Billy Possum, Prickly Porky the Porcupine, Billy Mink, Jerry Muskrat, Little Joe Otter, Jimmy Skunk, Danny Meadow Mouse, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse and puffing and blowing at the end of the line, Old Mr. Toad. If it had been in the daytime instead of at night, nothing could have kept Sammy Jay and Tommy Tit and some of the other feathered folk away, but as they cannot see at night, they couldn't go with the rest of the Quaddies this time.

Word had been sent to Buster Bear that afternoon that he would receive visitors, and so he was waiting for them in a little open place not too deep in the Green Forest. As soon as he saw them he began to laugh, but it was such a good-natured laugh that nobody minded at all. In fact, it was a very catching laugh, and everybody else began to laugh, too.

"I feel very much honored by this visit," began Buster Bear. "I suppose there must be a reason for it, and I am very anxious to know what it is."

His visitors were a little bashful. They sat down at a safe distance in a half circle in front of him and then all looked very hard at Peter Rabbit. Peter made a few hops out in front, then he sat up—just the same way that Buster Bear sits up. He felt very important, and he showed that he did.

"We have come," said he, "to invite you to join the Quaddy band. We will be very much honored to include you as one of our number, and we hope that you will join."

Buster's small eyes twinkled. "I certainly appreciate this visit," said he, "and it will be a very great honor to be known as a Quaddy. My friend, Tommy Tit, seemed to think that I could not be a Quaddy because I am so big. I am glad that you do not think so. Perhaps because I am so big, I can be of more use than if I were very small. I want you to know just what I think, and that is that all the little Meadow and Forest people ought to have been banded together long ago, and that you should all thank Peter Rabbit for his splendid idea. Now, I am going to propose that we give three cheers for the Quaddies, and after that that we give three cheers for Peter Rabbit. Now everybody join in."

Buster stood up his very tallest and led the cheers, which were given with a will. After that until the wee small hours of the night there was one of the merriest times that the Green Forest had ever seen, and when at last the Quaddies started home, each one was sure that life was going to be better and happier than ever it had been before.

## STORY 1014. May 10, 1915.

### Little Joe Otter Springs a Surprise

Of all the little Quaddies who live in the Green Meadows, the Smiling Pool and the Green Forest none is more surprising than Little Joe Otter. He is full of surprises, is Little Joe. He has a way of suddenly bobbing up and just as suddenly disappearing, which makes him one of the hardest of all the little people to get acquainted with. Just when you think there is no one around up bobs Little Joe and gives you a surprise. Just when you are watching him, down he goes and you never see him again.

And when you are acquainted with him he is just as surprising. He is full of pranks and dearly loves to play. He is a wonderful swimmer, as no one knows better than those who live in the Smiling Pool. At times he is a great traveler in spite of his short legs, and he knows more of the Great World than most of his neighbors. In winter he swims under the ice and makes slippery slides down the snowy banks. In summer he makes slippery slides in the mud.

It is his wonderful swimming power which enables him to do many things in secret. You see, when he disappears under the water his neighbors on land have no way of knowing where he goes or what he does. Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat are the only ones who know much about Little Joe Otter, and even they do not know as much as they might, or as they think they do.

Peter Rabbit had missed Little Joe Otter in the Smiling Pool. He had asked Jerry Muskrat and Billy Mink where Little Joe was.

“O!” replied Jerry Muskrat, “he is probably on one of his foolish long journeys. What any one wants to leave the Smiling Pool for is more than I can understand. Probably if you go down to the Big River, you will find him fishing there.

Just then there was a sudden splash right behind Jerry Muskrat. It was so sudden that it startled Jerry, and the first thing that Jerry does when he is startled is to dive. He did this time. When he came up Peter Rabbit was still sitting on the bank of the Smiling Pool.

“What was that that frightened me?” asked Jerry.

Peter grinned. “I’m sure I don’t know. All I saw was a splash in the water.”

“Chug-arum!” cried Grandfather Frog in his deepest, gruffest voice. “If I know anything about it, it was Little Joe Otter himself. I think, Jerry Muskrat, if you go far enough up the Laughing Brook you will find that Little Joe is up there and not down at the Big River. I saw something that looked very much to me like a dark form swimming under water in that direction.”

"I don't believe it," replied Jerry. "Little Joe hasn't been in the Smiling Pool in ever and ever so long. It would be a good thing if Little Joe would settle down. He ought to have a house the same as I have. I never did believe there was any good in this roaming around."

Just then there were two splashes right where the Laughing Brook comes into the Smiling Pool. Peter and Grandfather Frog and Jerry looked hastily in that direction. Then they stared at each other. Peter rubbed his eyes.

"Did I or didn't I see double?" he demanded. "It looked to me very much like two Little Joe Otters."

"It looked very much to me the same way," said Jerry.

Grandfather Frog looked thoughtful. "I have a suspicion," said he, "that Little Joe Otter is springing a surprise on us. Have any of you heard of a Mrs. Joe?"

Peter looked and Jerry looked at Peter. "Do you suppose it can be true?" they both exclaimed together.

## STORY 1015. May 11, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Goes Looking

No one had ever heard of a Mrs. Joe Otter, and yet if there wasn't a Mrs. Joe, how was it that Grandfather Frog and Peter Rabbit and Jerry Muskrat all three had seemed to see two little brown heads where the Laughing Brook comes Into the Smiling Pool? For a while they talked it over between themselves. Each was sure that he had seen two. It was only for a moment and then there was nothing to be seen. It was all very mysterious.

"Must be there was something the matter with our eyes," declared Jerry. "Little Joe is such an uneasy fellow that he never would be content to settle down with a home of his own. Besides, wherever would he have found Mrs. Joe, if there is one?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out," said Peter, hopping up. "I'm going to go straight up the Laughing Brook and look for his home. If he's got one, I don't believe he can hide it from me." With this off started Peter, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

"Good luck to you, Peter. If you find anything, come back and tell us," shouted Jerry Muskrat.

Up the Laughing Brook went Peter. Now he had no more idea than the man in the moon what kind of a home Little Joe Otter would be likely to have. He knew that Jerry Muskrat has two kinds of a home—one a hole in a bank and the other a house in the Smiling Pool. He knew that Paddy the Beaver builds the same kind of homes, only better. He knew that Billy Mink sometimes makes his home in a hollow log and sometimes under an old brush pile, and sometimes in a hole under a stump; Billy is not particular as to where his home is, but Peter didn't know where to look for Little Joe's home.



“He lives in the water even more than Billy Mink does, almost quite as much as Jerry Muskrat does, so I guess he probably has a home right close to the water,” thought Peter. Then another thought struck him. He remembered that Jerry Muskrat makes his entrance to his home in the bank under water, where it cannot be seen from the bank. If Little Joe was to do the same thing. He, Peter, might just as well look for a needle in a haystack. However, Peter is not easily discouraged. He hopped along up one bank of the Laughing Brook looking and looking for holes. Every hole he came to he examined with the greatest care. He sniffed and sniffed at each one, hoping to get a whiff of Little Joe Otter. When he had gone a long way up the Laughing Brook, he crossed it on an old log and went back down the other side looking and looking just the same.

But with all Peter’s looking he didn’t find a thing. More than this, he saw no signs that Little Joe Otter had been up to the Laughing Brook for a long time. He was just about to give up discouraged, when in a deep little pool he heard a splash. He turned quickly. He was just in time to see Little Joe Otter swimming away with a fish in his mouth.

“Hi, Little Joe!” he called. “Are you living up this way?”

Little Joe grinned in spite of the fish in his mouth. “Certainly, I am,” said he. “Come up and see me and meet Mrs. Joe.”

With that Little Joe suddenly disappeared under water, and though Peter sat for a long, long time watching, he saw nothing more of Little Joe.

“Now, how am I ever going to make a call when I don’t know where to call?” muttered Peter, as he started for the dear Old Brier Patch.

## STORY 1016. May 12, 1915.

### Little Joe Otter’s Home

Now, though Peter Rabbit didn’t know it, he had walked right straight over the home of Little Joe Otter. Lots of other little forest people had walked over the home of Little Joe Otter without ever guessing it. You see Little Joe is as smart in building a home as he is in everything else. Little Joe believes that a home is just for those who live there, and, therefore, that it is a secret which no one else should know. He had found Mrs. Joe far away on the Big River and had brought her back with him up the Laughing Brook to the Smiling Pool and through the Smiling Pool up the Laughing Brook once more to the place he had picked out for a home. They had come right through the Smiling Pool while Grandfather Frog was sitting on his Green Lily Pad, and Jerry Muskrat was sitting on the Big Rock talking to Peter Rabbit, who was sitting on the bank. Only once had they shown their little brown heads above the water, and this was when Peter and Jerry and Grandfather Frog had thought they saw double. You see Mrs. Joe was very, very shy, and so Little Joe wanted her to become acquainted with the Laughing Brook and her new home before he introduced her to his friends and neighbors.

Illustrations. May 3 to May 8, 1915.



**1008. Sammy Jay Does a Kind Deed**  
"I hope Danny Meadow Mouse has his eyes open."



**1009. Another Meeting of the Quaddies**  
"I told him that he couldn't be a Quaddy," said Prickly Porky.



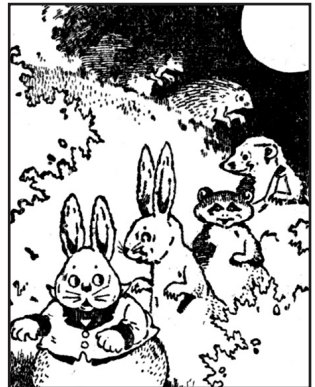
**1010. Sammy Jay Now Becomes a Quaddy**  
"I thought you said I couldn't be a Quaddy," said Sammy.



**1011. How Reddy Fox Became a Quaddy**  
"I wonder if he has had his breakfast," thought Reddy.



**1012. Buster Bear is Interested**  
"Woof, Woof!" exclaimed Buster Bear in his deep rumibly-grumbly voice.



**1013. Buster Bear Has Visitors**  
The funniest procession ever seen in the Green Forest.

The place he had chosen for a home was close beside one of the deepest pools in the Laughing Brook. Growing close to the bank was a big tree with spreading roots. The bank was steep and mossy. All about grew the Green Forest. It was very lovely there; also it was very quiet, and you probably would have called it very lonely. But it was just such a place as Otters love.

“O,” cried Mrs. Joe when she saw it. “Is this where our home is to be?”

“Yes, my dear,” replied Little Joe. “That is, it is if you like it. I thought we could make our house with a front door deep down under water, and by and by if we want, we can have a slippery slide down the bank. There are plenty of fish in the Laughing Brook, and we are far enough in the Green Forest not to have visitors very often.”

Mrs. Joe dived into the little pool. She was gone a long time and Little Joe waited on the bank anxiously. When she came up, she was all smiles. “It is perfectly lovely,” she cried. “It is the best place for a home I have ever seen. Let’s begin to make it right away, Little Joe.”

Little Joe didn’t wait for her to change her mind. He remembered how many times Polly Chuck had changed her mind before Johnny Chuck succeeded in getting her to let him dig their home under the old apple tree in the far corner of the Old Orchard<sup>7</sup>. “We’ll begin right off,” said he. And that is just what they did do.

Now you know Little Joe Otter can stay under water a long time. Mrs. Joe showed him just where she wanted the front door deep down under water. Then they took turns making a long, nice hallway, slanting up from the underwater doorway. When it was high enough to be wholly above water they made the nicest little room and then began a doorway which would lead out between two roots of the big tree. At first they didn’t open this doorway, because you see they had no need of it. They just made the hall and left the door closed, so there wasn’t a thing to show where their home was. When they wanted to go out, they just slid down their front doorway into the little pool and then swam clear across it before they came up. This was so that if any sharp eyes happened to see them, they never would guess where they had come from. When it was all done, they spent their time swimming and diving and playing and having just the best time ever.

## STORY 1017. May 13, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Learns by Sitting Still.

Did you know that you could learn something by sitting perfectly still? You can; that is, you can if you use your eyes and use your ears and all the other senses that Old Mother Nature has given you. Peter Rabbit discovered it quite by accident. You know how curious he is. It seems as if his curiosity never would be satisfied. On the day that Little Joe Otter invited him to call at his home and then promptly disappeared, Peter could think of nothing but that home and wonder where it was. Whenever he got the chance, he went over the Green Forest to look for Little Joe and his home. He had hopped up and down the banks of the Laughing Brook until his feet ached, and he was

<sup>7</sup> 1913, STORY 355.

just as wise as before.

At last one day he sat down just a little way from a great big tree with spreading roots near the bank of a little pool in the Laughing Brook. He was tired; also he was discouraged. "I don't believe Little Joe has a home at all," he muttered. Then because he was tired, he squatted down in a little brown heap and closed his eyes. How long he slept Peter never knew. When he awoke it was very, very still there in the Green Forest. He felt rested and, therefore, in a better frame of mind. He decided he would sit there a little longer and enjoy his beautiful surroundings and then he would go back to the dear Old Brier Patch.

Now when Peter sits perfectly still it is very hard to see him. He looks like nothing so much as a little brown heap of dead leaves, and this was the way he was looking then. But all the time he was watching this way and that way to see what he could discover. Quite without any warning at all there was a rustling of leaves between two roots of the old tree a little way off. Peter didn't have to turn his head to look. You see his eyes are set so far back that he can see without turning his head. What he saw made him catch his breath and open his eyes wider than ever. What do you think it was? Why, it was a little brown baby rolling and tumbling among the leaves.

Peter had never seen a baby like it before. While he was watching and wondering whose baby it could be another one joined it. They tumbled and rolled over each other. They played tug-of-war with a little stick, each holding one end. They made believe bite each other. It was very rough play, but the rougher it was the better they seemed to like it. Peter watched them for a long time. Then because he had a cramp in one of his feet, he moved ever so little, and in doing so he rustled the leaves. Instantly the two brown babies disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them up. Peter waited, but they didn't come up again.

At last his curiosity proved too much for him. He hopped over to the spreading roots of the old tree and there was the nicest little doorway he had ever seen. He knew then where the two brown babies had disappeared.

"I wonder," muttered Peter, "whose babies those were. I wonder—" A sudden thought popped into his head. It made him jump right up in the air. "Do you suppose that those could have been Little Joe Otter's babies?" he exclaimed right out loud to nobody in particular. Then because he was so full of his discovery, he scampered away to the dear Old Brier Patch to tell Mrs. Peter all about it.

STORY 1018. May 14, 1915.

## The School in the Green Forest

Peter Rabbit could not keep away from the Green Forest. He just had to go back to see those queer brown babies which he had discovered under a big tree on the bank of the Laughing Brook. Every chance he had he slipped back to watch. He kept as still as still could be and not once did those little brown babies suspect that he was near. Every day they came out to play, but at the least sound, they would disappear in that snug

home, the doorway of which was between the roots of a big tree.

After a little, Peter discovered that there was a school in the Green Forest, just as there was a school at Johnny Chuck's home in the Old Orchard<sup>8</sup>, and another, where Danny Meadow Mouse had his home on the Green Meadows<sup>9</sup>. You see, wherever there are babies there has to be a school. This is one of the laws of Old Mother Nature. Peter had been quite right when he had guessed that these babies were the children of Little Joe Otter. At first they seemed to do nothing but tumble over each other and play. It was very rough play, the roughest play that Peter had ever seen. He didn't guess that in that play those two brown babies were learning something, but they were. They were learning how to use their legs and teeth and bodies.

At first, Peter had seen nothing of Little Joe Otter or Mrs. Joe, but he noticed that at the least rustle of a leaf the two brown babies disappeared in their home, and by this he knew that they had been taught that great law of all the little wild people, which is that safety is the first and most important lesson to be learned.

Then one morning he saw Mrs. Joe out with the two babies, and they were having a grand frolic. Mrs. Joe would get hold of one end of a stick and the two little Otters would get hold of the other end of the stick and try to pull it away from her. In this way they were learning how to grow strong and to take care of themselves. Then Mrs. Joe took them a little way into the woods. It just happened that Reddy Fox had been along that way the night before. She showed them his tracks and made them smell of them, and when she did this she growled, and thus they knew that Reddy was an enemy, to be watched out for.

Later, right in the midst of one of their grand frolics, Sammy Jay suddenly began to scream. Peter knew perfectly well what that scream meant. He knew by the noise that Sammy had discovered somebody prowling around in the Green Forest. Of course Mrs. Otter knew, and right away she chased her two brown babies into their home and followed them. Thus they learned that the screaming of Sammy Jay is a warning to watch out for danger.

One thing puzzled Peter very much. He knew that Little Joe Otter lives in the water most of the time, and that, of course, Mrs. Joe does the same thing. "I wonder why those youngsters are not taught to swim," thought Peter. "I should suppose that a swimming lesson would be one of the very first things they would get."

Peter puzzled over this a great deal as one day followed another and still the Otter babies never once went near the water. They grew fast, and had the very best times ever, but always on the land. In fact, Peter suspected by the way they acted that they didn't like the water any better than he did, and you know he doesn't like it at all. Mrs. Otter, and sometimes Little Joe, brought them fish to eat, and sometimes their mother took them on little short hunting trips, but always on the land. It was too much for Peter; it seemed to him that those Otter children were being brought up altogether wrong.

---

8 STORY 365, 1913.

9 STORY 750, 1914.

## The First Lesson in Swimming

One morning Peter Rabbit was a little late in getting over to the home of Little Joe Otter. When he got there, there was not a sign of the two brown Otter children at the doorway of their home, between the roots of the big tree. "It must be," thought Peter, "that they have gone off hunting. I wonder if I can find them if I look for them."

Just then his ears caught the sound of a splash in the Laughing Brook. Very, very carefully Peter crept over where he could see what was going on. Such a funny sight as it was! There in the water were Little Joe and Mrs. Joe diving and swimming, and splashing, as only they can. On the bank were the two Otter children, watching with their eyes round with wonder, and a great longing. At the same time, it was very clear to Peter that those two youngsters were afraid of the water. Little Joe and Mrs. Joe kept calling to them to come in. But they wouldn't. No, sir, they wouldn't more than wet their feet. Mrs. Joe swam over to where they were and coaxed them as only a mother can. It was of no use. All the coaxing in the world couldn't overcome their fear of the water. Then she pretended to be very angry, and she ordered them to follow her. They whimpered and cried, but not one step into the water would they go. Then she tried making fun of them, but she was no more successful than before.

They were afraid. Yes, sir, they were afraid. There was no doubt about it. Peter doesn't like the water himself, but when he has to, he can swim. He couldn't remember ever having been as much afraid of the water as those two Otter children, not even when he was a very little fellow. And that seemed funny, too. In fact, Peter couldn't understand it at all. Here were two babies whose father and mother were the best swimmers in the world, and yet they couldn't get their own children into the water.

Finally, after a great deal of coaxing, Mrs. Otter got one of them to ride on her back, and Little Joe did the same thing with the other. For a long time, they swam around and around, and had a beautiful time. The babies liked this. You see they felt perfectly safe, and it was great fun to be carried about, here, there, and everywhere. Then without the least bit of warning Little Joe and Mrs. Joe dived. Now, of course, when they did this, it carried the two babies right under water, and the minute they went under water they let go and came to the top. My, my, my, what a frightened pair they were! They blew the water out of their noses and both began to whimper and cry. But at the same time both began to paddle as fast as ever they could.

Little Joe and Mrs. Joe popped their round, brown heads out of water and swam just ahead of the two babies. The two babies did their very best to get on the backs of Little Joe and Mrs. Joe, but the latter kept just out of their reach. Then one of the babies stopped crying. He had discovered something; he had discovered that he was swimming and that swimming was really great fun. Somehow that water didn't seem so dreadful any more. Then the other discovered the same thing. They had had their first swimming lesson and had found that mother and father were right after all—the water wouldn't hurt them. When at last they scrambled up on the shore and shook the water from their little brown coats their eyes were shining with pride and excitement.



## Great Fun on a Slippery Slide

Of course, Peter Rabbit hadn't been able to keep to himself the fact that Little Joe Otter had a home and wife and two lively babies. He just had to tell the other Quaddies. Those who dared and could go so far into the Green Forest visited the little pool in the Laughing Brook, but they were very quiet about it. You see, though they were not exactly bashful, they had a feeling that Little Joe might not like visitors, and most of them had a great deal of respect for Little Joe's sharp strong teeth. No one willingly quarrels with Little Joe.

Sammy Jay, of course, had nothing to fear in the tree-tops, but soon discovered that as soon as it was known that he was about there was nothing to see. So, after that, Sammy came silently and took the greatest care to keep hidden in the thickest part of a hemlock tree, but one from which he could peep forth and see all that was going on below. And so Sammy saw the merriest sliding party he ever had seen.

Sammy had flown over there very early that morning. So far he had had no more than a glimpse of the Otter children. He knew all about the children of Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck and Danny Meadow Mouse. He had watched them learn the lessons which it was most important to learn if they would live to grow up. He had watched them at play as well as at school. But of the ways of little Otters he knew nothing at all.

As he sat in the tall hemlock tree and looked down he felt quite excited. Somehow he had a feeling—he didn't know why—that he was going to see something worth seeing. So he waited patiently. It was very beautiful there in the Green Forest. The Laughing Brook was dimpling and smiling where the sunbeams crept through the treetops to kiss it and it sang merrily as it hurried on to the Smiling Pool. Somewhere deeper in the Green Forest, Minstrel the Thrush<sup>10</sup> was pouring out his joy in silver notes that made glad the hearts of all who heard.

Listening, Sammy was almost jealous. "If I had as beautiful a voice as that to go with my beautiful coat there would be no one in the world to compare with me," he thought, quite forgetting that a beautiful character is far more to be desired than a beautiful voice or a beautiful coat. A splash in the still little pool below him reminded him of what he was there for. Eagerly he peered down. Little Joe Otter was just swimming toward the shore, and at the top of the bank where it was smoothest was Mrs. Joe and the two Otter children.

Mrs. Joe stretched herself flat, gave a kick with her feet and away she slid, head first, down the bank and splash into the water. The two children poked their heads over the edge of the bank, and it was very plain that they wanted to follow but didn't quite dare.

"Come on, children!" cried Mrs. Joe, splashing and diving and swimming round and round.

---

<sup>10</sup> It is unclear if Minstrel is intended to be a wood thrush or a hermit thrush. In later stories, the wood thrush would be named "Melody" and the hermit thrush "Hermit."



But still the youngsters were afraid. By this time Little Joe had climbed back up the bank. "This is the way to do it," said he, and down the bank he I went splash into the little pool. One of the youngsters stretched himself out at the top of the slide, as he had seen Little Joe and Mrs. Joe do, but he couldn't quite make up his mind to kick off. Right then something so funny happened that Sammy Jay nearly gave himself away by laughing right out. The other little Otter gave the first one a push and down he went. You see, when he once started, he couldn't stop. He clawed and tried frantically to stop, but down he went and splash into the water. It was very, very funny. It was still more funny to see his face when he came up and shook the water from his eyes. He was proud and excited and he had lost all fear. In another minute he was scrambling up the bank to try it again.

He had slid down the slippery slide five times before the other had found courage enough to try it. And then such fun! First Little Joe Otter, then Mrs. Joe and after her the two youngsters, one right at the heels of another, slid down and splashed into the little pool until they were so tired that they just had to lie down to rest. Never was there such fun. Sammy Jay was almost envious again. He actually wished that he was an Otter and could go down a slippery slide.

## STORY 1021. May 18, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy has a Holiday

O, who would not a-fishing go, a-fish-ing go?  
O, who would not a-fishing go, all on a summer's day?  
O, who would not a-fishing go, a-fishing go, a-fishing go?  
O, would not a-fishing go where fishes sport and play?

So sang Farmer Brown's boy as with his rod and a can of worms he made his way to the Laughing Brook. He felt good all over, did Farmer Brown's boy. He felt good because it was the kind of a day to make any one feel good. And he felt good because it was a holiday for him and he knew that he had earned it. He had worked hard for days and days in the hay field and in the corn field and in the garden and not once had he complained because, you see, he knew that the work just had to be done. And that morning at breakfast Farmer Brown had given him a surprise, such a splendid surprise. He had told him that day was to be his very own, to do just what he pleased in. Do you wonder that he felt good all over?

Of course, the very first thing he had thought of was fishing. He just knew that the speckled trout were waiting for him to catch them. And now he was on his way with a lunch in his pocket and joy in his heart, so much joy that it was bubbling out in the merriest of whistles. So he made his way through the Green Forest to the Laughing Brook and it seemed to him that all the little people whom he saw on the way were glad because he was glad.

Now there was a certain quiet pool deep in the Green Forest where Farmer

Brown's boy was sure he would find hungry trout. He didn't have the least doubt in the world. He often had looked down in the clear depths and seen big fellows there, and he was sure that they were there now. So he headed straight for this pool, and when he was near enough he put a fat worm on his hook and threw it in. He hadn't a doubt in the world that it would be seized at once by a fat speckled trout.

"I ought to catch three in this pool," said he and waited, keeping perfectly still. Nothing happened. Farmer Brown's boy made the worm on the hook wriggle in the most enticing way he knew how, but still nothing happened. "Funny," muttered Farmer Brown's boy, "I never had to wait here before." But he kept perfectly still, as a good fisherman should, and waited patiently. Nothing happened. There wasn't so much as a nibble. Presently, having nothing else to do, he began to take note of things, the trees and the flowers and the humming insects, and finally the opposite bank, which was steep and smooth.

"Looks as if something had slid down there," he muttered. "Wonder what it could have been. Funny those trout don't bite. I hate to give up, but I guess I'll have to. I'll go down to the next pool and try my luck there."

So he trudged down to the next pool, and a pair of sharp eyes watched him go. They were Sammy Jay's eyes, and Sammy was chuckling under his breath. You see he knew why Farmer Brown's boy caught no fish. The pool which he had left was the very pool in the bank of which Little Joe Otter and Mrs. Joe had made their home, and there were no fat trout there, Little Joe and Mrs. Joe had caught them all.

But Farmer Brown's boy knew nothing about this. In fact, he knew very little about Little Joe Otter anyway. So he trudged on sure that he would have better luck in the next pool. Sammy Jay followed, still chuckling. He seemed to find something a great joke. "There are smarter fishermen than you on this brook and I wouldn't give much for all the fish you will catch," he remarked to nobody in particular.

## STORY 1022. May 19, 1915.

### A Family Fishing Party

Fishy, Fishy, here's a worm!  
Watch how he will twist and squirm.  
Bite him first before you look  
To see if he is on a hook.

Farmer Brown's boy said this over twice just for luck as he tossed his bait into the second little pool in the Laughing Brook. Then he waited to see what would happen. He waited and waited and waited. All good fishermen wait and wait and wait. Patience is as necessary as bait to catch fish. So Farmer Brown's boy waited. Nothing happened, nothing at all.

"I wonder if someone has been here before me and caught all the fish," thought Farmer Brown's boy. "I didn't get a nibble in the first pool, and I haven't had a nibble in this one. Guess I'll have to be moving on."

## Illustrations. May 10 to May 15, 1915.



**1014. Little Joe Otter Springs a Surprise**  
"What was that that frightened me?" asked Jerry.



**1015. Peter Rabbit Goes Looking**  
Up the Laughing Brook went Peter.



**1016. Little Joe Otter's Home**  
Mrs. Joe dived into the little pool.



**1017. Peter Rabbit Learns by Sitting Still**  
Peter watched them for a long time.



**1018. The School in the Green Forest**  
And sometimes Little Joe brought them fish to eat.



**1019. The First Lesson in Swimming**  
Little Joe and Mrs. Joe kept calling to them to come in.

So he moved on to a third little pool farther down the Laughing Brook. He had almost reached it when he heard a splash and then another. He laid down his pole and crept forward very, very carefully so as not to make a sound. When he could see the little pool clearly, he caught his breath sharply. There were other fishermen ahead of him. In fact there was a family fishing, party right in that very pool, and they were having better luck than he had had. They were catching fish, the very trout he had been so sure of catching himself. They were the ones who had spoiled his fishing. And who do you think they were? Why, they were Little Joe Otter, Mrs. Joe Otter and the two little Otters.

Farmer Brown's boy kept perfectly still and held his breath. He forgot all about his own fishing. He never had seen Little Joe but once or twice before, and then only had had a glimpse of a little brown head in the Smiling Pool. Of course he never had seen Mrs. Joe or the two children at all.

Little Joe dived. He was gone so long that Farmer Brown's boy began to wonder what had become of him. Then all in a flash his brown head popped up and in his mouth was a beautiful speckled trout, a trout that Farmer Brown's boy would have been delighted to have caught. "Gee!" he exclaimed under his breath. Little Joe swam with the trout straight over to where the two little Otters were sitting on a big flat stone at the edge of the water, fairly dancing with excitement. Just before he reached them, he dropped the fish. Now that fish wasn't dead. He was hurt so that he couldn't swim his fastest, but he could swim, and you may believe he did his very best.

Splash! The two youngsters were after him, each eager to be the one to catch him. They were clumsy and over-eager, and you know ever-eagerness often is quite as bad as being too slow. They got in the way of each other. The fish twisted and turned and they tried to follow. At last one of them made a lucky dash and proudly turned toward the bank with the fish in his mouth, and very proud he looked. The other swam after him and tried to take it away from him. It looked very much as if there would be a fight right there in the little pool, but just then Mrs. Joe took a hand. She swam in between the two and pushed the unsuccessful one away. He went off by himself and sulked, while the other dragged his prize ashore and began to eat it.

A few minutes later Mrs. Joe dived and caught another trout, and this one she carried to the little Otter who had none. When she let the fish go, it could swim only very little, and the youngster had no trouble at all in catching it. He brought it ashore as proudly as, the first one had his. Farmer Brown's boy wondered if it was just chance that those fish were alive or if they had, been kept so purposely to give the youngsters a lesson in fishing? What do you think?

## STORY 1023. May 20, 1915

### Old Man Coyote Catches a Young Fisherman

Farmer Brown's boy watched the family fishing party at the little pool in the Laughing Brook deep in the Green Forest until it moved on to the next pool. Then he remembered his own fishing, and the fat trout he had promised to take home. "I

understand now why I haven't had a bite," he chuckled. "Little Joe Otter and his family got up earlier than I did. They're welcome to what they've caught, for the fun of seeing those youngsters get their first lesson in fishing is worth more to me than the fish would have been. But I can't allow them to get all the fish. I could frighten them away, but I don't want to do that. No, sir; I don't want to make them afraid of me. I know what I'll do. I'll circle 'round through the woods and get ahead of them."

So Farmer Brown's boy tramped in a half circle through the Green Forest until he once more reached the Laughing Brook, this time at a place where he felt sure that he was ahead of the Otter fishing party. In a minute he was sure of it, for something was tugging at his line, and when with a sharp jerk he pulled out a silver-speckled trout. Farmer Brown's boy forgot all about everything else.

Now it just happened that that very morning Old Man Coyote had taken it into his head that he would visit the Laughing Brook and see what was going on there. It may be that back in that shrewd head of his there was an idea that there might be some helpless young babies or headstrong and careless young children of one kind or another who would furnish him with a tender and easily gotten breakfast. Anyway, he was going up the Laughing Brook as Farmer Brown's boy was fishing down the Laughing Brook, and so they met. Farmer Brown's boy didn't know this, however. He didn't know a thing about it. You see he was so intent on fishing that he had no eyes for anything but the water and his line where it entered it. So he didn't see Old Man Coyote at all. But Old Man Coyote saw him and lifted his lips from his long strong teeth in a most unpleasant way as he sneaked past through the brush. "Probably he's frightened everything along the brook," grumbled Old Man Coyote bitterly as he went on his way up Laughing Brook.

He had gone but a very little way when his sharp ears caught the sound of a faint splash in a little pool just ahead. Instantly he dropped flat on his stomach and began to crawl forward an inch at a time, his eyes blazing with eagerness, his sharp ears cocked forward. Presently he saw Little Joe Otter and Mrs. Joe swimming, and a great disappointment swept over him. He knew that they were far too smart to be caught by him, and even if they had not been he would have had no mind to feel their sharp teeth when other food was to be obtained without having to fight for it.

Right at that moment he saw the two Otter children. All his disappointment was forgotten and the eager look returned to his eyes. He couldn't imagine anything more to his liking than young Otter. His mouth watered and he licked his lips hungrily. Inch by inch he crept nearer. One of the little Otters climbed up on the bank almost in front of him. Old Man Coyote wriggled nearer. Then he brought his hind feet under him ready for a quick jump, and waited. He wanted that young Otter, but he was far too crafty to risk a fight with Little Joe and Mrs. Joe unless he had to. So he waited.

Presently Little Joe and Mrs. Joe called to the two children and started down the Laughing Brook. The little Otter in the water obeyed instantly, but the one on the bank didn't. He was tired and wanted to rest. The others could go if they wanted to. They wouldn't go far and he could catch up when he got ready. He rather liked the idea of being left alone. It made him feel more independent. There was nothing to fear there,

anyway. So he sat perfectly still and watched the others disappear around a little turn in the Laughing Brook. When they were out sight, he chuckled. He thought himself very smart.

A very tiny noise behind him, the rustle of a leaf, caused him to turn his head. He had just time to get a glimpse of fierce yellow eyes and gleaming teeth, and then the big paws of Old Man Coyote landed on him.

## STORY 1024. May 21, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Again Proves Himself a True Quaddy

The foolish little Otter who hadn't minded his father and mother but had remained behind on the bank of the little pool in the Laughing Brook didn't have time to even squeal before Old Man Coyote had him. Old Man Coyote didn't kill him at once as he might have done with one crunch of his great jaws. He wanted to play with him a little first.

Now, though Old Man Coyote thought that no one saw him, someone did. It was Sammy Jay. Sammy had been following the Otter family, keeping very still and taking the greatest pains to keep out of sight himself. You see, he I was very much interested in these children of Little Otter and he thought it great fun to watch them having their first lessons in fishing. So he was right where he could see perfectly well what happened. The instant Old Man Coyote sprang from his hiding place, Sammy knew that that little Otter hadn't a chance in the world unless he could do something. Right away he remembered Farmer Brown's boy fishing just a little further down the Laughing Brook. "Perhaps," thought Sammy, "if I scream loud enough and long enough he I will come to see what all the fuss is about."

So Sammy opened his mouth and began to scream at the top of his lungs. "Thief! Thief! Thief!" he screamed, flying down just over Old Man Coyote's head.

Old Man Coyote looked up and snarled angrily. "Stop your noise!" he snapped. "This is none of your business."

Now, the very instant that Sammy began to scream, Little Joe Otter and Mrs. Joe, who were just around a turn in the Laughing Brook, knew that an enemy was near. For the first time they missed the little Otter who had remained behind. Little Joe didn't wait a second. He started back as fast as he could swim, which is very fast indeed. Mrs. Joe followed as soon as she had seen that the other little Otter was in a safe hiding place.

Old Man Coyote was still snarling at Sammy when he saw Little Joe coming, and behind him Mrs. Joe. He knew then that he was to have a fight, but he had no intention of giving up that little Otter. He backed away, dragging the little Otter with him and showing all his great teeth in ugly snarls. Meanwhile Sammy Jay kept up his screaming. Of course, Farmer Brown's boy heard it. He stopped fishing to listen. He knows the ways of Sammy Jay, does Farmer Brown's boy.



“Something going on back there,” he muttered. Wonder what it is. Sammy doesn’t holler like that unless he is terribly excited. Guess I’ll have to see what it all means.”

He laid his rod down, leaving the bait in the water. Very carefully he tiptoed back to where Sammy was making such a racket. He was just in time to see Little Joe and Mrs. Otter bravely rushing at Old Man Coyote, who was growling and snarling, while with his two forefeet he held down the whimpering little Otter. Farmer Brown’s boy didn’t stop to think. He just opened his mouth and yelled. Then, grabbing up a stick, he rushed forward.

Old Man Coyote didn’t wait for him to get there. At the sound of that yell, he jumped as if he had been shot. Then he turned and vanished like a shadow in the brush. Little Joe Otter and Mrs. Joe had been almost as much frightened as Old Man Coyote, and they ran, too. But not far. O, my, no. Their love was too strong for that. They dived into the little pool; but almost at once their brown heads appeared again as they turned to see what new danger threatened their darling.

As for the latter, he was too badly frightened to move. He growled feebly in a very frightened way as Farmer Brown’s boy picked him up.

“You poor little thing,” said Farmer Brown’s boy gently. “I wouldn’t hurt you for the world.”

But the little Otter couldn’t understand a word, and just shivered with fear. At first Farmer Brown’s boy decided that he would take the little fellow home for a pet<sup>11</sup>. Then he looked out in the little pool straight into the eyes of Mrs. Joe and he saw there such a look of anxious love and longing that he marched straight down to the edge of the water and gently put his little captive into it. Then he laughed and the laugh was good to hear as the little fellow dived and swam out to join his parents as fast as ever he could and all three promptly disappeared. When he got back to where he had left his rod something was tugging at the line. It was the biggest trout he ever had caught.

## STORY 1025. May 22, 1915.

### The Funniest Babies in the World

Ah reckons that nobody  
Is happier than me,  
With chillen all around me  
Up in mah holler tree.

To have heard him you would have thought that Unc’ Billy Possum devoted most of his time to those babies he was forever talking about and singing to himself about, when the truth is he had almost nothing to do with them save to look in on them once in a while and grin. But that didn’t mean that he wasn’t just as proud and happy as he pretended to be. He was. It is a way a great many fathers have. They think their babies the most wonderful babies in the world, but they leave the care of them to their

---

<sup>11</sup> This appeal to mother love might be related to reactions to the 1913 Baby Chuck episode.



mothers, which after all is, I guess, a very good thing.

The fact is, Unc' Billy had discovered that his room was preferred to his company in the hollow tree where he made his home; and more often than not old Mrs. Possum chased him out when he did come home. But Unc' Billy didn't mind. So he went about in the Green Forest telling whoever would listen what wonderful babies he had back there in the hollow tree, the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the smartest babies in the world.

His neighbors would turn their heads to hide their smiles. Most of them had babies of their own and they knew perfectly well that theirs were the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the smartest in the world, but if Unc' Billy thought his were, why let him. It was part of the pleasure of having babies.

"How many babies have you got, Unc' Billy?" asked Peter Rabbit.

Unc' Billy scratched his head and looked foolish. "Fact is, Brer Rabbit, Ah' don' rightly know," he confessed.

"What? You don't know how many babies you've got?" Peter looked as if he thought he couldn't have heard right.

Unc' Billy looked more foolish than ever and his grin was such a sheepish grin that Peter laughed right out.

"Yo' see," explained Unc' Billy, "Ah done have no chance to count the li'l' rascals, but Ah reckons mah ol' holler tree is plumb full of 'em."

So Peter went about telling everybody that Unc' Billy Possum had so many children that he couldn't count them. Unc' Billy suddenly found himself very Important. Every day some of the neighbors would drop around to inquire about those babies and Unc' Billy would tell how beautiful they were and how wonderful they were until those who listened began to believe that it must really be so.

"I don't see how anyone so homely as Unc' Billy can possibly have beautiful children," said Bobby Coon to Jimmy Skunk, "but you never can tell. I wish old Mrs. Possum would bring them out, where we could see them."

At last one sunshiny morning she did. Jimmy Skunk happened to be there at the time. He had come over for his morning call on Unc' Billy. As he drew near the hollow tree, he became aware that something important was going on. Unc' Billy was all swelled up with importance. He didn't even notice Jimmy. Then out of the hollow tree came the funniest sight Jimmy had ever seen. He stared at it with his mouth wide open in the most foolish way. At first, he couldn't make out what it was at all. Then he made out that it was Mrs. Old Possum with baby Possums clinging all over her.

And such babies! They had little pinkish hairless tails and sharp little faces, the homeliest, funniest babies Jimmy ever had seen. He wanted to lie down and hold his sides with laughter. But he didn't. Unc' Billy spied him just then and came hurrying over.

"Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they beautiful?" he cried.

Jimmy looked at the pride shining in Unc' Billy's little eyes and he swallowed his laughter. "I never saw such babies in all my life," he declared, which was the truth. Unc' Billy looked more proud than ever, and as soon as he could Jimmy stole away to have his laugh out by himself. "They are the funniest babies I ever did see," he chuckled.

## STORY 1026. May 24, 1915.

### The Interest in the Possum Family

When the word went forth among the little people of the Green Forest that old Mrs. Possum was taking her family out for a walk every day, everybody who could made an excuse to just happen around near Unc' Billy's hollow tree. Each one tried his best to appear as if he had just happened along that way. You see it isn't considered good manners to show too much interest in any one's family, not among the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, anyway.

So each one tried his best to appear very much surprised when he met old Mrs. Possum and her family, and, of course, each one hastened to say the very nicest things he could think of about those Possum babies. Old Mrs. Possum paid no attention whatever to what was said. Indeed, she appeared to take no notice at all of her neighbors. She went right about her business as if no one was there. At least that is the way it seemed. But after a little Peter Rabbit noticed that whenever Granny or Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Redtail the Hawk happened to be anywhere near she always seemed to have business up in the trees, while when he or Chatterer the Red Squirrel or Striped Chipmunk or Sammy Jay or Tommy Tit the Chickadee or Whitefoot the Wood Mouse were about she seldom or never climbed a tree, but was tremendously busy on the ground hunting for insects and digging out tender roots and as usual seeming to pay no attention to anyone. Then Peter made up his mind that old Mrs. Possum was a lot shrewder and more clever than she looked, and that while she seemed to be paying no attention to her neighbors she was watching every minute and she knew all about the interest her big family had aroused.

Peter was right. Old Mrs. Possum knew perfectly well why Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote visited that part of the Green Forest so much, often two or three times a day, and why they were always so polite to her and inquired so earnestly after her health and the health of her family. She knew that they were quite as much interested as they professed to be. Yes, indeed, she knew all that. But she also knew that it wasn't because the babies were so cute and funny that they were interested, as were Peter Rabbit and the others, but because tender, young Possums would make such delicious eating.

So while she seemed to be thinking of nothing but finding plenty for her growing babies to eat she had her sharp little eyes open every second of every minute for those who were interested for the sake of their stomachs. And with this and trying to find enough to fill all those hungry mouths dependent on her she had no time to gossip or show off her babies as most mothers delight to do.

If she was proud of all the attention her family received, she never let it be known. In fact, she was very short and sharp and had a way of making everybody feel uncomfortable. Unc' Billy would excuse her whenever he could.

"Yo' see," he would explain, "a lot of chillern are a powerful lot of care an' mah ol' woman han't got time to be polite, Ah reckon. She don' mean anything by her sharp tongue. Ah reckon Ah ought to know, fo' Ah done live with her fo' a long time.

Her tongue am sharp there is no doubt;  
Her temper it am short.  
But we-uns know she loves we-uns,  
And count the rest as naught.

## STORY 1027. May 25, 1915

### How Many Children Had Unc' Billy Possum?

"Ah've got so many chillern  
Ah don' know what to do.  
To tell one from another,  
Ah wonder how would yo'."

"How many have you got?" asked Peter Rabbit. It was the second time Peter had asked that question. The first time had been before old Mrs. Possum had brought her family out of the hollow tree and Unc' Billy had had to confess that he didn't know how many children he had got, because he couldn't count them when they were all crowded together with their mother in the hollow tree. But now they came out every day with their mother, and so, of course, Unc' Billy must know how many there were.

Unc' Billy gave Peter a funny, sidewise look. "Ah reckon Ah's got plenty," said he.

"But how many?" persisted Peter.

"Nuff to keep an ol' feller like me busy," replied Unc' Billy.

"You don't know how many you've got even yet!" exclaimed Peter, staring at Unc' Billy as if he was some new and curious thing. "The idea of not knowing how many babies you've got! How would you know if one should be lost?"

"Mrs. Possum would know. Yo' can trust mah ol' woman fo' that," replied Unc' Billy confidently. "Ah don't worry about that. If anything happens to one o' those li'l babies she done bound to know it right smart quick, and then Ah's bound to know it too. This ol' man ain't worrying about not knowing if anything happens to one of these babies. But if yo' really want to know how many Ah done got, Brer Rabbit, suppose yo' count 'em yo'self. Here they come now."

Sure enough, there was Mrs. Possum coming their way, and as usual she had the whole family with her. In fact, there wasn't much of Mrs. Possum to be seen but her head, tail and feet, because there were little Possums clinging all over her. Peter began to count.

He got to seven, including three heads sticking out of the big pocket in her apron, and then two of these disappeared, and a moment later one popped up. Peter couldn't tell for the life of him whether it was one of the two or another, for they all looked as like as peas in a pod. So he began to count all over again.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counted Peter and stopped. One of those he had just counted had gone into that big pocket, and now there were two heads with bright eyes peeping out at him. Was one of them the little chap who had just gone in or was it another? Peter couldn't tell.

"How many do you make, Brer Rabbit?" asked Unc' Billy.

Peter looked confused. "I haven't counted them yet," said he.

Some of the babies were scrambling out of that big pocket. Peter waited until he felt sure that all were out. Then once more he began to count. He began with those who were hanging on by curling their tails around the tail of their mother, but by the time he had reached those who were clinging to the long hair of her coat some of the youngsters who had been clinging to her tail had left there and mixed themselves up with others, so that Peter lost count again. Twice more Peter tried, and twice more he lost count.

Unc' Billy grinned, and then he chuckled. "Didn't Ah tell yo' Ah had plenty, Brer Rabbit," said he. "That's a near nuff count fo' me. Ah reckon that if Ah was to know just how many Ah done got Ah cert'nly would go plum crazy trying to count 'em every day to make sure none was lost. What, must yo' be goin' so soon, Brer Rabbit? Whenever yo' haven't anything better to do come around and count those chillern of mine. If anybody asks yo' how many Ah got just yo' tell 'em that Ah got a-plenty. Goodby, Brer Rabbit, goodby."

"Goodby," said Peter, hopping away, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

## STORY 1028. May 26, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Has a Shock

When you have tried and tried again  
To do some thing or other,  
Just try and try and try some more  
And never mind the bother.

Peter Rabbit was trying to live up to that. Yes, sir, he was. He had tried and tried until he had been almost ready to give up and not try any more, and then he had thought he would try just once more, and so he had kept on trying. Now, if it had been something really worth while this would have been very fine of Peter, but the truth is the thing Peter was trying to do wasn't worth while at all. If he succeeded, he wouldn't be one bit better off save that his curiosity would be satisfied. Peter is just like a great many people, spending time and a great deal of effort to do something not worth doing at all.

Illustrations. May 17 to May 23, 1915.



**1020. Great Fun on a Slippery Slide**  
Mrs. Joe slid head first down the bank.



**1021. Farmer Brown's Boy has a Holiday**  
"I ought to catch three in this pool," said he.



**1022. A Family Fishing Party**  
Farmer Brown's boy kept perfectly still.



**1023. Old Man Coyote Catches a Young Fisherman!**  
His sharp ears caught the sound of a splash.



**1024. Sammy Jay Again Proves Himself a True Quaddy**  
"Thief! Thief! Thief!" screamed Sammy, louder than ever.



**1025. The Funniest Babies in the World**  
"How many babies have you?" asked Peter Rabbit.

Now, please don't laugh when I tell you what it was that Peter was trying so hard to do. Very likely you have tried just as hard to do something just as foolish. Peter was trying to find out just how many babies Unc' Billy Possum had. Unc' Billy couldn't tell him or wouldn't tell him. Peter wasn't sure which. All he would say was that he had a-plenty and invite Peter to count them. So at least once every day Peter visited that part of the Green Forest where Unc' Billy makes him home and tried to count the babies. One day he counted eight and went home satisfied that he had the right number. He told everybody he met that Unc' Billy had eight babies. The next day he counted nine. He counted them three times and each time he made nine. That day, on his way home, he told everybody that he had been mistaken and that Unc' Billy had nine babies instead of eight. The day after that he counted 10, and this time he kept his tongue still on the way home, for he didn't want to be laughed at.

He was back again the day following to make sure about the ten, and lo and behold! he couldn't make but eight to save him. You see, they were very lively babies and all looked just alike. Some would be scrambling around on the ground and some would be clinging to the coat of their mother, and some would be in that big pocket in her apron, and as they kept changing places Peter never could be quite sure that he hadn't counted some of them twice. It was a regular puzzle, and it got so that when Peter didn't have anything else to do he would go over to try to count the Possum babies.

He started over to the Green Forest one afternoon for this purpose. It was a beautiful afternoon. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his best, the birds were singing, and there was happiness in the very air. Peter was happy, so happy that he wanted to sing himself, but as he couldn't he had to content himself with jumping and kicking his long heels together and doing other foolish things. It was so beautiful that it didn't seem possible that there could be sadness or trouble anywhere.

Peter had almost reached Unc' Billy Possum's hollow tree when in a little open place he came upon a sight that gave him such a shock that he gave a little gasp and caught his breath hard. There on the ground before him lay old Mrs. Possum and around her lay all the baby Possums, and so far as he could, see every one of them was dead. It was a terrible sight. For a few minutes Peter sat and stared at them with round, frightened eyes. All the gladness and the brightness of the day was gone. He hopped a few steps nearer and rolled one of the babies over. There wasn't a sign of life. Peter looked this way and that way, a great fear growing in his heart. Who could have done this dreadful thing? Then he started to tip-toe away, big tears rolling down his cheeks.

STORY 1029. May 27, 1915.

## Peter Rabbit Misses a Chance

By this 'twill be most clearly seen  
That wits must be both sharp and keen.

Big tears rolled down Peter Rabbit's cheeks as he started to tip-toe away from that dreadful place where old Mrs. Possum and all the baby possums lay stretched on the

ground. "Who could have killed them? Who could have killed them? Who could have done such a dreadful thing?" he kept saying over and over to himself as he stole away.

Then he thought of Unc' Billy Possum. He wondered if Unc' Billy knew yet. "Poor old Unc' Billy," muttered Peter as he wiped away a tear. "I wouldn't wonder if this would break his heart so that he will die, too. It would break my heart if any such terrible thing happened to my family. I just couldn't live. Poor Unc' Billy. I wish I could do something for him. It seems to me that this is a time we ought to get together and let Unc' Billy know how sorry we are for him and how we would like to do something for him."

Just then Peter heard something that made him pause and sit up to listen. It was a funny, cracked voice trying to sing, and this is what Peter heard:

"Ah love mah li'l' babies  
That fill mah holler-tree.  
Ah reckon Ah'm as happy  
As any one can be."

It was Unc' Billy himself up in a tree not very far away.

"O!" cried Peter to himself with a little catch in his voice. "He doesn't know yet and I—I just can't be the one to tell him. This is terrible, just terrible. He choked all up because, you know, he felt so sad. Then he tried to decide what he ought to do. He felt that he ought to tell Unc' Billy. It would be dreadful to leave Unc' Billy to find it out for himself. But somehow Peter felt that he couldn't be the one to break such terrible news. Ordinarily there is nothing Peter likes better than to be the bearer of news, but this was too awful. While he was thinking it over and trying to get up courage to tell Unc' Billy another thought came into his head. Here was a chance to find out just how many babies Unc' Billy had had. It would be an easy matter to count those little still forms now. When they had been scrambling around he never could be sure that he had counted them right, but now there would be no trouble at all.

"I believe I'll go back there and count them and then I'll go break the news to Unc' Billy," muttered Peter.

So he turned about and hopped back. You see he had not gone very far. When he came in sight of the sad scene there lay old Mrs. Possum and the babies just as he had left them. Peter wiped his eyes by drawing the back of one hand across them and then he began to count, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," counted Peter. He had just opened his mouth to say eight when the most astonishing thing happened. Old Mrs. Possum suddenly scrambled to her feet and spoke sharply. At the sound of her voice all the baby possums scrambled to their feet and began to run around. Some climbed up on their mother's back and some popped into the big pocket in her apron.

Peter gasped and blinked his eyes very fast and hard. He began to think that something was the matter with his eyes: and he rubbed them with both hands. But there wasn't anything the matter with them. There was old Mrs. Possum and all the little possums just as much alive as ever they were. Then Peter remembered how he had once seen Unc' Billy fool Bowser the Hound by pretending that he was dead.



“Why,” gasped Peter, “old Mrs. Possum must have been giving them a lesson!”

“Of course,” snapped Mrs. Possum, who overheard what Peter said. “What did you suppose I was doing?”

But that Peter never told her. All at once the day was bright and beautiful and glad again and full of happiness for Peter, and he went his way, lipperty- lipperty-lip, joyously. There was only one thing that troubled him. “I wish I had counted those babies when I had the chance,” he thought.

## STORY 1030. May 28, 1915.

### The Call of the Great World

The Great World calls with a mighty voice  
“Come forth, come forth to me!  
I’ve wonderful things for you to do  
And wonderful things to see!”

And the great voice is heard sooner or later by all the little people of the land, in the Great Forest, on the Green Meadows, along the Laughing Brook, in the Smiling Pool, and in the homes of men. Fathers and mothers dread to hear it, for they know what it means. It means that their little folks will one day leave them. They forget how when they were young, they harkened to it and went out to make homes of their own, or if they do remember they also remember how different the Great World was from what they had thought it would be.

But when the young hear the voice of the Great World calling, they think only of the wonderful things to do and the wonderful things to see, and as they listen they are filled with a great longing to go and do and see. They cannot get away from that voice. It calls to them in their play. It calls to them in their dreams. It is a pleasant voice. It is filled with the promise of splendid things and it never mentions other things such as danger and work and suffering. O, my, no, it never mentions any of these things. It is just a wonderful, fairy place, is the Great World, to the young who listen to its mighty voice, and little by little the longing to go out into it grows and grows until they have to heed and go.

And those who have learned best their lessons at home are the ones who are best fitted to go out into the Great World and do the wonderful things and see the wonderful things and be prepared to make homes of their own. That is why all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows have to go to school almost as soon as they can run around. Often they think they are just playing, when really they are learning the most important lessons to prepare them for the time when they will go out into the Great World. It was one of those lessons which old Mrs. Possum was teaching the baby Possums when Peter Rabbit found them and thought they were dead. Old Mrs. Possum knew that it would not be long before some of those lively babies of hers would hear the voice calling and would slip away to see the Great World. She meant that they should be prepared as well as she could prepare them.

So every day she gave them lessons in climbing; she taught them what was good and what was not good to eat and where to look for the things that they liked best; she taught them how to watch out for their enemies, and if they were surprised how to fool them by pretending to be dead. She took a great deal of pains with this last matter, and if one of them moved so much as the tip of his tail or raised the corner of an eyelid to peep out his ears were promptly boxed. She dragged and rolled them around roughly, and they had to pretend they were dead until she told them not to.

As they grew bigger and bigger, old Mrs. Possum grew more and more anxious. She knew that any day now some of them might hear the voice of the Great World, and she dreaded the time when they should. Unc' Billy didn't worry, but then Unc' Billy hadn't had the care and training of those babies. He said that it would do them good to go out into the Great World and learn that they didn't know quite so much as they thought they did, and that he and their mother did know a few things better than they did.

But old Mrs. Possum kept an anxious eye on them most of the time, and she never left them alone in the hollow tree that she didn't fear that when she returned some would be missing. And at last her fears were realized. She returned one day to find that three were missing, the three strongest and boldest and, therefore, the most troublesome. She didn't go look for them. She knew that they had heard the voice of the Great World and had gone out into it. It would be of no use to try to find and bring them back, for they wouldn't come. So she dropped a tear or two and then devoted herself to those that were left.

## STORY 1031. May 29, 1915

### Three Little Possums in the Great World

Three little Possums all alone.  
Three little Possums, who wouldn't own  
That way down deep in their little insides  
Something like Fear at times resides.

No, indeed, they wouldn't own to anything like that, not even to each other. The voice of the Great World which had I called them had said nothing about things to be afraid of, and now that they were really and truly out in the Great World it wouldn't do to admit that they felt fear. No, indeed! Of course not. They were bold and free and out to do wonderful things and see wonderful things, and it would never, never do to admit that they ever thought longingly of the old hollow tree and their brothers and sisters there, and Mother Possum to scold them and love them and do their thinking for them.

So the three little Possums kept on out into the Great World and tried to feel very big and brave and bold. They were three of Unc' Billy's children—Bumpy, named so by Unc' Billy because from the time he was big enough to crawl he was forever tumbling about and getting bumps; Grumpy, who got his name because he always seemed out of sorts, even when he didn't feel that way at all, and Frumpy, who never could keep his hair smooth. They had heard the call of the Great World and had decided

to go out and see it together. So they had slipped away while old Mrs. Possum was out on an errand, and now here they were out in the Great World at last and feeling very important.

Really they were not very far from the old hollow tree which had been home ever since they could remember, but because they never had been there before, and because they were quite by themselves, it seemed to them very wonderful, and they felt that at last they were truly out in the Great World and that it was a very pleasant place. At first they hurried so as to get as far as possible. Then when their stomachs got so empty that they felt that they just must eat, they stopped to hunt for food. It wasn't so easy to find as when Mother Possum had been at hand to show them where to look, but they found enough after a while, and when they could eat no more they decided to rest. So they climbed a tree and in a big, comfortable crotch they curled up together for a nap. Being very tired, they slept a long time, and when they awoke jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was almost ready to pull his nightcap on behind the Purple Hills. It was already dark in the Green Forest, for the Black Shadows come there first.

Now, Bumpy, Grumpy, and Frumpy were not afraid of the dark. Of course not! The very idea! Hadn't they eyes for seeing in the dark? And yet somehow they didn't feel quite comfortable there in the crotch of that strange tree with the Black Shadows all about them. Bumpy was just going to say so when a shadow a little blacker than the others stopped right in the top of the very tree they were in. Then the terrible voice of Hooty the Owl ran through the Green Forest. Bumpy, Grumpy, and Frumpy hugged each other, and their hearts thumped as if they would burst through their skins.

"We must keep perfectly still," Bumpy whispered.

"We better play that we are dead, and then if he sees us he'll think we are," whispered Frumpy.

So the three little Possums played that they were dead, and there they lay in the crotch of the big tree for ever and ever so long. Hooty didn't see them. Of course, he didn't dream that there were three little Possums in the very tree he was in. He didn't once look down in the crotch, and if he had he wouldn't have seen anything but a mass of hair that didn't move. At last he flew away. A long time, a very long time after, Frumpy ventured to move.

"I-I didn't know the Great World was such a terrible place," he whimpered.

"Keep still," growled Grumpy. "Somebody may hear you."

## STORY 1032. May 31, 1915.

### Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy See More<sup>12</sup>.

Three little Possums shivering with fright.  
Dear, dear, dear! Such a sorry sight!

---

12 The original manuscript for this story titled it "Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy See More of the Great World."

But then you couldn't blame them, not for shivering with fright, anyway. Probably you would shiver with fright if a great creature who was looking for you for his dinner was to sit right above you and keep shouting in a terribly fierce voice. I know I would in such a case. Frightened as they were, the three little Possums remembered the lessons of Old Mrs. Possum and played dead. There they lay they lay in the crotch of a tree and never moved so much as an eyelid while Hooty the Owl sat up above them and hooted and hooted and never once saw the three fine tidbits huddled in the crotch of the tree below him. I am afraid I couldn't have done that. Could you? That shows how well they had learned their lesson.

When at last after a long, long time, Hooty flew away and they dared to move, they were quite at a loss to know what to do or where to go. It was night, and although they were not afraid of the dark, for they have eyes to see in the dark, it wasn't at all like the bright, cheerful day. There were strange noises in the Green Forest, and they were, yes, they were very, very lonesome. The voice of the Great World when it had called them had said nothing about being frightened and lonesome. They thought of the snug hollow tree where their brothers and sisters were safe and comfortable with old Mrs. Possum, and they almost wished they had not run away.

"What had we better do now?" asked Frumpy, when Hooty the Owl had been gone so long that they felt it was safe to move.

"Stay right where we are until morning, growled Grumpy. "We ought to be in a hollow tree, but we don't know where to look for one, and if we go looking for one something is likely to spring out of the darkness and catch us. Listen! I can hear the footsteps of Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote this, very minute."

They listened with all their might, and sure enough down below were light footsteps. They hugged each other and held their breath until all was still again. It was very clear that they would not be at all safe if they ventured down on the ground. So they decided to stay right where they were. They did their best to go to sleep, but they were not sleepy. There were too many strange sounds to permit them to go to sleep. It seemed as if morning never would come, but at last the Black Shadows began to retreat and the Jolly Sunbeams came dancing through the Green Forest. The birds began to sing, and then all thought of being lonesome left Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy. Quite suddenly they felt very big and brave. Had they not spent a night out in the Great World?

They scrambled down from the tree to hunt for breakfast, which was not at all difficult to find, for there were plenty of fat bugs and tender green things. Then they continued on their journey into the Great World. Never were there such big trees! Never were there so many or such beautiful flowers! Never had the birds sung so sweetly or jolly round, bright Mr. Sun shone so brightly! Yes, indeed, the Great World was truly a wonderful and beautiful place. There were hollow logs and old stumps to explore. There were old nests to climb to and examine. In fact, there was so much to see and do that they quite forgot that there could be dangers to watch out for, and so they grew careless. They poked their sharp little noses into holes without first finding out if the holes were empty, and thus It was that Frumpy very nearly disappeared from

these stories altogether.

## STORY 1033. June 1, 1915.

### Frumpy's Great Adventure.

Stop and look and listen, too,  
In places which are new to you.

Frumpy had been taught that by old Mrs. Possum just as soon as he was big enough to begin to poke that sharp, little inquisitive nose of his into all kinds of places. But now that he was out in the Great World with his brothers, Bumpy and Grumpy, he thought himself above such simple things as these early lessons, or else he forgot. Probably he forgot. Forgetting is so easy, you know, especially when you are having a good time, and there are ever so many new things to see and do.

Frumpy had spied a hole not very far up in a dead tree. It was an interesting looking hole. If he had been older and wiser in the ways of the Great World he would have known at once that it had been made by Drummer the Woodpecker, and he would have known, too, that it had been made that very spring. But Frumpy was just a heedless young Possum intent on poking his nose into every hole he found just to see what was there. Grumpy and Bumpy were busy investigating an old stump. It would be fun to climb up and hide in that hole and let them try to find him.

So up the tree scrambled Frumpy and, without looking or listening to see if there might be anybody there before him, he popped his head in at the hole. But that was all that he did do. Something sharp hit him so hard that with a little cry he backed out so hurriedly that he nearly lost his balance and fell to the ground. But he managed to hang on and to crawl around on the other side of the tree. It was lucky he did. Out of the hole popped a very angry personage. She was very angry indeed. You had only to hear her scream to know that. It was Mrs. Drummer.

At first she didn't see Frumpy and flew about in great excitement. With all his heart Frumpy hoped she wouldn't see him. But in a minute, she caught sight of him and darted at him like a fury. Poor Frumpy! "I didn't mean anything. Truly I didn't," he sobbed as he dodged this way and that around the tree trunk. But Mrs. Drummer paid no heed. There were babies in that hole in the tree, and if Frumpy had been ever so many times bigger than he was she would have attacked him just the same.

The racket she made was bringing other birds, Drummer himself at the head of them, and all screaming with anger. Frumpy knew that never in the wide world could he dodge all of them. He watched his chance and scrambled down the tree, Mrs. Drummer pulling a tuft of fur from his coat just as he reached the ground. Once on the ground, he soon found a hiding place and there he cowered, very sore and very much frightened. He had not supposed that birds—that is, any birds but hawks and owls—could be so fierce and terrible.

"What was it all about?" asked Grumpy and Bumpy when at last they found him. "I—I made a mistake," was all that Frumpy would say as he held onto his aching head.

Later when he felt better he told his brothers all about it.

“Pooh,” said Grumpy. “You ought to have known better. It served you right. Never go anywhere until you know where you are going. Now let’s go hunt for a hollow where we can spend the night without being frightened death.” He led the way and the others followed.

## STORY 1034. June 2, 1915.

### Grumpy Learns His Lesson

A funny thing it is to me  
How other’s errors we can see  
And to our own be blind;  
Watch them get caught and have to pay.  
Then like as not that very day  
Ourselves in trouble find.

It’s the easiest thing in the world to tell others that they shouldn’t have done a thing, especially when they already know it. But it is quite another matter to always remember not to make mistakes and do foolish things yourself. That is the way it was with Grumpy, one of the three little Possums who had started out to see the Great World. He was sorry for his brother Frumpy, who had heedlessly tried to enter the home of Drummer the Woodpecker without first finding out if anyone was at home, and as a result was now very sore and achy all over from the blows of Mrs. Drummer. In fact, he was lucky to have escaped with his life.

Grumpy was sorry for him, but he took pains to tell him that it served him just right for forgetting to stop, look and listen, as he had been taught to do by Mother Possum. Then Grumpy took the lead to find a nice comfortable hollow where they could spend the night in comfort and safety. One behind the other the three little Possums, Grumpy, Bumpy and Frumpy traveled through the Green Forest looking for a hollow tree in which to spend the night. But somehow hollow trees were not very plentiful, and the three little travelers were getting very tired and discouraged. It was getting late in the afternoon and would soon be dark in the Green Forest. They were beginning to have that lonesome feeling once more.

It was then that Grumpy spied an old tree that ought to be full of hollows. “You wait here while I climb up and see,” said he.

So Bumpy and Frumpy waited while Grumpy climbed the tree. Not very far up he found just what he was looking for, a nice big hole which promised a big roomy hollow. It was such an old hole that he felt sure that no one had lived there for a long time. He was so pleased and excited that he forgot all about Frumpy’s mishap and in he popped.

He popped out quicker than he popped in, and he didn’t wait to climb down. He Just dropped with a frightened squeal. Looking up, Bumpy and Frumpy saw a long black head and neck dart out with wicked looking eyes and a tongue that kept darting in

## Illustrations. May 24 to May 29, 1915.



**1026. The Interest in the Possum Family**  
Each tried to appear surprised.



**1027. How Many Children Had Unc' Billy Possum?**  
"But how many?" persisted Peter.



**1028. Peter Rabbit Has a Shock**  
He started over to the Green Forest.



**1029. Peter Rabbit Misses a Chance**  
Big tears rolled down Peter Rabbit's cheeks.



**1030. The Call of the Great World**  
As they grew bigger Mrs. Possum grew anxious.



**1031. Three Little Possums in the Great World**  
They didn't feel comfortable in that strange tree.



and out of the mouth. They didn't wait to see more, but ran as hard as ever they could as far as ever they could, Grumpy following. When they were so out of breath that they couldn't run farther they stopped and listened fearfully to see if anyone was following.

"It was that dreadful Mr. Blacksnake, and he almost got me," gasped Grumpy. He pulled a mouthful of fur from my back, and—and—O, it was dreadful!"

Frumpy turned his head to hide a smile. "Served you right," said he. "You ought to have known better. Never go anywhere until you know where you are going."

Grumpy hung his head. "I know it," he replied meekly. "I'm sorry I said that to you. I guess I've learned my lesson. My, I never was so frightened in my life. I wonder why Mr. Blacksnake didn't chase us."

The reason was that Mr. Blacksnake had just had a full meal and didn't feel like chasing anybody. If he had it would probably have been the end of one of those little Possums. He had curled up in that hollow to sleep and let his dinner digest. If he hadn't been asleep, he probably would have caught Grumpy when he popped in. As it was, he just grinned as he watched the three little Possums run for their lives. All of which was very lucky for them.

## STORY 1035. June 3, 1915.

### Bumpy Lives Up to His Name

Bumpity-thumpity-thumpity-bump.

People who climb often fall with a thump.

The second night after Unc' Billy Possum's three runaways, Bumpy, Grumpy, and Frumpy, had started out to see the Great World was passed very comfortably in a hollow log. It was opened at one end and the opening was too small for Reddy Fox to more than stick his nose in, so the three felt very safe and comfortable and went to sleep without any worries at all on their minds. They quite forgot that Shadow the Weasel could slip in there as easily as they could, or perhaps they would not have slept so soundly and comfortably. But they never had seen Shadow and didn't know much about him anyway, so he didn't once enter their minds, which this time was just as well, for Shadow didn't happen along that way.

They were astir very early in the morning and had their breakfast by the time the Jolly Little Sunbeams came dancing through the Green Forest to make glad their hearts. So in high spirits they started on once more to see the Great World. They were just as eager as ever to see all that was to be seen, to explore every hole and hollow they came to, but they had learned that very important lesson, caution, through the dreadful experiences of Frumpy and Grumpy, and they no longer poked their heads into holes until they had stopped to look and listen and make sure that there was no one there before them.

Every once in a while Bumpy would chuckle as he remembered how terribly frightened Frumpy and Grumpy had been.

“Laugh, if you want to,” grumbled Grumpy “It may seem funny to you, but it wasn’t funny for us. And just watch out that we don’t have a chance to laugh at you.”

Then Bumpy chuckled harder than ever. He didn’t say anything, but just made up his mind that he wouldn’t give them a chance. He would be too smart to get into any such scrapes as his brothers had. Alas! How often it is that pride goes before a fall. It was to be that way with Bumpy, though he would not have believed it if he had been told.

Presently they came to a tree half way up which was a dark mass. It looked as if it might be an old nest. Right way Bumpy declared he was going up to find out. Old nests were very interesting things and this looked like a big one. So up the tree scrambled Bumpy while the others watched him. The nearer he got to that dark mass the queerer it looked. It was very rough. It seemed to be made of little sharp sticks, queer looking little sticks, and something that looked like hair mixed with them. Those sharp little sticks were like long, very long thorns. Bumpy touched one of them, and it pricked him so that he cried “Ouch!”

Then he decided that he would climb around and above it so that he could look down into it. He had just started to do this when suddenly, without any warning at all, that old nest shook itself so that all those queer little sticks rattled. It frightened Bumpy so that he forgot where he was and let go his hold. Down he tumbled, bumpity-thumpity, thumpity-bump, hitting one branch after another. He was almost to the ground when he managed to dig his claws into the bark and hang on. Then the worst frightened little Possum in all the Green Forest looked up to see a big, strange looking animal looking down at him and grinning. It was Prickly Porky the Porcupine, who had been curled up in a crotch of the tree taking a nap.

And down on the ground Grumpy and Frumpy were rolling over and over with laughter.

## STORY 1036. June 4, 1915.

### The Three Little Possums Meet Granny Fox

Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy, the three little Possums who were out to see the Great World, had been away from the old hollow tree where they were born for so long that they felt quite as if they had been out in the Great World always. This was their third day, and, three days in strange places can seem like a very long time to little folks, you know. Bumpy was still very sore from the bumps he had got when he fell from the tree in which he had mistaken Prickly Porky the Porcupine for an old nest. He was very quiet as he trudged along behind the others. Somehow the frights that Frumpy and Grumpy had had when they poked their heads into hollow trees and found others there before them didn’t seem funny at all now. Before his own fright he had chuckled and chuckled every time he had thought of how they had run. Now they were chuckling at him, and he couldn’t see anything funny in it at all.

Presently they came to the Lone Little Path. Frumpy wanted to go down the Lone

Little Path, Grumpy wanted to go up the Lone Little Path and Bumpy wanted to cross it and keep on where there was no path at all. So very foolishly they fell to quarreling.

“I’m the biggest, so of course I’m the leader, and you have to do as I say,” said Grumpy, rather crossly.

“No such thing!” declared Frumpy. “I’m the smartest, and the smartest always is the leader. We’ll go down the Lone Little Path.”

“Neither of you can lead me,” announced Bumpy. “You ought to know that where there is a path there will surely be people to use it. Whether we go up or down it we will be almost sure to meet someone, and it will be as likely to be an enemy as not to. So we’ll keep straight on where there is no path.”

“O, we will, will we?” snapped Grumpy. “Well, we don’t do anything of the kind. It is very much easier traveling in a path. Besides a path must lead somewhere, and it is likely to be to a part of the Great World we want to see. So we’ll go up the path.”

But to this Frumpy and Bumpy wouldn’t agree, and so the three foolish little Possums sat in the middle of the Lone Little Path and quarreled. Each grew angrier and angrier as he tried to make the others give in to him and like most people who lose their temper, they forgot everything else. They forgot that they were now out in the Great World with dangers on every side. They forgot to watch out.

And this is how it happened that old Granny Fox on her way down the Lone Little Path came very near to breakfasting on tender young Possum. She had been trotting along with nothing in particular on her mind, but watching out every minute as she always does, when right ahead of her she saw the three little Possums. She stopped instantly and her eyes snapped with pleasure. Here was a feast indeed. She looked this way and that way on all sides to make sure that old Mrs. Possum was nowhere near. When she was sure of this she began to creep forward very, very slowly and carefully, putting each foot down with the greatest care so as not to so much as rustle a leaf. She was almost within springing distance when Bumpy just happened to turn and look up the Lone Little Path. He never had seen Granny Fox before, but he remembered what his mother had told him about her red coat and he didn’t wait for another look. With a warning cry he scrambled up a tree at the foot of which they had been quarreling and without looking to see what the trouble was the others followed him. Then from the first branches they looked down at Granny Fox.

## STORY 1037. June 5, 1915.

### Granny Fox is Very Pleasant

A smooth and oily tongue is said  
By those who ought to know,  
To be more dangerous than a sword;  
And some have proved it so.

When the three little Possums, Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy, had reached a place

of safety in a tree and looked down at old Granny Fox, they did not see all that they had expected. They had been warned against old Granny Fox. Yes, indeed, Mother Possum had warned them time and again against Granny Fox and Reddy Fox. She had told them that these two could always be known by their red coats, and that they were very fierce and cruel. “

So when the three little Possums looked down they expected to see a very savage and frightful looking person. But they didn't. No indeed! They knew it was Granny Fox by her red cloak, but instead of looking fierce and cruel she was smiling up at them in the nicest way.

“Dear me, dear me, how I frightened you!” she exclaimed. “It is too bad. You see I didn't know you were here at all. I was just taking my morning walk down the Lone Little Path and had no idea that any one was about. You must be Unc' Billy Possum's children.”

“I wonder how she knows that,” whispered Bumpy to Frumpy.

“You are a long way from home, children,” continued Granny Fox in her pleasantest voice. “Are you lost?”

Grumpy shook his head. “No'm,” said he.

“Then it must be you three little rogues have run away!” exclaimed Granny, smiling up at them. “Is that it?”

“We've left home to see the Great World,” replied Frumpy.

“So that's it! Of course. I might have known. How very stupid of me,” said Granny. “All young people have to get out to see the Great World. I remember very well when my own children started out and how terribly anxious I felt. I expect your mother is feeling the same way now. But we mothers must expect such things. And how do you like the Great World, my dears?”

“Very much, thank you,” replied Bumpy, politely. “That is, we like what we have seen of it, but I expect there is a great deal more to see.”

Granny Fox threw back her head and laughed and when she did that, she showed all her great teeth. Somehow the sight of them made Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy feel very uncomfortable.

“Bless your dear little hearts,” cried Granny, “you haven't begun to see the Great World yet! There are the most wonderful things to do and to see and to hear, but without someone to show you where they are you will never find them. It is very lucky I happened along just now, very lucky indeed. I have lived in the Great World a long time and I know all about it. You come with me and I will show you all these wonderful things. And while you are with me no one will be able to harm you. I always did love children, especially little Possums, and I will be just delighted to show you the Great World. It is hardly a safe place for such folks as you to go alone. Come with me and I will take care of you.”

## Three Little Possums and Granny Fox

Old Granny Fox was very pleasant to listen to. The three little Possums up in the tree, Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy, just had to listen because she told them such wonderful things about the Great World that they had started out to see. They knew what Unc' Billy Possum would have said had he been there. He would have told them to stop their ears. They knew this, for they had been told many times that old Granny Fox would gobble them up the first chance she got. But it is the way with little folks sometimes to think that they know more than their elders, especially when they want to do the thing that they have been told not to do.

The three little Possums had been told never to trust Reddy or old Granny Fox, but now that they had seen Granny for themselves and found her so pleasant and so willing to show them the things they wanted to see they began to think that Unc' Billy and Mrs. Possum really didn't know Granny Fox at all. Granny saw what was going on in their foolish little minds, and she turned her head to hide a smile.

"I know you don't trust me, my dears," said she. "Probably you have been told terrible stories about me. But you mustn't believe all you hear or you never will get anywhere in the Great World. Use your common sense, my dears. Use your common sense. Be independent and act for yourselves. How do you expect to find the wonderful things in the Great World unless someone who knows where they are shows you the way? Never have I seen such fine, smart Possums at your age, and nothing would please me more than to show you all those things you want to see."

Bumpy looked at Grumpy and Grumpy looked at Frumpy and Frumpy looked at the others. "Shall we?" whispered Bumpy.

"I don't believe she would hurt a flea," said Frumpy.

"I wish she wouldn't smile; her teeth are too long and sharp," grumbled Grumpy.

"It's a splendid chance to see the Great World," whispered Bumpy.

"We'll never find all those wonderful things alone, added Frumpy. "I wish there wasn't such a hungry look in her eyes," grumbled Grumpy.

"I think she is very nice," whispered Bumpy, "Mother Possum couldn't have really known her at all," said Frumpy.

"I wish she didn't lick her lips so much," grumbled Grumpy.

Meanwhile old Granny Fox waited patiently at the foot of the tree. I tell you what it is, my dears," said she at last, "I will go off down the Lone Little Path far enough for you to feel perfectly safe in coming down. You are quite right in being careful and cautious, and it does you great credit. Never trust strangers until you have proved that they are to be trusted. When you have come down, I will lead the way to those wonderful things and you can follow me at a safe distance." To herself she added, "I will lead them where there are no trees to climb," and she turned her head to smack her

lips at the thought.

Then Old Granny Fox deliberately turned her back and trotted down the Lone Little Path until they could just see her red cloak. Once the three little Possums looked at each other, and this time even Grumpy hadn't a word to say.

## STORY 1039. June 8, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Again Proves a True Friend

A deed of kindness by the way  
Will brighter make the brightest day.

Sammy Jay was stealing silently through the Green Forest just to see what he could see. It is very convenient to be able to fly, because then you can keep out of sight in the tree-tops. Sammy was feeling a little bored. There had been nothing exciting that morning, and you know Sammy dearly loves excitement. Dear me, I don't know what Sammy Jay would do if he hadn't have a little excitement now and then. Some people are born that way. It is his love of excitement that gets Sammy into half his scrapes.

He had just about made up his mind that there was nothing worth seeing in the Green Forest when he saw old Granny Fox trotting along the Lone Little Path. Now, there is nothing Sammy likes better than to upset the plans of Granny Fox. So now he followed her to see where she was going. He saw the three little Possums quarreling on the ground, and he had opened his mouth to give them warning when Bumpy saw Granny, and all three scrambled up a tree. So Sammy shut his mouth without making a sound and waited to see what would happen next. He felt sure that Granny would try to get those little Possums, and he was curious to see how she would go about it. So all the time that Granny Fox was telling the three little Possums about the wonderful things of the Great World and how glad she would be to show them the way to see all that they wanted to see, Sammy was listening. Two or three times he started to warn Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy not to listen to Granny's smooth tongue, but thought better of it and waited. Of course he saw through Granny's clever plan. He knew just what she meant to do, and he chuckled inside as he thought of how he would upset her plans when the time came.

As for Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy, when Granny Fox proposed to go off down the Lone Path far enough for them to feel perfectly safe in coming down to the ground, and then to lead the way to the wonderful things of the Great World which they so wanted to see, they could see no good reason why they shouldn't do it.

"If she turns around to come back, we can climb another tree," said Bumpy.

"See how honest she is. She says we are just right in being cautious and careful and that it is best never to trust strangers. She is just like Mother Possum. I like her and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't follow her," said Frumpy.

Grumpy agreed that so far as he could see it would be perfectly safe to follow Granny Fox, and if the others wanted to he was willing to, though he did wish that she

hadn't such long sharp teeth.

Meanwhile they could see Old Granny Fox waiting patiently down the Lone Little Path while they made up their minds. Anyway, she seemed to be patient. If they could have known what was going on in her mind they would have thought differently. The truth is she was terribly impatient, but she was smart enough not to show it.

"I wish those silly young Possums would hurry up," she muttered. "If they don't, someone is likely to come along and spoil my plans. Ha! I believe that at last they really have decided to come. Now for a little more cleverness and then for a feast on tender young possum!"

Granny was right. Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy had at last decided that it was safe to follow her, and they had started down the tree. Sammy Jay watched to make sure that they really were going to do it. It was time for him to act.

"Don't do it! Don't do it!" he screamed. "Be very careful what you are about, for Granny Fox will catch you if you don't watch out!"

Sammy Jay was proving himself a true friend by warning Unc' Billy Possum's three babies.

## STORY 1040. June 9, 1915.

### Old Granny Fox Shows Her True Self

When things go wrong is bound to show.  
True character, as you should know.

It is easy enough to be pleasant and nice when everything seems to be just as you want it, but when things go wrong and all your plans are upset it is quite another matter. It is then that true character shows itself. You can never know people for what they really are until you see them in trouble. It was that way with old Granny Fox when she tried to get the three little Possums to come down from the tree where they were safe and Sammy Jay upset her plans. No one could be pleasanter or smoother spoken than was Granny as she urged Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy to follow her and see the wonderful things in the Great World. No, sir, no one could be pleasanter. It was no wonder that the three little Possums thought her a very nice old lady and finally made up their minds to trust her.

They were almost to the ground when Sammy Jay, who had been watching, screamed "Don't do it! Don't do it!" Back up the tree scrambled Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, all their fears and doubts once more awakened. As for old Granny Fox, waiting for them down the Lone Little Path, she sprang up in a terrible rage at the sound of Sammy's voice and came back to the tree where the three little Possums were, grinding her teeth in the most horrid way and glaring up at Sammy Jay as if she would kill him with her fierce looks if she only could.

"This is no business of yours, Sammy Jay!" she snarled, and there was nothing pleasant or smooth in her voice then. "You mind your own affairs and leave those of



Illustrations. May 31 to June 5, 1915.



**1032. Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy See More**  
Hooty the Owl sat up above.



**1033. Frumpy's Great Adventure**  
Out of the hole popped an angry personage.



**1034. Grumpy Learns His Lesson**  
Three little possums travelled through the Green Forest.



**1035. Bumpy Lives Up to His Name**  
It was Prickly Porky the Porcupine.



**1036. The Three Little Possums Meet Granny Fox**  
They looked down on Granny Fox.



**1037. Granny Fox is Very Pleasant**  
"You three little rogues have run away!"

other people alone. You're a good for nothing meddler and ought to have your neck wrung."

"Then why don't you wring it?" chuckled Sammy in the most provoking way.

If ever Granny Fox wished she had wings it was then. As it was there wasn't a thing she could do and she knew it. She fairly choked with anger as she glared up at Sammy.

"Keep cool, Granny. Keep cool," continued Sammy, "Don't give way to temper. It isn't dignified. Besides it won't do you a bit of good. Temper never got anybody anywhere except into trouble."

To have heard Sammy you would have thought that he never lost his temper, when as a matter of fact he is forever losing it. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to try to mislead such poor innocent little things as those baby Possums," continued Sammy. "If you had been trying to fool someone who was wise enough in the ways of the Great World to be on guard, perhaps I would have kept still, but to try to fool such helpless little innocents, fie, Granny, fie."

Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy pricked up their ears. Granny had called them very smart, and they felt that they were. To have Sammy Jay call them helpless innocents hurt their pride. It made them angry, not at Granny Fox, but at Sammy. They had felt quite able to take care of themselves and rather big and important. Granny Fox had made them feel more so. Now here was a meddlesome bird calling them helpless and innocent, as much as to say that they didn't know much and needed someone to look out for them! When they should have been very grateful to Sammy, they were provoked with him. They were almost tempted to go right down and show him that they were not afraid, but they decided that it would be better to wait until Granny had recovered her temper. They might do something or say something that would turn her anger on them. They would wait.

So they kept still while Granny Fox called Sammy Jay every bad thing she could think of and Sammy laughed and chuckled as if it were all a great joke. And the longer they kept still the better chance they had to see old Granny Fox show her true self. Somehow, she didn't look as if she ever could have been pleasant and harmless looking. She looked now just what old Mrs. Possum and Unc' Billy had told them she was—fierce and cruel.

STORY 1041. June 10, 1915.

## Old Granny Fox Tries Again

Beware of one whose smirking smile  
Is but a mask for hidden guile.

As soon as her first fit of temper was over old Granny Fox realized that if she really hoped to catch those three young possums, she mustn't let them see her in such a rage any more, and that she must make some excuse for having lost her temper as it

was. So turning her back to Sammy Jay after one last angry glare at him she looked up at the three little possums with a smile which she tried to make just as pleasant as she knew how.

"I'm sorry," said she, "that meddlesome good for nothing Sammy Jay should have so upset our plans, not on my account, but on yours. You must excuse my anger. It was wholly on your account. It always makes me angry when those who should know better fill the minds of young people with suspicion. You mustn't mind anything that that fellow says to you. Everybody knows that he is the greatest trouble maker in the Green Forest. Why, he is a thief himself. Just you listen to him the next time you hear him scream, and you will find that he screams "Thief! thief! thief! and everybody who knows him knows that he screams thief because he is a thief."

"I've heard say it takes a thief to catch a thief," said Grumpy, looking down at Granny suspiciously.

Granny pretended not to hear. "Of course, such clever and smart little possums as you are far too wise to be misled by such a meddlesome meddler as Sammy Jay. You have left home to see the wonderful things of the Great World, but you will never find them by yourselves. It is too bad that our pleasant trip was spoiled before it had started, and I am more disappointed than you are."

At that Sammy Jay chuckled right out. "You've told the truth for once, Granny," said he.

Granny went right on as if she hadn't heard. "I know just how you feel, my dears," said, she. "I should feel the same way were I in your place. Now I tell you what I will do. I have some important business to attend to and cannot waste any more time. I will leave you now to think it over and will come back this way later. Then if you want to go with me to see the wonderful things of the Great World, I will be glad to show them to you, and if you decide that you don't care to see those wonderful things, and some of them are very wonderful, it will be quite all right. But whatever you do think for yourselves, and don't let Sammy Jay do your thinking for you. Goodbye, my dears, and watch out for dangers."

With this Granny Fox took herself off, trotting down the Lone Little Path out of sight in the most dignified way. To herself she thought, "If that Jay follows me to see where I am going those silly possums will either make up their minds that I am to be trusted or else they will stay where they are until they think the way is clear and then start out themselves, in which case they will find that Granny isn't so far away after all. If Sammy Jay stays to talk to them, he won't be able to keep track of me, and I can slip back and hide near enough to catch those possums when they come down. Either way I think I will have possum for dinner." She licked her lips hungrily and trotted on, never once looking back. She was too smart to do that.

And up in the tree beside the Lone Little Path three little possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy scratched their heads and wished they knew what was best to do.

STORY 1042. June 11, 1915.

## Sammy Jay Does a Little Talking

If sound advice was always heeded  
It would not be so often needed.

The trouble is that those who need it are very apt not to heed it. This is especially true of young folks. You see they don't like to own up that they don't know as much as they think they do. And this is a very great mistake, a very great mistake, indeed.

When Sammy Jay watched old Granny Fox trot off down the Lone Little Path out of sight, he was sorely tempted to follow her. He knew perfectly well that she had some plan in that shrewd head of hers for catching those three little Possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy. Old Granny Fox is not one to give up easily. She is very sharp and very clever. She has to be in order to live. He had upset one plan. There wasn't a doubt in his own mind that but for his timely warning at least one and perhaps all three of those silly little children of Unc' Billy Possum would be by this time inside of old Granny Fox, instead of safe up in the tree from which Granny had tried to entice them with the promise to show them the wonderful things to be seen in the Great World.

And Sammy also knew that Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy were not a bit thankful for what he had done because of the smooth tongue of Granny Fox, and the fact that they had much rather believe what she said than what he said. You know it is a great deal easier to believe things you want to believe than things you don't want to believe. So Sammy had half a mind to leave the three little Possums to find out by experience that his warning was for their good. But when he thought of what a sad experience it might be he decided to stay where he was and give them some sound advice. Then he would have done his duty by Unc' Billy's youngsters and if anything happened to them it would be no fault of his.

So as soon as Granny Fox was out of sight Sammy cleared his throat and began.

"I know just what you are thinking," said he. "Granny Fox told you that I am a meddlesome meddler and you believe Granny because you want to believe her. I don't blame you a bit. I was just like you when I was young. I didn't want advice from anybody and the wonder is that I'm alive now. It cost me some terrible frights and some feathers out of my coat to learn that I didn't know all there was to be known about the Great World, and to heed the advice of those who were wiser in the ways of the Great World than I.

"Granny Fox told you that I am a thief. Perhaps that is true, and again perhaps it isn't. Whether it is or isn't makes no difference to you, but this does: Granny is a thief herself. If you can't believe me because you think I am a thief then you can't believe Granny Fox. Now it doesn't make the least bit of difference to me whether or not you are gobbled up by old Granny Fox, because you know. I don't eat little Possums. But it does make a great big difference to you. Now tell me, doesn't it?"

The three little Possums fidgeted about and finally Grumpy admitted that it did.

"Of course, it does," continued Sammy. "Now I know old Granny Fox and her ways. She isn't a bit interested in showing you the wonderful things of the Great World.

All she is interested in is a good meal of young Possums. If she could climb as you, can she wouldn't have bothered to talk to you. But she can't climb and to catch you she has got to get you on the ground. She trusted to her smooth tongue and her promises to do that. As long as you are in a tree you are safe from her and from Reddy Fox and from Old Man Coyote. You take my advice and don't listen to any of them. You may not trust me, but your common sense will tell you that by heeding my advice you are at least safe, while if you do as Granny Fox wants you to you will not be safe if she is what I tell you she is, and you'll find that she is. My advice doesn't cost you anything, but failure to heed it is likely to cost you your lives. Think it over." And without waiting for a reply Sammy Jay spread his wings and flew away.

## STORY 1043. June 12, 1915.

### Old Granny Fox Comes Back

Whatever you decide to do  
Make up your mind to see it through.

This is a rule that Old Granny Fox always tries to live up to. It was so now. She made up her mind that she was going to dine on those three little possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, or one of them at least. So hardly had Sammy Jay spread his wings and flown away when back up the Lone Little Path trotted Granny Fox. If Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy had been wiser in the ways of the Great World they might have suspected that Granny had not been so far away, but that she knew when Sammy Jay had left. But they were not wise, and they didn't once think that it was a bit queer that Granny was back so promptly after Sammy left. The truth is Granny was far too smart to give them time to think over and talk over what Sammy might have said to them. She was as pleasant and smiling as she had been in the first place. To have seen her you never would have imagined that anything had happened to upset her plans. "My business didn't take me as long as I thought it would so I am back sooner than I expected to be," said she, looking up at the three possums quite as if she thought they would be as glad to see her as she was to see them. "I am glad for your sakes, my dears, because now we shall have time to see some of the wonderful things of the Great World today. On my way back not very far from here I discovered a splendid hollow tree in which nobody is living at present. It will make you the most splendid place to live and from it we can go forth each day to see the Great World. I presume you are ready to start right away, and we will go there first. I will do just as I said before—keep so far ahead of you that you may feel perfectly safe in following me. What do you say, shall we start at once?"

Now Bumpy, Frumpy, and Grumpy wanted to talk over what Sammy Jay had said to them. They hadn't expected Granny back so soon, and it quite upset them. Of course, if all that Sammy had said was true, they wanted nothing to do with Old Granny Fox. But now that she was back it was hard to believe that Sammy Jay knew what he was talking about. Besides, they did want to see the things Granny had promised to show them. It was very bothersome to have to make up their minds right away.

“Couldn’t we wait until tomorrow?” asked Bumpy in a timid voice.

“I’m afraid not,” replied Granny. “You see I have to go over to the Old Pasture tomorrow, and that is a very long way from here.”

“We might go as far as that hollow tree,” said Frumpy. “Then we could stay there until Mrs. Fox has time to show us the Great World.”

“A good idea. A very good idea,” said Granny promptly. “By going as far as the hollow tree you will prove how perfectly safe it is to follow me. Then you can keep on if you want to, and if you don’t want to you can stay there until I have another chance to show you the Great World. That is a very good plan and it does you credit, my dear.”

Frumpy looked flattered, but Grumpy noticed that Granny turned her head, and he wondered why. He suspected that it might be to hide a smile, as indeed it was, and it made him uneasy. “How far is that hollow tree?” he asked.

“O just a little way around that turn yonder in the Lone Little Path,” replied Granny. “I’ll go down to the turn and wait for you to come down. Then I’ll trot ahead to the hollow tree, and when you reach the turn in the Lone Little Path, you will see me close beside it. After that I will trot on again and you can reach the hollow tree and feel perfectly safe all the way.”

“Let’s do it,” said Bumpy.

## STORY 1044. June 14, 1915.

### Merry Little Breezes Bring a Message

Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy had fully made up their minds that they would venture to follow old Granny Fox as far as the hollow tree she had told them about. They were tired of staying up in the tree where they then were. It would be much more comfortable in a hollow tree. When they reached that it would be time enough to decide whether they would go with Granny to see the wonderful things of the great World, which she had promised to show them. So they told Granny that they would go as far as the hollow tree if she would do just as she had said that she would. She must go down to the turn in the Lone Little Path, and then when they had reached the ground she must trot on to the hollow tree.

Granny grinned to herself, taking care that the three little Possums shouldn’t see her. “All right, my dears,” said she, and off she trotted down to the turn in the Lone Little Path.

The three little Possums scrambled down to the ground. As soon as she saw that they were down, Granny waved a hand to them and disappeared around the turn in the Lone Little Path.

“You see,” said Bumpy, “she is doing just as she said she would. When we reach that turn we will see her down by the hollow tree. Sammy Jay may have meant well in warning us not to believe her, but my opinion is that he was just trying to scare us.

When people prove that they are to be trusted, why, trust them! say I, and Granny Fox is keeping her word. I'm not afraid."

Now if Bumpy had been a little wiser in the ways of the great world he would have thought of that turn in the Lone Little Path and that not until they reached it could they see what might be beyond. But he didn't think anything about this and led the way, Frumpy behind him and Grumpy bringing up the rear.

Now the minute she was out of sight around the turn in the Lone Little Path old Granny Fox had stopped and peeped through the bushes to make sure that the little possums were coming. Then, instead of trotting on as they supposed she had, she crept behind an old stump close beside the path and lay flat down quite out of sight. She felt sure of those three little possums this time and her mouth fairly watered.

Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy were about half way to the turn in the path when the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind came racing along from somewhere deep in the green forest. They had hurried so that they were quite out of breath.

"We were looking for you!" they cried as they danced around the three little Possums. "We've brought you in a message."

"Who from?" demanded Grumpy suspiciously.

"From a friend of yours," replied one of the Merry Little Breezes.

"What is it?" asked Frumpy.

"It is very short and we don't know what it means, but we promised to deliver it and this is it: 'Don't do it,' " replied the Merry Little Breeze.

The Instant they heard the message it seemed to the three little Possums that they heard the voice of Sammy Jay way off in the distance, and all at once all the fears and doubts that Sammy had stirred up took possession of them again. What if Sammy should be right after all?

"I'm not going another step," declared Grumpy suddenly, and scrambled up a tree close by as fast as he could. Now there is nothing so catching as fear. The minute Grumpy started to climb, Bumpy and Frumpy were at his heels. To have seen them you would have thought that they hadn't a second to lose. Then, when they reached a place of safety, they looked at each other and grinned foolishly.

"What are you afraid of?" demanded Bumpy.

## STORY 1045. June 15, 1915.

### Frumpy Finds a Way

Look long enough and hard enough  
You'll always find a way  
To solve the little problems  
That confront you every day.



"I'll tell you what we are afraid of," growled Grumpy to the other two little possums, Bumpy and Frumpy. We're afraid of the things we don't know. We don't know that old Granny Fox has been telling us the truth and that she will do just as she has promised to do. We don't know that Sammy Jay is just a meddlesome meddler, as Granny Fox says. And because we don't know we are afraid. For my part I am glad we are. I have just thought of something."

"What?" demanded Bumpy.

"Why, we can't see what is down the Lone Little Path beyond the turn until we reach it. Just supposing we should get there and find that old Granny Fox hadn't trotted on to the hollow tree as she promised to," replied Grumpy. "If we heed that message from Sammy Jay and don't go we'll be safe any way. But if we do go and there is danger there we'll deserve to get into trouble. It will be because of our own stupid heedlessness. You remember what Mother Possum was forever telling us—that the most important thing is to be safe. I guess I would rather be safe than to see the most wonderful thing the Great World holds. Old Granny Fox is very nice and pleasant, but I don't like her big teeth. They give me the cold shivers every time I see them."

"Don't look at them, then," said Bumpy. "For my part I believe old Granny Fox. I'm not afraid." He said this boastfully.

"Then I tell you what," replied Grumpy. "You go ahead and we'll wait here. If, when you reach the turn in the Lone Little Path, everything is all right you wave to us and we'll come."

"That's a splendid idea," cried Frumpy. "Go ahead Bumpy, and show us how brave you are."

But this didn't suit Bumpy at all. You know some people can be very brave when they have company, but when they are alone are not nearly so brave, "I—I think it would be a great deal better for us all to go together," said he in a hesitating way.

Grumpy grinned. "And I think it will be a great deal better for us all to stay right where we are. Running foolish risks isn't bravery," he said.

"I have an idea!" cried Frumpy. "We'll go down in the turn in the Lone Little Path and not run a bit of risk."

"How?" cried Bumpy and Grumpy together.

"By the tree tops. Don't you see how close the trees are along here? We can climb from tree to tree until we get there, and then if everything is all right we can go the rest of the way on the ground," explained Frumpy.

"Good! We'll do it. Why didn't we think of it before?" exclaimed Grumpy, and at once led the way.

So one behind the other the three little Possums climbed along a branch of the tree they were in until they could reach a branch from the next tree, and then in the same way they got to the next tree, and so on. It was rather exciting and it was fun. They held on with their hands and their feet and their tails. And so at last they reached the turn

in the Lone Little Path and looked eagerly for the red cloak of old Granny Fox. Then they looked at each other with doubt and suspicion growing in their eyes. As far as they could see down the Lone Little Path there was no sign of old Granny Fox.

## STORY 1046. June 16, 1915.

### Grumpy Makes a Discovery

Fi, fiddle, fee! What is that we see?

If Grumpy didn't say it just that way, what he did say meant the same thing. He and his two brothers, Bumpy and Frumpy, had been eagerly staring down the Lone Little Path beyond the turn looking for old Granny Fox. Hadn't she promised that when they reached the turn, they would see her way down the Path beside the hollow tree she had told them about? And now there wasn't a sign of her where they thought she ought to be.

Perhaps they had been so long in reaching the turn that she had grown tired of waiting and had gone off. You see they had reached the turn by means of the tree tops instead of along the Lone Little Path itself and, of course, this had taken longer, considerably longer.

"She's gone off and now we will have to hunt for those wonderful things ourselves. If we had come straight along down the Lone Little Path as I wanted to, she would have been waiting for us and everything would have been all right," said Bumpy fretfully.

Grumpy opened his mouth to make a sharp reply, but instead he suddenly put his fingers on his lips as a sign for the others to keep perfectly still. Then he pointed down to the ground almost underneath them. Bumpy and Frumpy looked. At first they didn't see anything. Then they saw something red. Could it be? Yes, it was old Granny Fox herself. She was stretched out flat behind an old stump very near the Lone Little Path, and she seemed to be watching it with great eagerness. What did it mean? The three little Possums looked at each other with a great question in their eyes.

"Keep still, perfectly still, and we'll watch and see what she is about," whispered Grumpy. So they kept perfectly still and never once took their eyes from old Granny Fox. For a long time, she didn't move and they began to wonder if there was something the matter with her. Perhaps she had been taken ill and had laid down there because she couldn't go any farther. Perhaps she had grown tired of waiting down by the hollow tree she had told about and had come back to see what had become of them, and not seeing them had decided to rest a while.

By and by she raised her head. Then very softly she got to her feet and stole to a place where she could see around the turn of the Lone Little Path in the direction from which she had expected the three little Possums. She was very sly and crafty about it. She took the greatest care to keep out of sight of any one coming down the Lone Little Path. For a long minute she looked. Then she rose to her full height and stepped out into the Lone Little Path, for she had seen that there was nobody coming.

Illustrations. June 7 to June 12, 1915.



**1038. Three Little Possums and Granny Fox**  
Old Granny Fox trotted down the Lone Little Path.



**1039. Sammy Jay Agains Proves a True Friend**  
“Don’t do it! Don’t do it!” he screamed.



**1040. Old Granny Fox Shows Her True Self**  
“This is no business of yours,” she snarled.



**1041. Old Granny Fox Tries Again**  
“You’ve told the truth for once,” said he.



**1042. Sammy Jay Does a Little Talking**  
“I know just what you are thinking,” said he.



**1043. Old Granny Fox Comes Back**  
“A very good idea,” said Granny.

The three little Possums heard a snarl—an ugly sounding snarl. It sent cold shivers over them. Grumpy spoke.

“We’re here, Mrs. Fox,” said he, “but why aren’t you down by the hollow tree as you promised to be?”

Granny whirled and looked up. Disappointment and rage showed in every line of her face. Her eyes fairly glared. Her lips were drawn back from her big teeth, but not in a smile. O my, no! You never would have guessed that she was the same Granny Fox who had been so pleasant and polite. She knew now that she had been found out and she no longer pretended. She walked right under the tree where the three little Possums were and glared up at them hungrily.

“I’ll get you,” she snarled, “if it takes me all summer.”

With this she turned and trotted off down the Lone Little Path.

Grumpy looked at Bumpy and Frumpy.

“Sammy Jay was right,” said he slowly.

## STORY 1047. June 17, 1915

### The Great World Seems Cold and Cruel

When things go wrong instead of right,  
Then skies seem dull instead of bright.

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his very best. There wasn’t a cloud in the sky. The Jolly Little Sunbeams were creeping all through the Green Forest and peeping into every dark nook and corner that they could find. But in spite of this the, three little Possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, sitting up in a tree beside the turn in the Lone Little Path, shivered as they watched old Granny Fox trot out of sight. The Great World, which had seemed such a bright and wonderful place, suddenly seemed cold and cruel. Yes, sir, that is just how it seemed. They didn’t know what to do or where to go.

You see when old Granny Fox had proved that she was not to be trusted, but instead was to be watched out for as an enemy, she had destroyed a very nice and good thing to have—faith. She had not only destroyed the faith of the three little Possums in other people, but in themselves. Up to that time they had felt very smart and important and quite able to take care of themselves in the Great World, which they had run away from home to see. Now they knew that but for Sammy Jay they certainly would have made a dinner for old Granny Fox, all because they were so innocent of the ways of the Great World and had put their trust in fine words and a pleasant manner. It made them feel very helpless and afraid.

“I—I don’t think I want to see the wonderful things in the Great World,” said Bumpy.

“Let’s go back home where we’ll be safe. I’ve seen all of the Great World that I

want to,” added Frumpy.

“Where is home?” growled Grumpy.

“Who knows the way, and how are we to get there?”

Then for the first time Bumpy and Frumpy realized that they hadn’t the least idea in the world where the hollow tree in which they had been born was. They had wandered about so that they didn’t know the way back. They couldn’t go back no matter how willing they were to or how much they wanted to. They had run away into the Great World and now they had got to stay there. For the first time those three little Possums were homesick, and the more they thought of their troubles the more homesick they grew. It seemed to them then that there never could be another such beautiful place as that dear old hollow tree, which they had called home. They would have given anything to snuggle up to the side of old Mrs. Possum or to pull Unc’ Billy’s tail.

They just crawled close together and stared down the Lone Little Path and didn’t see the Jolly Little Sunbeams dancing down it. They saw nothing beautiful about it. It led farther into the Great World, and they had found the Great World cold and cruel. Not all the Jolly Little Sunbeams that ever were could have made it any different to them just then. They were just three little homesick, frightened Possums who didn’t know where to go or what to do, and had found out what a great many people with discontent in their minds find out, that they hadn’t appreciated their blessings until they had lost them.

So tears welled up in their eyes, and they didn’t feel at all smart and brave. It was just then, when they most needed a friend, that they spied someone coming along the Lone Little Path. It was Peter Rabbit.

## STORY 1048. June 18, 1915

### Peter Rabbit is Consulted

God gives no better gift to you  
Than Just a friend who’s tried and true.

Lipperty-lipperty-lip along the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest came Peter Rabbit. It was very clear to see that Peter was feeling good. He was. He was feeling very good, indeed. In the first place he had no worries on his mind. Peter doesn’t believe in worrying. Then a few minutes before he had seen old Granny Fox, and she hadn’t seen him. She had passed very near to Peter without once suspecting that he was near. This tickled Peter. It always tickled Peter when Granny Fox had a chance to chase him and didn’t know it.

Granny had been muttering to herself and very plainly was in a bad temper. Perhaps that was one reason that she hadn’t seen Peter.

“Now what can have upset Granny like that?” thought Peter as he hopped up the Lone Little Path. “There must have been something happen up here, and I wonder

what?"

You know how curious Peter is.

Now when the three little Possums saw Peter coming, they suddenly felt a great relief. They knew that Peter was a friend. They had been acquainted with him ever since they were big enough to come out of the hollow tree where they had been born. They knew, too, that Peter was wise in the ways of the Great World. So their hearts grew lighter as they saw him coming, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

"We'll tell him all our troubles and ask his advice," said Grumpy in a very decided way.

So just as Peter reached the turn in the Lone Little Path his quick ears caught the sound of scratching claws, and he looked up to see three little possums climbing down to one of the lowest branches of a tree close by. Of course, he knew right away that they were three of Unc' Billy Possum's children.

"Hello!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Aren't you little folks a long way from home? Does Unc' Billy know where you are?"

"No—o," replied Grumpy rather slowly. "No one knows where we are but Sammy Jay and Granny Fox."

"Ha!" exclaimed Peter. "So that is what was the matter with Granny."

"You see, we have come out to see the Great World," continued Grumpy.

"I see," replied Peter.

"And—and there are some things we don't know," continued Grumpy.

"Really?" interrupted Peter. "I didn't suppose there was anything that youngsters like you didn't know."

Grumpy pretended not to hear, and went on. "And so we thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to give us your advice, Mr. Rabbit."

Now, to be called Mr. Rabbit always makes Peter feel very dignified and important. And to be asked for his advice makes him feel more so. He sat up now very straight and looked very serious.

"I shall be very glad to give you my advice," said he.

"Unc' Billy Possum is a friend, and one friend always helps another when he can. Of course, being Unc' Billy's children, you are my little friends, and if I can be of help, I shall be delighted. Suppose you begin at the beginning and tell me the whole story."

So the three little Possums began at the beginning and told Peter all about how they had listened to the voice of the Great World and had started out to see the wonderful things it had told them about. They told all about their adventures up to the time they had met Granny Fox. Then they told how pleasant she had been and how she had offered to show them the wonderful things they wanted to see, and how Sammy Jay warned them not to go with her, and then how at last they had found Granny out

and had fooled her by keeping up in the treetops. When they reached this Peter had to laugh. It tickled him almost to pieces.

## STORY 1049. June 19, 1915

### Peter Offers to Lead the Little Possums Home

Good advice is always needed  
But, alas, is seldom heeded.

When the three little Possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, had told all their troubles to Peter Rabbit he sat for a long time in a brown study. Finally he spoke.

“Why don’t you go back home?” he asked, and there was a twinkle in his eyes, for he knew very well why they didn’t.

“We don’t know the way,” confessed Bumpy.

“You mean you are lost,” said Peter.

“Yes,” confessed Bumpy slowly and reluctantly, “I suppose we are.”

Peter looked very grave and tried to make his voice sound very serious as he replied: “This is what comes of being headstrong and thinking you know as much as your elders. I never knew it to fail, never! There are some of us who have been out in the Great World a long time, and we don’t know all there is to know about it yet. My goodness, no! Why I learn something every day. If I didn’t keep my ears open and my eyes open every minute something would happen to me. The Great World is full of dangers. But if you know how to watch out for them it is not such a bad place. There are wonderful things to see and do, but the first and most important thing is to learn how to take care of yourselves and never do anything reckless.

To have heard him you would have thought that Peter never took chances, but was a pattern of caution, whereas everybody knows he is often heedless and careless and almost every day has a narrow escape.

“It is because the young are heedless and never willing to listen to advice that so many of them never live to grow up,” continued Peter. “They think they are just as smart as their elders, often a little smarter, and so they go ahead and run straight into trouble and are lucky if they live to get out of it. This is just what you did when you ran away from home. You didn’t know when you were well off, and the wonder is that you are alive now.”

The three little Possums hung their heads.

“I know all about it,” Peter went on, “because when I was your age, I did the very same thing. I ran away to see the Great World, and one of the first things I learned was that there is no place like home. And one of the next things I learned was that I had got to live a long time to learn as much as my father and mother knew.”

“When you found that out did you go back home?” asked Frumpy.



Peter shook his head and the twinkle came back into his eyes.

"No," said he. "You see I was ashamed to go back and admit that I had been foolish and silly. So I kept on learning the ways of the Great World and was lucky, very, very lucky that I did not furnish somebody a good meal before I learned to take care of myself. Now, if you will take my advice, you will go back home. There is no place like it. Sometime, of course, you will have to take your places in the Great World, but my advice to young people is never to leave home until they have to. I know the way to your home and I'll show you the way. Now what do you say?"

## STORY 1050. June 21, 1915.

### Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Talk it Over

Think twice before you do a thing.

And then, why, think again.

'Tis only those who think in time

Who are prepared for rain.

Of course, rain hasn't anything to do with this story, but that little line means that those who think before they do things are not nearly so likely to get into trouble as those who don't think and then are surprised by trouble, just as those who never think that it may rain get caught in showers. When Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy found that they could go home if they wanted to, Peter Rabbit offering to show them the way, they didn't decide without thinking. In fact, they talked it all over while Peter patiently waited.

"I am ready to go home, and the sooner I can get there the better I'll like it," declared Bumpy. "I've had quite enough of the Great World and I don't believe there is anything in it as wonderful and as nice as our old home."

"Pooh! Pooh! Bumpy Possum! That isn't the way you talked when we first started out," grumbled Grumpy. "What do you think about going back home, Frumpy?"

Frumpy scratched the tip of his nose. "Well," said he, "I suppose the really sensible thing to do is to go back home and before Mr Rabbit came along I wished I was there. But somehow now that we can go as well as not, I don't want to go. If we go all the family will laugh at us for coming back so soon and for seeing so little of the Great World. It will look as if we had been scared and didn't dare stay away any longer. We might try it a little longer in the Great World."

"We will," declared Grumpy. "Anyway you and I will. Bumpy can go back home if he wants to and tell them that he didn't dare stay with us."

"O, I'm not going home unless you two do!" exclaimed Bumpy hurriedly. "I dare do anything that you dare do. If you dare keep on to see the Great World I do, so there. It seems to me that we are foolish, that's all. Granny Fox has proved to us that we don't know as much as we thought we did, and I'm not so sure as I was that we are able to take care of ourselves."

“That’s just it,” replied Grumpy. “We’ve found out one of the most important things. We’ve found out that we cannot believe everything that we are told by strangers and that we don’t know as much as we thought we did. That means that we are better able to take care of ourselves than we were before, doesn’t it, Mr. Rabbit?”

Peter nodded. “It certainly does,” said he. “When little folks learn that they don’t know everything they are just ready to begin to learn something.”

“Besides,” continued Grumpy, can’t stay at home always. We’ve got to go out in the Great World some time, and now that we are out, we may just as well stay out. That is what Mr. Rabbit did when he was little and ran away from home. I for one am going to stay.”

“So am I,” declared Grumpy, and, of course, Bumpy said that he was too.

“Then that settles it,” Grumpy said. “Mr. Rabbit, we are ever so much obliged to you for your advice and for your offer to show us the way home, but we’ve decided to keep on.”

Peter chuckled. “I knew you would,” he replied. “I was young myself once. Just remember this, to trust no one unless your eyes and your ears and your nose and your common sense tell you that they are to be trusted and you’ll come out all right. Watch out for danger when there seems to be no danger near. Now I must be running along. Good luck to you, and never trust old Granny Fox.”

With this off scampered Peter, lipperty- lipperty-lip, leaving the three little Possums to continue their way into the Great World.

## STORY 1051. June 22, 1915.

### Old Granny Fox Tries a Sharp Trick

“ ‘Tis clear to me,” quoth Granny Fox.

And winked a crafty eye,

“The way to get a thing I want

Is just to try and try.”

Granny wanted those three little Possums. Yes, sir, she certainly did. The more she thought about them the more she wanted them. The very fact that they were not to be so easily caught as she had thought made her want them all the more. She was not discouraged because she had failed when she tried to get them to follow her and see the wonderful things of the Great World. O, my, no! That isn’t Granny’s way at all. She is too old and wise to be discouraged by one failure. So she kept thinking and thinking, trying to find some new plan to fool and catch Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy.

She knew that now they knew that she wasn’t to be trusted, and so it would be of no use at all to try to fool them with her smooth tongue and pretending to be their friend. No, that wouldn’t do at all. They would just laugh at her. Very wisely she kept out of their sight, hoping that they would forget about her. She didn’t let them get so much as a glimpse of her red cloak. But if they didn’t see her, she saw them. From

a hiding place she watched them every day so as to learn all their habits, where they went, and what they did. She knew when at last they found a hollow tree that suited them and decided to make this their home for a while. Then it was that she decided on a sharp trick which she had worked before on other innocent and heedless little people of the Green Forest.

Very early, before the Black Shadows had left the Green Forest and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun had begun his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky Granny went to a certain little open place not very far from the hollow tree where the three little Possums were living. There she stretched herself out on the ground quite as if she were dead. Her red cloak was all mussed up and dirty. Her eyes were closed all but a teeny, weeny bit. She did not move a muscle. She certainly looked for all the world as if there wasn't a spark of life in her.

"Now," thought she, "if those Possums see me they surely will think me dead, and they will be so curious and so glad that I am out of the way that they just can't help coming over to look at me and to rejoice that they no longer have to worry for fear I will catch them. They just won't be able to keep away. I never knew it to fail. All I have to do is to be patient."

The Black Shadows fled away and the Jolly Little Sunbeams came. They saw old Granny Fox and gently touched her red cloak. The Merry Little Breezes came and blew the long hair of her big tail.

"Poor old Granny. What can have happened to her?" said one.

"We must hurry to carry the news," said another.

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" cried a third. "I am not so sure that there is any news to carry. We have seen Granny like this before."

He gently tickled Granny's nose by blowing on it, until finally Granny just had to wrinkle it a teeny, weeny bit. She couldn't help herself.

"What did I tell you?" laughed the Merry Little Breezes as they danced away. After they had gone Granny lay there for a long time. Old Mr. Toad came along and looked at her. "Huh!" said he, "I wonder who she is trying to fool now." Then he hopped over to a big stick and worked his way under it where he could be out of the sun and still see all that might happen. Ol' Mistah Buzzard looked down from high up in the blue, blue sky and grinned. Peter Rabbit happened along, but saw Granny in time and sat up at a safe distance. Peter had had that trick tried on him and knew all about it.

"I wonder who she thinks she can fool," thought Peter. "I wonder now if it can be those silly little Possums. I believe I'll watch and see."

So Peter crawled into a hollow log and once more all was as still as still could be.

STORY 1052. June 23, 1915.

## Three Little Possums Find Granny Fox

Illustrations. June 14 to June 19, 1915.



**1044. Merry Little Breezes  
Bring a Message**  
“Who from?” demanded Grumpy  
suspiciously.



**1045. Frumpy Finds a Way**  
“I’ll tell you what we are afraid  
of,” growled Grumpy.



**1046. Grumpy Makes a  
Discovery**  
“Keep still; perfectly still.”



**1047. The Great World Seems  
Cold and Cruel**  
“I don’t think I want to see the  
Great World.”



**1048. Peter Rabbit is Consulted**  
“Hello!” he exclaimed in surprise.



**1049. Old Granny Fox Comes  
Back**  
“It is because the young are  
heedless.”

Sometimes, in truth, 'tis hard to believe  
Appearances can so deceive.

The three little Possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, were beginning to feel very much at home in the Great World. They had found a hollow tree that just suited them and in which they felt quite safe. Very wisely they decided to make this their home for a while and see what they could of the Great World by making short trips in all directions. For several days they had seen nothing of old Granny Fox, and they had stopped worrying about her dreadful threat that she would get them yet. But they hadn't forgotten to watch out for her. They knew now how very sly and crafty she was, so always they were on the watch for a glimpse of her red cloak.

On this particular morning they had breakfasted early and then had started out as usual to see more of the Great World and poke their little noses into all sorts of places. It was great fun. There were so many places to poke their little noses into, holes and hollows and old logs and stumps, that they wasted a great deal of time without getting very far. By and by they came to the edge of a little opening among the trees of the Green Forest. Bumpy was in the lead and so, of course, was the first to peep out to see that the way was clear. Right away his sharp eyes caught sight of something red. Right away he thought of old Granny Fox and dodged back to tell Frumpy and Grumpy what he had seen. He was so excited that he could hardly talk. Of course right away they hurried to peep out. Yes, Bumpy was right—there was something red out there and it looked very much like the cloak of old Granny Fox.

"We'll climb a tree where we can look down and see what it is," whispered Grumpy. So they climbed a tree and crept out on a branch which reached out right over the open place, and from which they could look right down on it. What they saw made them open their eyes very wide. There lay old Granny Fox stretched out stiff and still. Her red cloak was mussed and dirty. They knew by the way she lay that she wasn't taking a nap. No one would ever think of taking a nap in such an uncomfortable position.

Bumpy's eyes danced with excitement. "She's dead," he whispered. "What do you suppose can have happened to her?"

"Maybe she's dead and maybe she isn't," retorted Grumpy. "Have you forgotten that trick of playing dead that Mother Possum taught us? Perhaps this is a trick too. Let's stay right here and watch."

So they wrapped their funny little tails around the branch to keep from falling off and watched and watched. Nothing happened. Old Granny Fox didn't move. A fly lighted on her nose and began to walk about. The three little Possums knew just how that must tickle if she were alive. They fixed their eyes on Granny's black nose to see if it would twitch, but it didn't.

"I tell you she is dead," whispered Bumpy. "We haven't got her to worry about any more. Let's go down and look at her close to."

"Yes, let's," whispered Frumpy. "I want to know what that cloak of hers feels like."

“And perhaps find out what her teeth feel like,” grumbled Grumpy. “If she’s dead she’ll stay right where she is. We can come tomorrow to look at her. For my part I don’t care what her cloak feels like, but I do care what her teeth feel like. Dead or alive, the farther away from me she is the better I will like it. She fooled us once, but I don’t mean to let her fool me again.”

“Fraidy!” cried Bumpy. “Dead things can’t hurt you.”

Grumpy had a sharp retort on the tip of his tongue, but he never made it. Just as he opened his mouth to, they heard a sound such as they had never heard before. It was a shrill whistle. For a minute it drove all thought of Granny Fox from their heads.

## STORY 1053. June 24, 1915.

### Old Granny Fox Comes to Life

The sound of a shrill whistle coming toward them through the Green Forest quite upset the three little Possums, Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy. You see, they never had heard anything like it before and they didn’t know what to make of it. They never had even heard about it, and they didn’t know whether it was a new kind of bird who was making it or an animal. So, of course, they didn’t know whether or not it was something to fear. But they were afraid. You see, they had learned that it is usually best to be afraid of anything you don’t know about. Should they run and hide or should they stay right where they were and keep perfectly still? They felt like running, but decided it would be best to keep perfectly still.

The whistle drew nearer. Grumpy, happening to look at old Granny Fox lying as if dead on the ground just below them, nudged Frumpy. “Look!” he whispered.

Frumpy looked. Then he nudged Bumpy and told him to look. One of Granny’s black ears was cocked up in a way in which it had not been before they heard that whistle. At least it seemed so to them. Eagerly they watched and were so interested that they quite forgot the whistle. Nearer it came and nearer, nearer. Old Granny Fox lifted her head and now both ears were cocked. Then without even a glance up at the three little Possums she leaped lightly to her feet and ran swiftly off.

“What did I tell you!” cried Grumpy in triumph. “She was just playing dead and if we had gone down to feel of her fur as you two wanted to, we would have felt her sharp teeth instead.”

Bumpy and Frumpy looked very foolish and hadn’t a word to say.

“I wonder what made her come to life so suddenly,” continued Grumpy. “I wonder if it could have been that queer whistle. If it was, then Granny is afraid of whoever is making it. I didn’t suppose Granny Fox was afraid of anything.”

He stared in the direction of the strange whistle. So did Bumpy and Frumpy, and the three snuggled very close together, while little shivers of fear and wonder and curiosity ran all over them. They felt sure that they were about to see one of the wonders of the Great World, and they held their breath while they waited. Presently



they saw something moving among the trees. It drew nearer and nearer until it was right where they could look down at it and see it clearly, and then they were so surprised and frightened, too, that they nearly let go of the branch to which they were clinging. It was a huge creature, bigger than any they had ever dreamed of, and it walked on two legs! It was hard to believe their eyes, but it was so. All the animals they knew walked on four legs. To be sure, the birds walked on two legs, but then the birds had wings, while this creature had no wings, but seemed to have two other legs which he didn't use in walking at all. Behind trotted another great creature on four legs. It was very much bigger than Granny Fox.

Of course you may have guessed that they were Farmer Brown's Boy and Bowser the Hound. As soon as they reached the little open place where Granny had been playing dead in the hope of catching the three little Possums, Bowser smelled her, and with a roar of his great voice away he went with his nose in her tracks. That roar was so sudden and so frightful sounding that Bumpy let go his hold and all but fell. As it was, he just caught himself in time, but in scrambling back to safety he rustled the leaves and his little claws scratched the bark. Farmer Brown's Boy heard it and looked up. For a dreadful minute the three little Possums held their breath, hoping that he wouldn't see them.

## STORY 1054. June 25, 1915.

### Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy are Caught

Farmer Brown's boy heard Bumpy when he scrambled back to the branch from which he had nearly fallen in the fright which the great voice of Bowser the Hound had given him as Bowser started after old Granny Fox. If Bowser hadn't barked just when he did, or if the three little Possums had ever heard him before, or if Bumpy had been holding on a little tighter, things would have turned out very differently. Any one of these little ifs might have changed everything in the lives of Bumpy, Grumpy and Frumpy. You see any one of those ifs might have kept Bumpy from slipping, and if Bumpy hadn't slipped, Farmer Brown's boy would never have thought to look up in that particular tree. And all this goes to show how very big a very little thing may be

"I wonder if Chatterer the Red Squirrel or his cousin, Happy Jack, is up there," thought Farmer Brown's boy as he looked up. At first he didn't see anything, for you know Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy were sitting very still and holding their breath. Then a puzzled look crept into his eyes. He saw the three little Possums, and he didn't know what they were. You see he had only seen Unc' Billy once<sup>13</sup> and he never had seen any little Possums. At first he thought they were rats, but that was a queer place for rats to be. He would give them a fright and make them run that he might better see them. So he picked up a stick and threw it up at the three little Possums. It hit the branch to which they were clinging and this time it was Frumpy who let go.

Down he fell and landed on the ground with a thump that knocked all the wind out of him. But he had sense enough left not to move. In fact, he played dead just as he had

<sup>13</sup> This is contradicts the continuity. Farmer Brown's boy has encountered Unc' Billy more than once.



been taught to do by old Mrs. Possum. Farmer Brown's boy stooped over and picked him up by the tail. "Little Possums!" he exclaimed, looking up at Bumpy and Grumpy, then back at Frumpy in his hand. "Poor little chap," he continued, gently stroking Frumpy's coat, "I didn't mean to hurt you, and I'm afraid I've killed you. I didn't mean to hit you, but just to scare you. I would have liked to have had you for a pet. I wonder if I can catch those others."

He gently laid Frumpy on the ground near the foot of the tree and turned his back to get a better look at Bumpy and Grumpy. No sooner was his back turned than Frumpy got to his feet, softly stole around the tree and then started to scramble up as fast as he could. Farmer Brown's boy heard him and caught him just before he could get out of reach. "Ha, ha, you scamp! That was a real Possum trick," cried Farmer Brown's boy as he tied Frumpy up in his big red bandanna handkerchief. Then he began to climb the tree.

Bumpy and Grumpy backed out along the branch they were on as far as they could. They were terribly frightened by this two-legged monster who could climb trees, but they tried to appear very fierce themselves. They growled little growls and showed their little teeth, at all of which Farmer Brown's boy just laughed. Now the branch they were on was not so very far above the ground. "I guess it won't hurt them much if I shake them off," thought Farmer Brown's boy, and began to shake the branch. Bumpy and Grumpy hung on with all four feet and their tails. At last they hung by just their tails and they looked so funny that Farmer Brown's boy stopped shaking and laughed as he watched them hanging like some queer kind of fruit.

Then he started out along the branch to get as near them as he could. This was too much for Bumpy, and he just let go his tail and dropped. When Grumpy saw this he dropped, too. The very minute he did this Farmer Brown's boy swung off the branch, hung by his hands and then dropped, too, so that he was on the ground almost as soon as the two little Possums. They didn't have time to run, so they did as Frumpy had done—played dead. Farmer Brown's boy grinned as he picked them up by their tails. Carrying them this way and with Frumpy in his handkerchief he started for home whistling shrilly.

## STORY 1055. June 26, 1915.

### Peter and Old Mr. Toad Talk it Over

Hi-lo-diddle-dumpling!  
Trouble's all about.  
It is bound to get you  
If you don't watch out.

Farmer Brown's boy had no sooner disappeared with the three little Possums than out from the hollow log where he had been hiding, and from which he had seen all that had taken place, popped Peter Rabbit. "Dear me, dear me," said Peter, talking out loud, because he thought he was alone, "that is what I call jumping from the frying pan into the fire. No sooner do they escape old Granny Fox than those foolish young Possums

fall into the hands of Farmer Brown's boy."

"Huh!" said a voice close by. "I should put it the other way. It seems to me it is more like jumping from the fire into the frying pan. For my part I should much prefer being caught by Farmer Brown's boy to falling into the hands of Granny Fox."

Peter whirled to find Old Mr. Toad, who had just crawled out from a hiding place from which he had seen all that had happened. "That's so, Mr. Toad," replied Peter gravely. "If Granny Fox had caught them, it would have been the end of them, but Farmer Brown's Boy isn't half a bad fellow."

"He isn't a bad fellow at all," grunted Old Mr. Toad. "I know him. I work in his garden and he has put a board there purposely for me to get under when the sun is hot. If you want to know what I think it is that those silly little Possums are lucky."

Peter scratched his head. "I should call them unlucky," said he, "unless you mean that they are lucky to have escaped Granny Fox."

"I mean that they are lucky to have been caught by Farmer Brown's boy," declared Old Mr. Toad, and snapped up a careless ant some inches beyond his nose.

Peter looked still more puzzled and scratched his head, harder than ever, a way he has when he is thinking very hard.

"Maybe you're right, Mr. Toad," said he, "but I don't see how anybody is lucky to be caught by anybody else."

"That's because you can't see beyond your own nose, Peter," grunted Old Mr. Toad. "Have you forgotten Johnny Chuck's lost baby and how he was caught by Farmer Brown's boy and taken up to his house and then wouldn't come home when he had the chance because he knew he was better off there<sup>14</sup>? And have you forgotten how Chatterer the Red Squirrel was caught and then set free again and now is one of Farmer Brown's boy's best friends<sup>15</sup>? I tell you those young Possums are safe for the first time since they started out to see the Great World. They'll live now to grow up, and that's more than I believe would have happened if they had been left to make their own way in the Great World."

You mean that you don't believe that Farmer Brown's boy will harm them?" asked Peter.

"Who put cabbage leaves out for you when food was scarce in the winter?" demanded Old Mr. Toad severely.

Peter looked a wee bit ashamed. "What do you know about it? You were fast asleep?" he retorted.

"I know all about it," declared Old Mr. Toad. "A little bird told me. You needn't think that because I sleep all winter I don't know what goes on. How about the time that Farmer Brown's boy found Mrs. Grouse under the snow and took care of her and

---

14 STORY 387, 1913.

15 STORY 624, 1914

then let her go<sup>16</sup>? I tell you again that those young Possums are lucky. You wait and see.”

“I don’t know but you are right, Mr. Toad. I don’t know but you are right,” returned Peter thoughtfully. “We’ll hope so, anyway.”

## STORY 1056. June 28, 1915

### Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Have a New Home

Every read must turn or end;  
Every night give way to light.  
Just as surely you will find  
Hope is bound to follow fright.

It is so because it has to be so. And it is good that it is so. It was so with Bumpy, Frumpy and Grumpy, the three little Possums caught by Farmer Brown’s boy. At first, they just gave up. They were so frightened that they just ached all over with fear. They were sure that this was the end of everything, and that this terrible two-legged creature would surely kill them. Then how they did wish that they never, never had listened to the voice of the Great World and run away from home.

Frumpy was tied up in a big handkerchief so, of course, he could see nothing. He just knew that he was being carried somewhere, and he didn’t want to get to the end of his journey. No, sir, he didn’t. You see he was afraid of what would happen when he got there. Bumpy and Grumpy swung by their tails from one hand of Farmer Brown’s boy. At first, they kept their eyes tightly closed. But after a little they opened them just enough to peep out. They were being carried up the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest, and it wasn’t any time at all before they were in a part of it, they had never seen before. Once in a while Farmer Brown’s boy would lift them up to look at them. Then they closed their eyes tightly just as if they really were dead. Farmer Brown’s boy would smile. He knew perfectly well that they were only pretending.

By and by they left the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest for the Crooked Little Path across the Green Meadows. This was all very new and wonderful to Bumpy and Grumpy. You see they had always lived among the trees and they hadn’t dreamed of such a great place without any trees and covered with green grass. Surely this was one of the wonders of the Great World! But how could anyone be safe there without trees to climb?

After the Green Meadows came the Old Orchard. Those old apple trees looked very, very interesting indeed. They longed to climb them, they were so different from the trees of the Green Forest. They made up their minds that they would if ever they got away from this terrible creature who was carrying them by their tails. And at this reminder of what had happened to them they grew all cold with fear again. What would the terrible creature do with them when he reached the end of the journey? Would he eat them?

---

16 STORY 644, 1914.

Out of the Old Orchard into Farmer Brown's dooryard they were carried, and this was the strangest place of all. You see they never had had even a peep at this kind of a house or at a barn before. They forgot that they were playing dead and opened their eyes wide. Farmer Brown's boy happened to glance down and saw this. He chuckled right out and at the sound of his voice the little Possums closed their eyes tight and didn't dare open them again for a long time.

They felt themselves laid down very gently. Then all was still. For a long time, they lay without moving, just as still as if they were really and truly dead. They were afraid to open their eyes and yet they fairly ached with curiosity to see where they were. At last Bumpy opened one eye ever so little. He could see Grumpy next to him—yes, there was Frumpy whom he hadn't seen since he was tied up in the handkerchief of Farmer Brown's boy. He couldn't see anything of the terrible two-legged creature who had caught them, so he ventured to open the other eye. Then very cautiously he rolled over on to his feet. Frumpy did the same thing and then Grumpy. How they did stare! They were in a little house, but they could look right through one of the walls into the Great World. Though they didn't know it they were in the cage that Farmer Brown's boy had once built for Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

## STORY 1057. June 29, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad Was Right

When things look very, very dark  
It often happens they  
Are not so very bad at all,  
They only seem that way.

You remember that Old Mr. Toad told Peter Rabbit that he thought that the three little Possums were lucky when they were caught by Farmer Brown's boy. Now, the three little Possums didn't think so at all. They thought that they were unlucky, the most unlucky little people in all the Green Forest. Everything looked very, very dark to them then. They felt sure that this was the end of everything for them, and sometimes their little hearts stopped beating with fear.

Then when their strange journey ended and they finally opened their eyes to find themselves in the snugest of little homes and that nothing really dreadful had happened to them yet, they began to feel better. It was a queer place, and they at once began to look for a door out into the Great World, but look as they would they couldn't find one. Then all of a sudden, they saw the terrible two-legged creature who had put them there looking at them. What do you think they did? Why, they just dropped right where they were and lay as if dead. It was so funny that Farmer Brown's boy laughed right out. They were doing what they had been taught to do when they thought they were in danger and there was no chance to run away.

After a day or two they stopped doing this when Farmer Brown's boy came to see them, for they had found that he would not harm them. In fact they began to look for him because always he brought them goodies to eat. It was very nice to have plenty to

eat without having to hunt for it. They began to grow very fond of Farmer Brown's boy. He was no longer a terrible two-legged creature, but their best friend. They would eat from his hand. One day Bumpy boldly ran up his arm and Farmer Brown's boy was so tickled that he took him into the house and let him run around there. It was the queerest place Bumpy ever had seen and when he was back in the cage, he told Frumpy and Grumpy all about it. The next day Farmer Brown's boy took all three of them there. After that he used to take them out of the cage for a little while every day and not once did they try to run away. They just didn't want to.

Of course being shut up in a cage most of the time wasn't wholly pleasant, especially when they wanted to run about, but they didn't mind it so much as Chatterer the Red Squirrel had when he was a prisoner there. You see they were so young when they left their home to see the Great World that they really didn't know what it meant to be free and roam where they pleased as had been the case with Chatterer. So they were happy, the more so because they felt perfectly safe. Nothing could harm them there. They didn't have to be on the watch every minute. They didn't have a single thing to fear.

Black Pussy the Cat used to come and stare at them with hungry eyes, but they didn't mind at all. Black Pussy couldn't get them and they knew it. Looking out they sometimes saw Redtail the Hawk sailing high in the air, but they didn't have to hide. They could sit and watch him without the least fear. So you see Mr. Toad was right. They were lucky. They had nothing to fear and plenty to eat. What more could they ask? Just one thing—a hollow tree.

## STORY 1058. June 30, 1915.

### A Great Big Splendid Surprise

For several days Farmer Brown's Boy had been very busy. He had been down to the Green Forest, and when he returned he brought with him part of an old dead tree. It had been hard work to bring it all the way from the Green Forest, and he had to rest many times on the way. When at last he dropped it in his own dooryard it was with a grunt of real satisfaction. Then with a saw and hammer he went to work out by the barn, and while he worked, he whistled. He could work there only in the time which was his own to do what he pleased in, for Farmer Brown's Boy had a great many duties every day, and he wasn't the kind of boy to shirk them no matter how much he wanted to do something else.

So it took him several days to finish the thing he was making, and in all that time the three little Possums saw almost nothing at all of him. He didn't forget to feed them, but not once did he take them out of their little cage for a frolic. They didn't know what to make of it. You see they couldn't see what he was doing and if they could have, they wouldn't have known what it meant. They could hear him whistling, and for a time the sound cheered them wonderfully. As long as they could hear that they knew that he wasn't very far away and he might, he just might, come any minute to take them out.

## Illustrations. June 21 to June 26, 1915.



**1050. Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Talk it Over**  
"I'm not going home unless you two do," exclaimed Bumpy.



**1051. Old Granny Fox Tries a Sharp Trick**  
"I wonder whom she thinks she can fool?" thought Peter.



**1052. Three Little Possums Find Granny Fox**  
"Maybe she's dead and maybe she isn't," retorted Grumpy.



**1053. Old Granny Fox Comes to Life**  
"I wonder what made her come to life so suddenly," said Grumpy.



**1054. Bumpy Grumpy and Frumpy are Caught**  
"Little Possum!" he exclaimed.



**1055. Peter and Old Mr. Toad Talk it Over**  
"That's so, Mr. Toad," replied Peter gravely.

But when a whole day passed without a chance to leave their little prison, and then another whole day, they began to get fretful. They had grown wonderfully since Farmer Brown's Boy had caught them. They didn't have much of anything else to do but grow, and as there was always plenty to eat, they just grew and grew until that little cage, made for one lone Red Squirrel, was altogether too small for three fat little Possums. They could hardly move around without bumping one another. So they grew fretful and cross and this led them to quarrel. They were beginning to be very unhappy.

Then one day Farmer Brown's Boy opened the cage door and put his arm in. They knew that this was an invitation to come out and they scrambled up that arm just as fast as they knew how. But this time he didn't take them to the house for a frolic. No, sir, he didn't. Instead he went over to the barn. There, just outside and quite close to the henhouse, was a great big wire pen. He opened a door in one side and put the three little Possums in.

Right away they began to explore it. They knew without being told that this was a new home for them. It was big enough for them to scamper about to their hearts' content without getting in the way of each other. In one corner was a box with a hole in it big enough for them to go in and out. Inside this was the nicest bed. In the middle of the pen was—guess what! A hollow tree. At least it was part of a hollow tree. It was set firmly in the ground and reached to the top of the pen. This wasn't very high, of course, but that didn't matter, for near the top was a round doorway and inside the tree was just like the hollow trees of the Green Forest. You see it was this that Farmer Brown's Boy had worked so hard to find and bring up from the Green Forest.

There were three short, stubby branches, one for each of them. On the ground was a dish of clean water and right near was their dinner. What more could they ask? Was there ever such a great big splendid surprise? Grumpy for once actually forgot to be grumpy. Frumpy tried to smooth his mussed-up fur. In such a nice new home he decided that he must look as nice as he could himself. Bumpy climbed the piece of hollow tree and then suddenly deciding that he wanted to see the inside of that box once more just let go and dropped, bumping against one of the branches, on his way down.

And all the time Farmer Brown's boy looked on with a broad smile on his freckled face.

## STORY 1059. July 1, 1915

### Grumpy Disappears

Jingle, Jangle, jungle, jo!  
Where did Grumpy Possum go?

That is what Bumpy wanted to know. That is what Frumpy wanted to know. And more than either of them that is what Farmer Brown's boy wanted to know. He had had the three little Possums out of their pen for a frolic and when he was ready to put them back he found only two, Bumpy and Frumpy. Grumpy had disappeared. Where he had



gone to was too much for Farmer Brown's boy. So he put Bumpy and Frumpy back in their pen and then he started a hunt for Grumpy.

He began by feeling in the hollow of the piece of tree in the pen. Then he looked in the little house in one corner. You see he thought that Grumpy might have gone into the pen and hidden there. But he hadn't. There wasn't a sign of sound of him anywhere. It was just as if he had had wings and flown away. Farmer Brown's boy was puzzled. Yes, sir, he certainly was puzzled. He looked under everything that a little Possum could possibly get under. He even went down flat on his stomach and tried to look under the barn where the rats live. He got a long stick and poked under there.

Then he called Bowser the Hound. Perhaps that wonderful nose of Bowser's would be able to smell Grumpy's tracks, and so they would find out where he had wandered to. But though Bowser sniffed and sniffed and sniffed and sniffed this way and that way all around he found no Possum tracks. His master even sent him under the barn. Bowser did his best, wagging his tail all the while in the most good-natured way, and wondering all the time what all the fuss was about. At last Farmer Brown's boy gave it up. He sat down on the edge of the pen of the Possums and scratched his head while he tried to think how that scamp of a Possum could have fooled him so.

He had had all three out at the same time, and they had been climbing all over him, sitting on his shoulders, nosing in his pockets for some goody to eat. Probably he had been so busy watching Bumpy and Frumpy that he had forgotten Grumpy and the little rascal had stolen away and was not missed until it was time to put them back. But why didn't Bowser find his tracks? Could there be anything the matter with Bowser's nose? Bowser never had failed him before. Perhaps Bowser did not understand what was wanted of him. He reached in and took Bumpy out. Then he called Bowser over to him to smell of Bumpy. It gave Bumpy a dreadful fright to be sniffed at that way by that great dog, but Farmer Brown's boy held him close and after Bowser had sniffed at him put him back in the pen.

"Now go find the other one! Hunt him up!" commanded Farmer Brown's boy. Bowser wagged his tail, which was his way of saying that he understood, and once more ran all about with his nose to the ground. But he was no more successful than before. Finally, he returned to his master, and there was a look in his eyes which said as plainly as words, "I've done my best, but I just can't find him. He hasn't left a track anywhere." Farmer Brown's boy patted him on the head. "It's all right, Bowser," said he. "I know you've done your best. Somehow or other that little rascal has been too smart for us. I'm afraid we've lost him. I hope no harm will come to him. I guess he wasn't as happy here as I thought and wanted his freedom. But I would like to know where he went to, wouldn't you, old fellow?"

And Bowser thumped his tail on the ground, which was his way of saying that he would.

## STORY 1060. July 2, 1915.

### Where Grumpy Was and What He Did

All the time that Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound were hunting for Grumpy that little scamp of a Possum was watching them and chuckling to himself. It was a great joke. Yes, sir, it certainly was a great joke. The more they hunted the greater the joke seemed. It is always fun to fool other people. Grumpy liked to fool his brothers, but it was ever so much more fun to fool such smart people as Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound. So Grumpy chuckled to himself, but took the greatest care that no one should hear him.

Where was he? Why he was up in a crotch of a tree that grew very close to the pen Farmer Brown's boy had built for him and his brothers, Bumpy and Frumpy. He had been sitting on the shoulder of Farmer Brown's boy when the latter walked under a branch of the tree. It was a low hanging branch and the leaves actually tickled the top of Grumpy's head. Almost without thinking he reached up and caught hold of the slender twigs. Then he pulled himself up and ran along the branch to the place where it grew out of the trunk of the tree. He climbed up the trunk to a comfortable crotch high above the ground and made himself comfortable while he waited to see what would happen. He knew that he hadn't been missed, for Farmer Brown's boy was so busy playing with Bumpy and Frumpy that he had quite forgotten him.

He saw Bumpy and Frumpy put back in their pen and then he watched Farmer Brown's boy hunt for him. It puzzled him at first to know what Bowser the Hound was doing, but after watching him a while he guessed. Bowser was trying to find his tracks. Right then and there Grumpy knew that he had learned something. It wouldn't do to travel on the ground when Bowser the Hound was around. He was glad that he had found it out because it might save him from a great deal of trouble later on. If he didn't want to be caught it wouldn't do to leave tracks that Bowser's wonderful nose could follow.

Once he thought he was going to be discovered. Farmer Brown's boy looked up in the tree. Grumpy sat very still. Farmer Brown's boy didn't see him. He took Bowser to the foot of the tree and had him smell all around it. Of course, Bowser didn't find any trace of Grumpy because Grumpy hadn't been near the foot of the tree. Then Farmer Brown's boy was sure that Grumpy couldn't be up there because it didn't once enter his head that he could have got there any way but up the trunk of the tree, and if he had gone up that way Bowser would have smelled his tracks.

At last Farmer Brown's boy whistled to Bowser, and they went away. They had given up looking for him because they had looked everywhere they could think of. Grumpy sighed a tiny sigh of relief. He looked down in the pen where Bumpy and Frumpy were and chuckled again. He would see more of the Great World, and then perhaps he would come back and tell them about it. The thing that interested him most just now was his hen house. Through the wire netting of his pen, he had watched the hens running about and going in and out of their house. He had just itched to see what was inside that house. He had a feeling that he would find it very interesting.

He would stay right where he was until everything was quiet and the way was clear. Then he would slip down from the tree when no one was looking and satisfy his curiosity. There was plenty of time. He was free and could do as he pleased. He hadn't

got to hurry. So he made himself comfortable and waited.

## STORY 1061. July 3, 1915.

### Grumpy Gets Into Mischief and is Happy

It is so very easy, with nothing else to do,  
To tumble into mischief. Alas, that it is true!

It is true. It is one of the truest things of which I know. Haven't you found it so? People with something to do seldom get into mischief. It is those who haven't anything in particular to do that do the things they shouldn't do. Sometimes they know when they are in mischief and sometimes, they don't. It was that way with Grumpy Possum. He got into mischief without knowing it. Perhaps it wouldn't have made any difference if he had known. I suspect that it wouldn't. You see it was this way:

He sat for a long, long time in the tree in which he had hidden from Farmer Brown's Boy. He saw Farmer Brown's Boy go into the house. He watched Bowser, the hound, stretch himself out on the ground and go to sleep. Looking down into their pen he saw his brothers, Bumpy and Frumpy, disappear, one in the hollow tree and the other in the little house. He knew that they, too, were going to take a nap. He didn't feel sleepy himself, not a bit. He was too excited. Pretty soon all was quiet around Farmer Brown's dooryard. Black Pussy was curled up on the doorstep and she was asleep, too. Even the biddies in the henyard were lazily taking sunbaths. It was sunny and hot and, O, so still.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a great noise in the henhouse. It was one of those silly birds making a great fuss about something. "Cut-cut-cut- cuda-cut!" she cried, and kept repeating it over and over. All her neighbors knew what that meant and were not at all interested. She was just bragging because she had laid an egg. But Grumpy didn't know anything about hens or their eggs. "I wonder what all that fuss is about," thought he. "Now is a good time to run over there and find out. Nobody is about and the way is clear."

So very quietly he slipped down from the tree and darted across to the henhouse. There was a little door through which the hens went in and out. Grumpy slipped through and stared about him. It was darker in there than outside and for a minute or two he could see little. Then his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light. He saw row after row of box-like places, and in each was some hay. It was before one of these that the hen was making such a racket. Somehow, she looked very proud. Grumpy wondered why. In a few minutes she flew down to the floor. This frightened Grumpy and he ran to hide behind a box.

The hen paid no attention to him, but with her head held very high marched out to join her companions, taking a dust bath in the yard. Grumpy watched her disappear. Then he climbed up to the box from which she had flown down. Inside was something big and smooth and brown and warm. He didn't know what it was, but you do. Of course. It was a newly laid egg. He felt of it. Then he tried his teeth on it. They were

sharp and went right through one end. Something wet ran out of the hole he had made. Grumpy tasted it. Then he smacked his lips. Never, he thought, had he tasted anything more delicious. He lay right down in the nest, hugged the egg to him with all four legs and sucked the shell of that egg empty.

That egg filled his little stomach. He wanted another, but he hadn't room for it. He poked his nose into another nest and found another egg. Then he crept in and laid down beside it. He was beginning to feel sleepy. He would take a nap and when he awoke, he would have another feast. He was in mischief, but he didn't know it. Grumpy was perfectly happy.

## STORY 1062. July 5, 1915.

### Farmer Brown's Boy Suspects Something

When Grumpy awoke from his nap he couldn't think for a minute where he was. He lay there blinking and wondering. He was hugging a big, brown, smooth thing. What was it and where was he? At last he remembered the feast he had had before he fell asleep and he knew where he was. He was in Farmer Brown's henhouse, and this thing he was hugging was another feast. It was an egg. He ate it. It tasted just as good as the first one had. Then he peeped out of the nest. A very important looking person was coming in at the little door where the hens went in and out. He had to bend over in order to get through, but once inside he straightened up, shook out his coat, held his head up very proudly and strutted. Yes, sir, he strutted across the floor in a very stately way and looked as if he regarded himself as important as he looked.

Grumpy often had seen him at a distance in the henyard. Now to get a better look at him he crept out of his nest. Just then the important looking person looked up and saw him. Anger blazed up in his eyes. Who was this stranger who dared to enter the house where he was lord and master? He shook out the feathers on his neck until they stood right out in a great ruff. Then he flew straight at Grumpy. Poor Grumpy. The air seemed filled with claws and bills and beating wings. With a squeal of fright, he ran along the ledge in front of the nests, jumped down to the floor, dodged behind a box and there found a hole in the floor. In a flash he was through and safe. Huddled there, not knowing which way to turn, he heard the rooster crow boastfully to tell the hens that he had won a great victory.

"Huh!" muttered Grumpy: "you needn't feel so puffed up over frightening a little fellow like me. Why don't you take somebody your own size? You just wait until I am grown up!"

As he didn't dare go back for fear of meeting the rooster, he decided to stay where he was. He had just as soon sleep some more. So he curled up on the ground for another nap. That is where he was when Farmer Brown's boy came into the henhouse. He had come together the eggs. He whistled as he took the eggs from the nests and put them in a basket. Presently his whistle broke short off. He had just picked up an egg that seemed strangely light. He turned it over and there was a hole in one end. He was holding nothing but a shell.

“Ha!” exclaimed Farmer Brown’s boy. “Now, I wonder who could have done this.”

Presently he found another, the one that Grumpy had sucked after his nap.

“Ho!” exclaimed Farmer Brown’s boy. “We must look into this matter. Some body is stealing my eggs. I wonder if it can be a rat.”

Just then an idea popped into his head. “I wonder,” said he, slowly, “if it can be that scamp of a possum that got away from me. I wonder now.”

He set his basket of eggs down carefully and then began a careful search of the henhouse. He felt in every nest. He looked behind every box. He poked in every corner and at last he had to give it up. He was sure that whoever the thief was he wasn’t in the henhouse then. There was one thing that he overlooked. He didn’t notice the hole in the floor through which Grumpy had escaped from the rooster. It was not a very large hole, and it was behind a box in a dark corner. Thoughtfully, so thoughtfully that he forgot to whistle, Farmer Brown’s boy picked up his basket of eggs and started for the house. “I believe it was that scamp of a possum,” said he. “If it was, he’ll be sure to come back. I’ll just keep an eye on that henhouse.”

## STORY 1063. July 6, 1915.

### Grumpy Has a Disappointment

Pray, never set your heart upon  
A thing you don’t possess,  
Lest disappointment be your lot  
And cause you much distress.

It was that way with Grumpy Possum. He had set his heart on more of those delicious fresh eggs in Farmer Brown’s henhouse. Curled up in the dark under the floor he heard Farmer Brown’s boy come into the house. He heard his feet thumping overhead and he knew who it was by the whistle. He chuckled sleepily as he thought how near Farmer Brown’s boy was to him and yet didn’t suspect it. By and by Farmer Brown’s boy went out. He had collected all the eggs in the nests. But Grumpy didn’t know that.

He took another nap, and when he awoke he heard the patter of many feet on the floor over his head. Very carefully he crept to the hole in the floor where he had escaped from the rooster. Poking his sharp nose out he peeped out to see what was going on. The hens were coming in for the night. One by one they flew up on the roosts until there was only the rooster on the floor. Grumpy had great respect for him and he took the greatest care not to make a sound. Presently the rooster joined the hens on the roosts.

There was considerable shoving and crowding, and what seemed to Grumpy like a lot of foolish and needless talk before one by one the hens put their heads under their wings and went to sleep. Grumpy waited. He had all the time in the world, so he could afford to wait. When he was quite sure that all were asleep, he crept forth. It was dark,

of course. But Grumpy didn't mind that, because he can see very well in the night. In fact, Unc' Billy Possum and his relatives are rather given to going abroad at night. All was still.

Grumpy smiled. He knew now what he would do. He would hide by day under the floor, and then when that hateful rooster had gone to sleep, he would creep forth and feast to his heart's content. He smacked his lips as he thought of how good those eggs had tasted that afternoon and how good those would taste that he meant to get right away.

He scrambled up to the nests. There was nothing in the first nor the second. He hurried to the third. Ha! There was a great big white egg! The others he had were brown, but he was not particular about the color. With a sigh of perfect happiness, he crept into the nest and prepared to enjoy a feast. But there was something queer about that egg. He couldn't put his teeth through the shell. First, he tried one end and then the other, but his teeth just slipped right off. They wouldn't go through. At last, he gave up. "Guess I'll have to try another," said he and started out to examine the other nests.

Presently he found another with an egg in it. "Better luck this time," thought he, and started to make a hole. But this egg was just like the other. Do what he would, he just couldn't make a hole. By this time Grumpy wanted an egg more than ever. Indeed, it seemed to him that he wanted an egg more than he had wanted any other thing in all his short life. From nest to nest he went until he had visited every one, and every time he found an egg it was just like the first one. There were tears of disappointment in his eyes when he tried the last one, and just as before, his teeth slipped off. He then lost his temper, a foolish thing to do. He struck and kicked at the egg as if he thought it were to blame, and the first thing he knew he had kicked it out of the nest. The noise it made when it struck the floor startled him and he lay perfectly still listening. Two or three biddies stirred uneasily, then all was still again.

Grumpy climbed down and looked at the egg. It had broken. It was just as hard as before. Then he gave it up and curled up in a nest. There was nothing else to do. The little door by which he had entered the henhouse in the first place had been closed and there was no way out from underneath the floor.

What was the matter with those eggs? Why, they were just china nest eggs put there by Farmer Brown's boy to tempt the biddies to lay.

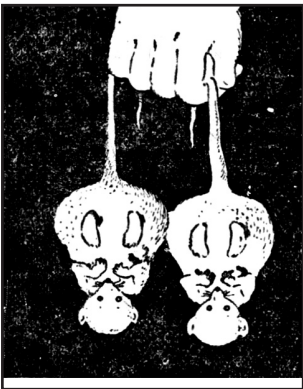
STORY 1064. July 7, 1915.

## Grumpy Finds a New Nest

You remember that when Grumpy Possum could find nothing but china eggs in the nests in Farmer Brown's henhouse, he curled himself up in one of the nests and tried to go to sleep. There was nothing else to do. But he was a long time getting to sleep. You see, he was hungry, and more than this, he was terribly disappointed. He had counted on all the fresh eggs he could eat. Instead he had only sore teeth from trying to bite a hole in those china eggs. He couldn't understand them at all.



# Illustrations. June 28 to July 3, 1915.



**1056. Bumpy Frumpy and Grumpy Have a New Home**  
Bumpy and Grumpy swing by their tails.



**1057. Old Mr Toad Was Right**  
They would eat from his hand.



**1058. A Great Big Splendid Surprise**  
It was set firmly in the ground.



**1059. Grumpy Disappears**  
"It's all right, Bowser," said he.



**1060. Where Grumpy Was and What He Did**  
He climbed to a comfortable crotch.



**1061. Grumpy Gets Into Mischief and is Happy**  
He hugged the egg to him with all four feet.



Quite early in the morning the hens began to wake up. By and by he heard steps outside and the little door by which the biddies went in and out of the house was opened. He heard the voice of Farmer Brown's boy calling, and all the hens, with that dreadful rooster in the lead, ran out as fast as ever they could. They were going to get their breakfast. The very thought made Grumpy more hungry than ever. But there was nothing to do but keep still, and he did it.

By and by a hen came in and flew up to one of the nests, where she settled down comfortably. Then another and another did the same thing. One flew up to the very nest in which he was curled up, but saw him, and with a frightened squawk flew down again, and in a very excited way began to tell everybody what she had seen. But nobody paid any attention to her, and soon she tried another nest and settled down quietly. Grumpy didn't understand it. He began to think that hens were the laziest creatures he ever had met. Here they had slept all night and now they were settling down in the nests as if they meant to spend the remainder of the day there.

He was still thinking about it when he was startled almost out of his wits. The first hen to fly up to a nest had suddenly come forth again making a great racket. "Cut-cut-cuda-cut!" she repeated over and over at the top of her voice.

After a little she very proudly marched out into the yard. A little while later another did the same thing. Grumpy remembered the racket the hen had made the first day he had entered the house and what he had found. A trifle timidly he crept out and ran along to the nest which one of the hens had just left. In it was one of those hateful white china eggs, but side of it was a brown egg, and it was warm. It was very clear to him that those hens had something to do with the eggs he liked so well. He ate this brown egg and then went to another nest which a hen had just left making a great fuss. There was another newly laid egg.

When he had eaten all his stomach would hold he crept back to his hiding place under the floor. You see, he was afraid that Farmer Brown's boy might visit the henhouse as he had the day before, so he thought it best to keep out of sight. Sure enough, Farmer Brown's boy did come later that day. He heard his footsteps on the floor over his head. And he heard him muttering. Though Grumpy didn't know it, Farmer Brown's boy had discovered those empty eggshells. Grumpy's stomach was so full that he wanted nothing so much as to sleep, and in no time at all he was dreaming of eggs, dozens and dozens of eggs, piled up all about him, and every one brown and warm and not a sign of those hateful white ones that he couldn't bite through.

How long he slept and dreamed lovely dreams he didn't know, but it was a long time. When he awoke, he stretched lazily and then decided to have a peep out in the henhouse just to see how things were. He wasn't very hungry yet, but he knew he soon would be, and he wanted to make sure that there were eggs ready for him. He climbed out through the little hole in the door and the first thing he saw made him blink. There right in front of him was a box he didn't remember at all. In it was a nest of hay and in the nest TWO brown eggs. He hadn't found but one before, and here were two. Grumpy's sharp little eyes snapped He began to feel hungry right away.

## STORY 1065. July 8, 1915.

### The Box That Seemed Alive

Whate'er you do, where'er you go  
It's best, my dears, to know you know.

Just thinking you know doesn't do you a bit of good when you find out that you didn't know, and because you didn't know are in trouble. Now, there was Grumpy Possum, one of Unc' Billy Possum's venturesome youngsters. When Grumpy crept through the hole in Farmer Brown's henhouse and saw strange box right in front of him, a box which hadn't been there a few hours before, when he was up there, he was suspicious. That was the way to be. He was very wise to be suspicious. It is always best to suspect strange things until you find out all about them.

But when Grumpy peeped inside and saw a nest of hay and in that nest two nice brown eggs he forgot all about being suspicious. He knew all about eggs. At least, he thought he did. The big white ones were no good. They were so hard he couldn't put his teeth through them no matter how he tried. But the brown ones—they were different! It was no trick at all to make a hole in the end of one of those, and then such a feast as followed! And here was a nest and TWO brown eggs in it! That was all that interested him now. What matter how the box came there, so long as it was there with a nest and two eggs in it? For that matter, he didn't exactly understand how the eggs came in the nests he had visited, so why worry about a mere box? A box couldn't hurt anyone.

To be sure, this box had a queer looking door, but what of that? He had only to go in, get the eggs and come out again. So in he went, first making sure that no one saw him. Once inside a very delicious smell tickled his nose.

"My, that smells good," said he. "I wonder what it can be."

Now, the easiest way to find out was simply to follow his nose, and Grumpy did. It led him straight to the back of the box, and there was a little piece of meat. Grumpy licked his lips. He hadn't tasted a scrap of meat since he got away from Farmer Brown's boy. Now, he would have both meat and eggs.

Now, you would suppose that he would have stopped to wonder how under the sun that meat came to be there, wouldn't you? He didn't think of anything, but the fact that it was there right within reach. Greed is often that way. It puts everything else out of one's head. So Grumpy just reached up and pulled at that little piece of meat. Bang! Grumpy was so frightened that he squealed right out. He was in the dark. When he turned around to run away, he couldn't. No, sir, he couldn't. That funny door on the box was closed, and try as he would, he couldn't move it. It had closed just as if it were alive. It seemed as if that box had just been waiting for him, and then had closed its jaws and swallowed him whole. He never had had an experience like that before and he shook all over with fright.

But as nothing further happened, he stopped shaking after a while. Then the smell

of that meat tickled his nose again. He was shut up in that box, but, thought he, "I may as well eat."

So he ate the meat and it tasted almost as good as if it hadn't gotten him into trouble. Then he ate one of the eggs, and that tasted so good that he ate the other. After that, as there was nothing else to do, he curled up and went to sleep. Of course, he was worried, for he hadn't the least idea in the world how he was going to get out of there, but worrying wouldn't help him, and the easiest way to keep from worrying was simply to go to sleep and forget his troubles. So that is just what Grumpy did.

## STORY 1066. July 9, 1915.

### Grumpy Rejoins His Brothers

Grumpy Possum was not old enough and had not been out in the Great World long enough to know anything about traps. If he had he might have guessed that that queer box which had closed up just as if it had been a hungry mouth and now remained tightly closed, in spite of all he had been able to do, was a trap. But he didn't know anything about traps. So he went to sleep to try to forget his troubles. He was wakened by the sound of footsteps and then he heard the voice of Farmer Brown's boy. It was a relief to hear that voice. Although he had run away from Farmer Brown's boy, he didn't fear him. No, sir; he didn't fear him a bit. Farmer Brown's boy had been very good to him, and so Grumpy felt sure that nothing dreadful was going to happen to him. He hoped that Farmer Brown's boy would open that box. If he didn't Grumpy had no idea how he ever would be able to get out. He didn't have long to worry about that.

"Hello!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's boy. "I guess I've caught the rascal. It didn't take long. I wonder if it really is that scamp of a possum. If it should happen to be Jimmy Skunk, I might wish I hadn't set the trap. But I don't believe it is."

Very carefully the door of the trap was opened a little, just enough for Farmer Brown's boy to peek in. "Hello, you scallawag!" he exclaimed. "Don't you think it is about time you joined your brothers? You were pretty smart to get away from me the other day, but you were not smart enough to keep away, which goes to prove that you are not yet smart enough to take care of yourself in the Great World."

He closed the door of the trap and then Grumpy felt himself being lifted up and carried somewhere. He wondered where. Of course he hadn't understood what Farmer Brown's boy had said. But he guessed, and his guess was right. In a few minutes he felt the box being set down. Then Farmer Brown's boy opened the door and very gently took him out. Grumpy was not at all surprised to find that right in front of him was the pen with his two brothers, Bumpy and Frumpy. A minute later he was inside and the door was closed. His adventures were at an end.

Bumpy and Frumpy were glad to see him, of course. But they didn't seem as glad as he thought they would. The fact is, they were foolishly a little bit jealous.

"Where have you been?" demanded Bumpy.

“Why didn’t you tell us, so that we could have gone, demanded Frumpy.

Grumpy had intended to boast, but now he very wisely decided that it would be foolish to do so, with his brothers feeling that way. So very humbly he explained how he had got away and how impossible it had been for him to tell them. Then he told all about his adventures in the henhouse and the feasts he had had on delicious fresh eggs. Of course, he didn’t say a word about the china nest eggs which had fooled him so and on which he had made his teeth sore.

Bumpy and Frumpy looked over at the hen yard longingly. It made their mouths water to hear about those delicious eggs. They longed to taste one and they made up their minds that they, too, would run away the very first chance they got. They said so.

“And if we are smart enough to get away, we won’t be so stupid as to be caught again,” said Bumpy just a wee bit spitefully.

“Perhaps,” replied Grumpy with an air of great wisdom. “But let me tell you it is easy enough to say that you will do a thing and quite another matter to do it. Farmer Brown’s boy is very smart. He has boxes trained to snap you up, so if ever you do run away take my advice and keep out of strange boxes, no matter how tempting the things in them may be.”

## STORY 1067. July 10, 1915.

### Unc’ Billy Possum Visits His Children

“Ah’s lookin’ fo’ mah babies three  
Who started out the world to see,  
Ah ‘spects dey’s quite grewed up by now  
Or thinks dey’s that way anyhow.”

Unc’ Billy Possum has a way of making up rhymes as he goes along and saying them over to himself just for fun. This moonlight night he happened to be wondering what had become of his three children, Bumpy, Frumpy, and Grumpy, who had started out to see the great world. He hadn’t heard a word from them or about them since they started out, but that didn’t worry him. Unc’ Billy isn’t the worrying kind. He doesn’t worry about himself, so why should he worry about others, even if they are his own children?

“Dey just had to go,” he explained to Mrs. Possum. “Ah knows. Ah did the same thing when Ah was young. It has to be and Ah reckon it always will have to be so long as chillern is born into the great world. No use of worrying. Not a bit. Worrying never yet grew hair on no Possum’s tail. No use worrying about what may happen to others when yo’ don’t know what may happen to yo’ own self. Ah ‘spects those scamps is right smart able to take care of themselves. ‘Cause why? ‘Cause dey’s the chillern of ol’ Bill Possum, an’ that’s me.”

Tonight it just struck him that it was funny that he hadn’t heard a word about those three youngsters. It was queer that they hadn’t been seen by some of his friends. He

hadn't any thing in particular to do, so he would travel around a little and make some inquiries. Peter Rabbit usually knew all that was going on. He would try to find Peter and find out if Peter had run across the three youngsters anywhere. He was on his way to the dear old Briar Patch to look for Peter, though he ought to have known that he wouldn't find Peter at home on a night like that, when he ran across something that quite upset his plans. It was nothing but a feather, but it was a hen's feather. How it got there he didn't know, and he didn't care. It reminded him of something. He hadn't had a good dinner of eggs for ever and ever so long. The mere thought made his mouth water. He would go up and visit Farmer Brown's henhouse and look for Peter afterward.

So he turned in the direction of Farmer Brown's, and all the way there his thoughts were divided between his three children out in the great world and eggs, but I greatly fear they were mostly of eggs. When he reached the henhouse he took the greatest care to see that Bowser the Hound was nowhere about and that the way was clear, for Unc' Billy is old enough to know that it doesn't pay to be careless even in little things. Bowser was not to be seen. The way was clear. Very carefully he walked around the henhouse. Nowhere was there a place for him to get in.

Unc' Billy was disappointed. He sat down to think it over. While he sat there, he noticed a new pen. At least it had not been there the last time he visited Farmer Brown's. He wondered what could be in it, and walked over to see. Just imagine how surprised he was when he discovered his three children, Grumpy, Bumpy and Frumpy. And just imagine how surprised they were to see Unc' Billy. Of course, Unc' Billy asked all sorts of questions, and when they had told the story of their adventures what do you think he said?

"Ah reckon," said he, "that yo' alls are better off than if yo' were out in the great world. It is a great load off mah mind to know that yo' alls are safe, and when yo' are really grown up it will be time enough to think about seeing the great world."

And with that he bade them goodbye and started back home to tell Mrs. Possum all about them. As for the three little Possums, they didn't know what to think, but finally they made up their minds that perhaps Unc' Billy was right after all, for certainly they were safe and they had plenty to eat. What more could they ask?

## STORY 1068. July 12, 1915.

### Bumpy Runs Away

Some people never seem to learn  
By what their friends or neighbors do.  
I hope, my dear, you're not that kind;  
That this cannot be said of you.

Now wouldn't you have supposed that after what Unc' Billy Possum had said, and after Grumpy's experience, that Bumpy and Frumpy would have been content to remain right where they were safe and comfortable with plenty to eat? Wouldn't you? Well, they were not. No, sir, they were not. They were forever talking of how some day

when they got a chance they would run away and they boasted that when they once got away, they would be smart enough not to get caught again the way Grumpy had. Grumpy didn't mind. He was well content where he was and he had learned for himself that he was not so smart as he had thought

Bumpy in particular was always looking for a chance to get away. Ever since Grumpy had told him about those delicious eggs in the henhouse he had been able to think of nothing else. Every time a hen cackled, Bumpy's mouth would water. Every time that Farmer Brown's Boy took the three little Possums out of their pen for a frolic Bumpy would sit on his shoulder, hoping that he would walk under the tree and give him a chance to catch hold of the branches and get away, just as Grumpy did. But for some reason Farmer Brown's Boy never went under that tree any more and Bumpy wafted in vain.

At last one day he stole away through the grass while Farmer Brown's Boy was looking another way. He was missed in a few minutes and Grumpy and Frumpy were put back in the pen. Then Farmer Brown's Boy began to hunt for Bumpy, and just as was the case when Grumpy got away, he called Bowser the Hound to help him. Now, you remember Bowser was of no use the time before, because Grumpy had not been on the ground at all. But this time Bowser's wonderful nose found Bumpy's tracks almost right away and he began to tell everybody so with his great voice. The sound of it frightened Bumpy almost to death. He ran as he never had run before, but he hadn't the least idea where he was running to. He was running away, that was all. Of course, when he started out, he had meant to get to the henhouse to sample some of the delicious eggs Grumpy had told about. This was his real reason for running away.

But as luck would have it, he was headed in the wrong direction and the first thing he knew there was Farmer Brown's house right in front of him. He didn't dare to stop with Bowser after him, so he kept on. Under one corner of the porch he saw a hole, and into this he popped with a great sigh of thankfulness. Bowser couldn't get in there. Neither could Farmer Brown's Boy. The latter stooped down and looked under. Then he called to Bumpy and tried to coax him to come out. But Bumpy wouldn't listen. Then Farmer Brown's Boy got some goodies and put them down in front of the hole. They were a great temptation, and Bumpy almost yielded. He went far enough to poke the tip of his nose out. But Farmer Brown's Boy was waiting for him, and he went back and tried to forget those goodies.

Then Farmer Brown's Boy brought the box trap in which he had caught Grumpy in the henhouse and he set it right in front of the hole. Inside he put for bait a little piece of meat. "Now, little Mr. Smarty, I guess we'll have you again before long," said he and went off whistling to get the cows and drive them home for the milking.

## STORY 1069. July 13, 1915

### Bumpy Shuts His Eyes and Holds His Nose

Hold your nose and shut your eyes  
And stop your ears, my dear,

When old Temptation prowls around,  
Or you suspect he's near.

That is what to do. It will save a lot of trouble. When you do that old Temptation doesn't have much chance. You can fool him every time. Bumpy Possum says so and he and he knows. He knows because he has tried it. When he peeped out and saw the box which Farmer Brown's boy had placed in front of the hole under the porch where he was hiding, he guessed right away what it was. It was the very same box that had shut up and caught Grumpy. He was glad that Grumpy had told him about it. He would keep out of that box.

But it wouldn't do any harm to look at it and just peep inside. So he peeped inside and right away his nose tickled with the most delicious smell and right away his eyes saw a piece of meat fastened at the end of the box. "Just run in and grab it and run right out again," whispered old Temptation.

When something inside of Bumpy whispered, "Don't do it! It isn't safe. Get as far away from that box as you can."

"There is just a fine place in your stomach for that piece of meat," whispered old Temptation, and tickled Bumpy's nose with the smell of it.

"Danger! Danger! Don't be foolish," warned that other little voice.

"Pooh!" said Bumpy. "I'm not afraid. I don't care for that old box. It can't catch me. I'm too smart."

"That's the way to talk," declared old Temptation. "Don't be afraid."

"Remember what happened to Grumpy when he went into that box," warned the other little voice.

"That's because he wasn't quick enough. You are quicker and smarter," whispered old Temptation. That meat was put there for you. You'll feel more like going out in the Great World with that in your stomach. It won't take you a minute to get it."

"You do as I tell you. Shut your eyes tight and hold your nose and then run right past that box and don't look back," said the little voice of warning. "It will be easy then to forget that piece of meat. When you can't see it and can't smell it, it won't bother you. Better be a little hungry and safe than have a full stomach and be caught."

Old Temptation started to whisper again, but Bumpy closed his eyes and held his nose and stopped his ears and then he couldn't hear old Temptation at all. Then he ran past the box and when he opened his eyes of course he couldn't see that piece of meat. Neither could he smell it any more when he sniffed. Right there he discovered that old Temptation had ceased whispering. He had given up.

"That's what I'll do every time when I'm not sure about things," declared Bumpy, which shows that Bumpy was gaining wisdom. So Bumpy got safely past the tempting box, and then he headed straight for the henhouse. You see it was quite dark by this time and no one saw him. But when he reached the henhouse, he had a great disappointment. He couldn't get in. No, sir, he couldn't get in. The little door by which



the hens went in and out was closed. Farmer Brown's boy had locked it for the night. Try as he would Bumpy couldn't find so much as a crack. Sadly he realized that all his plans had been in vain. He was not to taste those delicious eggs that night. Well, he would go somewhere else and try again later. So he headed for the Old Orchard. He had been wanting to visit that Old Orchard ever since he had first seen it.

## STORY 1070. July 14, 1915.

### Black Pussy Surprises Bumpy

When Bumpy Possum found that, do what he would, there was no chance of getting into Farmer Brown's henhouse, and so get a taste of those delicious fresh eggs, he very wisely made the best of a bad matter.

"If I cannot get what I want I'll just make the best of what I can get. I've got my freedom and that's something. Now I'll just have a look at that pleasant looking place through which we were brought where the big trees grow."

Of course Bumpy meant the Old Orchard, but never having heard the name of it he didn't know what to call it. So he made his way to the Old Orchard and there he found the big apple trees very much to his liking. You see, they were very old apple trees, with great big branches just made to climb out on, and in some of them the nicest hollows. Bumpy was so interested in poking his funny sharp little nose into these that the first thing he knew the Black Shadows had begun to run away from the bright lances of the Jolly Little Sunbeams. It was almost time for Farmer Brown's boy to get up. Bumpy chuckled and chuckled as he thought of that trap Farmer Brown's boy had set for him and how he had kept out of it. He wondered if Farmer Brown's boy would come over to the Old Orchard to look for him and that made him think that he must choose one of those hollows in which to hide.

The farther I am from Farmer Brown's house the better," thought he, and at once started for the far corner of the Old Orchard where Johnny Chuck's house is. He was sure he could find a hollow down there in which to hide. Now, Bumpy had been safe so long in the pen which Farmer Brown's boy had made for him and his brothers that he had grown careless. It is very apt to be that way with people. When danger and trouble do not come near them for some time they forget watch out. So it was with Bumpy. He was careless. Having prowled around through the Old Orchard all night in perfect safety, he didn't once think of the sharp eyes that would pop open with the first sign of daylight.

Now, Black Pussy was in the habit of slipping out very early every morning to hunt. That was why sometimes she turned up her nose at the saucer of nice fresh milk that Farmer Brown's boy offered her. You see, she has caught a breakfast before he was up. If she had need to hunt in order to get enough to eat the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadow wouldn't have hated her so. It was because she didn't need to hunt in order to live that they one and all hated her so. This particular morning, she had chosen to sneak along the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard hoping that she might surprise little Striped Chipmunk. But Striped Chipmunk knows all

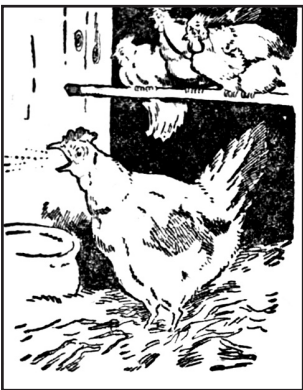
Illustrations. July 5 to July 10, 1915.



**1062. Farmer Brown's Boy  
Suspects Something**  
Bumpy and Grumpy swing by  
their tails.



**1063. Grumpy Has a  
Disappointment**  
They would eat from his hand.



**1064. Grumpy Finds a New Nest**  
It was set firmly in the ground.



**1065. The Box That Seemed  
Alive**  
"It's all right, Bowser," said he.



**1066. Grumpy Rejoins His  
Brothers**  
He climbed to a comfortable  
crotch.



**1067. Unc Billy Possum Visits  
His Children**  
He hugged the egg to him with all  
four feet.

about Black Pussy and her ways and just makes fun of her. He did that very thing that morning, letting her almost reach him and then diving out of sight between the stones of the old wall. It was like a kind of game to Striped Chipmunk, and he enjoyed it but it always angered Black Pussy.

She was just about to turn around and go back home for that fresh milk she knew would be waiting for her when she saw something moving through the grass. Black Pussy crouched down so as not to be seen, and her eyes grew yellow with excitement. It was one of those little Possums she had so often watched hungrily in the safety of their pen! He wasn't watching out at all. Softly, very softly, Black Pussy stole through the grass. She was within one jump when Bumpy just happened to turn his head and saw her. He was almost too surprised to move.

## STORY 1071. July 15, 1915

### Bumpy Feels Sharp Claws

Alas! alack, and woe is me  
That I must tell this tale to thee.

But I must, because you want to know all that happened to Bumpy Possum, and if I shouldn't tell you this story, I couldn't tell you the next.

When Bumpy turned his head and saw Black Pussy within one jump of him, he was too frightened to think and almost too frightened to move. But he did move. He moved quite without thinking. He jumped to one side and then ran as fast as ever he could, and after him ran Black Pussy. It was a very exciting race, but the only one to really enjoy it was Striped Chipmunk, who had popped his head out of the old stonewall to see what Black Pussy was about.

"Go it!" he shrilled to Bumpy, though he didn't have the least idea in the world who Bumpy might be, never having seen him before. But that didn't make any difference. His sympathies naturally went out to anybody who might be trying to get away from Black Pussy.

Bumpy did go it. He ran faster than he ever had run before in his life; faster than he had supposed he could run. You know we never know just what we can do until we have to try. Right ahead of him was a tree. If he could but reach that Bumpy felt, that he would be safe. You see he was judging Black Pussy by what he knew of old Granny Fox. Granny couldn't climb trees, so he took it for granted that Black Pussy couldn't either. Now it never does to judge one person by another. No, sir, it never does. Bumpy found it out almost right away. As he madly scrambled up the tree he thought, "Now I am safe!" The very next second he heard the sound of sharp claws on the bark behind him, and then he knew that Black Pussy could climb trees.

What should he do? What could he do? He hadn't time to stop to think. He must keep right on moving. If only he could find a hollow in that tree big enough for him to get into, but too small for that terrible cat to follow. But there wasn't a single hollow that he could find. Of course, he didn't have time to really search. He could only glance

this way and that way as he climbed. Not seeing any other place to go, he climbed out along one of the longest limbs clear to the little twigs at the end where he had to hold on as tightly as he knew how. There he turned to face Black Pussy. She was creeping out along the limb, but she was doing it in a way that made it plain that she did not feel altogether comfortable up there. The farther out she got the more tightly she held on and the closer she crept. Bumpy backed still a wee bit farther out and curled his tail around a stout twig to hold on better. He was beginning to feel more comfortable in his mind. It was very clear to him that Black Pussy was rather afraid, while he had no fear at all in a tree.

So intent was he in watching every move that Black Pussy made, that he didn't think of anyone or anything else. One danger at a time was all that Bumpy could think of. Suddenly there was a hissing sound in the air, and before poor Bumpy could even look up sharp claws struck him and he shrieked right out with the pain. And they were not the claws of Black Pussy either.

STORY 1072. July 16, 1915.

## Bumpy Flies Without Wings

Bumpy felt himself lifted right out of the apple tree in the Old Orchard. He was gripped tightly in great claws that had torn his coat and now hurt him dreadfully. He didn't know who had him, but it was someone with great wings, and it was these which made the hissing sound in the air just before the cruel great claws had struck him. Now, these great wings were beating the air and lifting him up, up, up. He shut his eyes for a few minutes, for he could not bear to look down. But he could not keep them shut. He just had to look again.

He was way up in the air now. Looking down that way he could see all the Old Orchard and over beyond Farmer Brown's house, the big barn, the henhouse, and the corncrib. They looked strangely small, and every minute they grew smaller. He thought of his brothers, Frumpy and Grumpy, safe in the snug pen Farmer Brown's boy had built for them, and he wished with all his might that he never had run away. Somehow that pen where he had had plenty to eat and nothing to worry about seemed a very beautiful place now.

He was over the Green Meadows. He could see the dear Old Briar patch where Peter Rabbit lives, though he didn't know what it was, never having been there. He saw the Smiling Pool, where Jerry Muskrat and Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle were going about their business just as if nothing so dreadful as the capture of a little Possum by Redtail the Hawk was possible. The Smiling Pool was dimpling and smiling in the morning sun as only it can, and was very, very beautiful. But Bumpy saw nothing of its beauty. You see, he was too frightened to see beauty in anything.

He closed his eyes once more and the next time he opened them the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool had disappeared and underneath him was the Green Forest. He was not very far above the treetops now and he could even hear the whispering of the Merry Little Breezes playing among the leaves. Somewhere down

there were old Mother Possum and Unc' Billy Possum and the little brother and sister Possums, who had stayed at home and not gone out to see the Great World. They were safe and happy, while he was in the worst trouble a little Possum could possibly get into.

He ached so from those cruel claws that he almost stopped caring what might happen. He hadn't any hope. He felt sure that when Redtail stopped flying with him it would be to eat him. No one could help him now, and he couldn't help himself. He had been careless and heedless and headstrong and now he must pay for it all with his life. How he did wish and wish that he had been content.

Now he was over a great tree, and in it he saw a rough pile of sticks way up near the top. It was a great nest. And in the nest, he saw something that made him feel so faint that he couldn't bear to look again. What was it? Why, three hungry looking birds with hooked bills and fierce eyes and shrill voices. They were the children of Redtail the Hawk. Bumpy knew now that he had been brought there for their breakfast. This was the reason that Redtail had not stopped and eaten him himself.

Redtail circled over the nest once or twice and then slowly and still more slowly the great wings moved. Bumpy felt the cruel claws relax and then he was dropped right in the nest with those three hungry looking little Hawks.

### STORY 1073. July 17, 1915.

## The End of Bumpy's Adventure

There always is hope until you are dead.

Whatever may happen keep this in your head.

Bumpy Possum knows that this is true. But he didn't believe it when Redtail the Hawk dropped him in that great nest with the hungry looking little hawks. No, sir, Bumpy didn't believe it then.

The truth is he hadn't the teeniest, weeniest bit of hope. There he was in that nest way up in the top of a tall tree with three fierce looking little hawks and old Redtail himself sitting on a branch close by looking on. What should he do? What could he do? Bumpy was too frightened and too hopeless to think. But he did remember one thing and that one thing was one of the first lessons which old Mother Possum had taught him.

"When in danger pretend you are dead no matter what happens." It seemed to Bumpy as if it was old Mother Possum's voice. Of course it wasn't. It was just the little voice of memory inside. But Bumpy heeded it. He lay just as he was dropped. He didn't move as much as an eyelash. If you If you could have seen him then you surely would have thought him as dead as the deadeast thing you ever saw. The little hawks thought him dead. They hardly looked at him. You see it just happened that while old Redtail was hunting for something for them to eat Mrs. Redtail had brought them a good breakfast, all they could eat and more, too. So though they were so very hungry looking they were not hungry at all just then.

Bumpy would keep until they were hungry again. So they just pushed and pulled him out of the way near the edge of the nest and then settled themselves for a nap while Redtail flew away to join Mrs. Redtail, who was still hunting for more food for her babies. Bumpy lay as still as still could be just where he had been shoved to near the edge of the nest, expecting every minute to feel the sharp, cruel bills of the three young hawks. Nothing happened. After a long time, he opened one eye. Redtail was nowhere to be seen and the three little hawks were asleep. Every move hurt him so that he wanted to squeal right out, but he gritted his teeth and didn't make a sound. Little by little he crawled to the very edge of the nest. Just as he got there one of the young hawks opened his eyes. Bumpy didn't wait a second. He just scrambled over the edge. The young hawk grabbed at him and pinched the end of his tail, but he didn't get hold of enough to pull Bumpy back. Bumpy pulled with all his might and the end of his tail slipped out of the little hawk's bill so suddenly that Bumpy fell. But he didn't fall far. He caught a friendly branch of the tree and then he scrambled down as fast as ever he could. Never in all his life had he scrambled down a tree like that.

Once on the ground, he hid under an old log. He was safe for the time being and he was, O, so thankful. His coat was dreadfully torn and he was almost too sore to move, but he had escaped and he could think of nothing else. As soon as the way was clear he would steal away and find a hollow tree in which he could nurse his wounds and feel perfectly safe. And this is just what he did do. He had seen all he wanted to of the Great World and from that time on was content to get enough to eat and seldom go far from his hollow tree, so that he grew up, escaping all the dangers of the Green Forest, and so far as I know is living there still. He had profited by his experiences.

## STORY 1074. July 19, 1915.

### Helping Farmer Brown's Boy

The time was when every single one of the little birds and animals had looked on Farmer Brown's boy as the chief of all their enemies and had hated him just in proportion as they feared him. That was in the days when he had delighted to chase them and throw stones at them and hunt them with a terrible gun. That was before he had begun to get acquainted with them, and had learned that the little people of the green meadows and the green forest have feelings just as he has and know love and joy and fear and suffering just as human people do.

But since he learned all this Farmer Brown's boy has been the very best friend the little people have. It took them a long time to find this out, because, you see, they had been afraid of him so long that they were suspicious of everything he did, and when he tried to make friends with them, they thought it was a trick to catch them. But patience accomplishes a great deal in this world and Farmer Brown's boy was very patient. He began to understand just how they felt, and he didn't blame them a bit, not a bit. He knew that if he had been in their place, he would have felt just the same way. So when they ran or flew away from him, or hid the moment he came in sight he just sighed to think that he should ever have done things to make them feel that way, and then tried to do something to show them how his heart had changed and that he no longer wanted to



harm or frighten them. In the winter, when food was scarce, he put good things to eat where they could find them. When he found any of them in trouble, he helped them out of it.

Little by little they began to understand that he wanted to be their friend. Tommy Tit the Chickadee was one of the first to realize this, and Tommy met him half way. It was not long before Farmer Brown's boy and Tommy were chums and Tommy's bright little eyes twinkled with pleasure every time he saw Farmer Brown's boy. Then Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and Peter Rabbit and Striped Chipmunk and Johnny Chuck and Mrs. Grouse discovered that he was doing his best to make life easier and happier for them and little by little they lost their fear of him. They began to look on him as a friend. He was forever trying to do something for them and for the other little people. After a while some of them began to want to do something for him. They talked it over among themselves, but they couldn't think of a thing that they could do.

Old Mr. Toad listened gravely to all that was said, but with a twinkle in his beautiful eyes. When everybody else had confessed that they could think of nothing to do for Farmer Brown's boy he spoke.

"Catch bugs," said he gruffly.

"What have bugs got to do with Farmer Brown's boy?" demanded Peter Rabbit.

"Everything," retorted Old Mr. Toad. "They eat up the things that he is trying to grow. I know because I work in his garden. I've been helping him for a long time, and he knows it. But I can take care of the bugs in only a small part of his garden. He needs a lot of help there. And he needs a lot more in the Old Orchard and in the berry patch. The worms and bugs are just spoiling the trees and bushes. If all who like bugs and worms to eat would get busy in the Old Orchard and the berry patch and the garden, they would do more for Farmer Brown's boy than they can do in any other way. I know."

"Do you think he would know what we were trying to do?" asked fussy Jenny Wren.

"Did you know when he put up that nice little house for you in the apple tree on the edge of the Old Orchard?" drawled Old Mr. Toad. "Don't folks generally know when things are done for them?"

"Then let's do it!" cried Jenny Wren excitedly. "That little house is the nicest home I've ever had and I'd like to do something in return. I catch bugs to eat, but I never supposed that doing that would help Farmer Brown's boy. I'll hurry right around and get all the other birds and we'll clean the Old Orchard of every bug and worm."

## STORY 1075. July 20, 1915.

### The Birds Have a Busy Time

There's nothing," so the Quaddies say.



“Like helping others every day  
To fill you with a pleasant pride  
And make you feel so good inside.”

To be sure, the help they were giving Farmer Brown’s boy brought its own reward and naturally made them feel good inside because it filled their little stomachs, and you know and I know that a full stomach, if it isn’t too full, is a very good feeling indeed. But that wasn’t the kind of a good feeling that they meant. O my, no! No, indeed! It wouldn’t be fair to those hardworking little birds to even think so. What they did mean was that it gave them that tickled-all-over feeling which comes only with the knowledge of having done a good deed.

You see just as soon as Old Mr. Toad said that catching bugs and worms in the Old Orchard, the garden and the berry patch would be doing something for Farmer Brown’s boy in return for all the nice things he had done for the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows fussy little Jenny Wren had jumped up excitedly and announced that she was going to hurry around right away and tell all the other birds who ate bugs and worms and ask them to join her in trying to get every bug and worm in the Old Orchard. And she was just as good as her word. She hurried about among her neighbors and they all agreed that they would help her.

So just as soon as jolly, round Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky the next morning the birds gathered in the Old Orchard and began work. There was Tommy Tit the Chickadee, Jenny Wren, Welcome Robin, Winsome Bluebird, Drummer the Woodpecker, Mr. Mocker the Mockingbird, Kit the Catbird, Brownie the Thrush<sup>17</sup>, Tiny the Warbler, Chippy the Chipping Sparrow, Twitter the Martin, Skimmer the Swallow, Little Friend the Song Sparrow, Bubbling Bob the Bobolink, Cresty the Flycatcher, Goldie the Oriole and a lot more. Even Sammy Jay came over to help.

Skimmer the Swallow and Twitter the Martin sailed back and forth over the treetops, and in and out among the trees, catching the insects that flew. Drummer the Woodpecker went all over the tree-trunks and the big branches with his head cocked to listen for the sound of worms boring in the wood under the bark, and whenever he heard one, he hammered with his stout bill and made the chips fly until he had reached it. Then he speared it with his barbed tongue and swallowed it. Tommy Tit searched the bark and all the little twigs for the tiny eggs hidden there by the insects. Tiny the Warbler and Chippy the Sparrow flitted here, there and everywhere, picking the green cankerworms from the leaves. Jenny Wren fussed about, her tongue going so fast that Welcome Robin wondered when she ever had time to catch bugs, but she did. In fact no one was busier than she.

Little Friend the Song Sparrow likes bushes better than trees, and so he went over to the berry patch and there he was joined by Kit the Catbird and Brownie the Thrush, and they soon found all they could attend to in clearing the berry bushes of the worms. Over in the garden Old Mr. Toad was just as busy as the birds and he did hope they would come over to help him when they were through in the Old Orchard. Jimmy Skunk happened along and when he found out what was going on he got busy and dug

---

17 AKA Brownie the Thrasher.

out worms and beetles which were hiding in the ground,

And all the time Farmer Brown's boy didn't once suspect what was going on. That was the best part of it. It was to be a great surprise for him.

## STORY 1076. July 21, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Wishes He Could do Something

Peter Rabbit couldn't sit still. He was so uneasy that little Mrs. Peter, who was little Miss Fuzzytail before she became Mrs. Peter, quite lost patience.

"Goodness gracious! Whatever is the matter with you, Peter?" she demanded.

"Nothing," replied Peter.

"Then why don't you sit still?" She looked at Peter straight in the eyes until he felt that he just had to say something.

"I—I—" he stammered. Then abruptly he asked a question himself. "Say, Fuzzy, what can we do for Farmer Brown's boy?"

Mrs. Peter stared at Peter. "Why should we do anything for him?" she asked.

"Because he has done so much for us," replied Peter.

"I'd like to know what he's done for us?" declared Mrs. Peter.

"Why, lots of things," replied Peter. "Don't you remember the nice cabbage leaves he left for us when food was scarce last Winter? And he doesn't hunt or try to trap us any more, nor let anyone else. All the birds, at least, a lot of them (Peter was trying to be strictly truthful), are up in the Old Orchard and Farmer Brown's berry patch and garden this very minute helping Farmer Brown's boy and—and—I want to help, too."

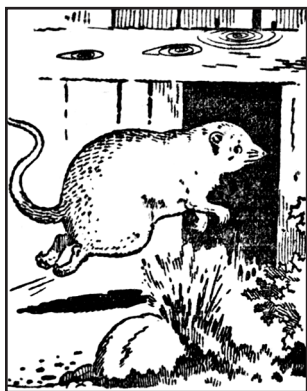
"What are they doing?" asked Mrs. Peter, looking interested.

"Catching all the bugs and worms that eat the leaves of the trees and spoil the fruit and the things that grow in the garden. I wish I liked bugs, but I don't. Bah!" Peter made a wry face and Mrs. Peter laughed.

"I'm glad you don't," said she. "Ugh! It makes me crawl all over just to think of eating those wriggly, crawly things! But I guess it's a good thing that some people like them or they would eat up all the, nice tender green things we like so well."

"Yes," replied Peter. "I guess if it wasn't for the birds there wouldn't be any green things at all and without any green things we couldn't live. Why—" Peter paused and stared very hard out over the Green Meadows for a new and very surprising thought had popped into his head. "Why, I do believe, Fuzzytail, that the birds are doing something for us every day, and we just haven't known it! I never have supposed that the birds had anything to do with us. Of course I've always liked to see them flying around and to hear them sing, but if you had asked me before this I would have said that we could get along very well without them. But now it has just come over me that without them we soon wouldn't be able to live at all unless we ate bugs ourselves."

Illustrations. July 12 to July 17, 1915.



**1068. Bumpy Runs Away**  
Under the porch he saw a hole.



**1069. Bumpy Shuts His Eyes and Holds His Nose**  
The little door was closed.



**1070. Black Pussy Surprises Bumpy**  
It was one of those little possums.



**1071. Bumpy Feels Sharp Claws**  
Black Pussy was rather afraid.



**1072. Bumpy Flies Without Wings**  
He was way up in the air now.



**1073. The End of Bumpy's Adventure**  
The young hawk pinched the end of his tail.

Ugh!” Peter shuddered and made another wry face so that Mrs. Peter laughed right out.

“This is a funny old world,” continued Peter, “and I learn something every day. Just listen to the racket going on over in the old orchard! We can hear them way over here. They’re having a great time and they’re doing it for Farmer Brown’s boy. I wish I could do something for him.” Peter’s face clouded.

Just then he noticed a dark speck up in the air over toward the green forest. He knew what it was. It was Redtail the Hawk. A sudden thought popped into his head, Those workers in the old orchard might be so busy that they would forget to watch out, and so Redtail might catch one of them.

“Goodbye!” shouted Peter, and before Mrs. Peter could open her mouth to ask where he was going, he was off for the old orchard, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go.

## STORY 1077. July 22, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Help

That this is true there’s no denying—  
There’s nothing in the world like trying.

Then sometimes you find a way of doing the thing you want to do without knowing it just as Peter Rabbit did. Peter wanted to do something for Farmer Brown’s boy in return for the things he had done for the people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Jenny Wren and Welcome Robin and Tiny the Warbler and a lot more of the feathered band were hard at work killing the bugs and worms in the Old Orchard, and the berry patch and the garden so that the fruit and the vegetables might have a chance to grow. Old Mr. Toad and Jimmy Skunk were helping, too. They were all doing it for Farmer Brown’s boy because he had done so much to make life better and happier for the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, the Smiling Pool and the Old Orchard.

But Peter doesn’t like bugs and worms, and so he couldn’t help. And he couldn’t think of any other way to help. It had made him feel very uncomfortable and uneasy. He had been talking about it with little Mrs. Peter over in the dear Old Briar patch when he noticed Redtail the Hawk sailing high up in the sky and right away it popped into Peter’s head that the workers in the Old Orchard might be so busy that they would forget to keep watch. Off he started, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go for the Old Orchard. Sure enough everybody was so busy hunting for bugs and worms that no one was watching for danger.”

Such a racket as those birds were making! Peter wondered how they ever did any work with their tongues going at such a rate. But they did and they were so busy that no one even noticed Peter. He glanced over his shoulder and he saw that Redtail was headed straight for the Old Orchard. He had heard the noise and was coming to see what it was all about. Peter thumped the ground as hard as ever he could by way of warning. Nobody noticed him. He thumped, and thumped and at last Jenny Wren spied

him.

“Hello, Peter! Why aren’t you doing something for Farmer Brown’s boy?” said she.

Peter just turned and pointed up in the sky, for he was so out of breath from running that he couldn’t speak. Jenny looked and saw old Redtail very near now. Of course, she understood the danger right away. In an instant her shrill voice was giving warning. By the time old Redtail had reached the Old Orchard not a bird was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard. It was as still as if there never had been a bird in the Old Orchard. Redtail circled over the trees two or three times and then with a scream of disappointment flew away.

No sooner was he gone than out came all the birds from their hiding places and began chattering and working just as before. But Jenny Wren took time to hurry over and thank Peter for his warning. It gave Peter an idea. “Johnny Chuck and I will keep watch while you work,” said he.

“Splendid!” cried Jenny Wren. “Then you’ll be doing something for Farmer Brown’s boy, too.”

Peter looked puzzled. “I don’t see how,” said he.

“Why, if you keep watch so that we can work without worrying you’ll be helping us, won’t you? And if you help us, you’ll be helping Farmer Brown’s boy, won’t you? You know we’re doing this for him.”

A pleased look stole over Peter’s face. “I never thought of that,” he confessed. “I’ll hurry and tell Johnny Chuck. He’ll be as pleased as I am.”

So Peter hurried to tell Johnny Chuck, and Johnny was just as pleased as Peter had thought he would be. So Johnny sat up very straight and watched this way and that on one side of the Old Orchard, and Peter sat up very straight and watched this way and that on the other side of the Old Orchard, and all the birds hunted for bugs and worms among the trees of the Old Orchard, and each was doing it for Farmer Brown’s boy.

## STORY 1078. July 23, 1915.

### Peter Discovers Another Helper

Peter Rabbit felt very important as he kept watch in the Old Orchard. He couldn’t kill bugs and worms because in the first place he couldn’t climb trees, and in the second place he didn’t eat bugs or worms. No, indeed, Peter, couldn’t even think of such a thing and feel comfortable. But he had found a way of helping those who could. He could watch out for danger so that the others could give all their attention to the bugs and not worry for fear they would be surprised by their enemies, and this made Peter very happy. You see he felt now that he was really doing something for Farmer Brown’s boy. The latter might not know it, but the little feathered folk who were working so hard to save the fruit by killing the bugs and worms that were spoiling the trees knew it, and Peter himself knew it, and that was enough.

So Peter sat up very straight, with his long ears pointing straight up to the blue, blue sky, and he watched this way and he watched that way. Over on the other side of the Old Orchard was Johnny Chuck, doing the same thing. In the trees the birds were working with might and main and chattering merrily as they worked. Even Sammy Jay was helping. Peter wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it for himself. But he did see it. He saw Sammy tear open a big nest of caterpillars, and when Sammy got through there wasn't a caterpillar left.

"Good for you, Sammy!" called Peter. Sammy pretended not to hear, but he did hear and secretly he was pleased. You see Sammy doesn't often hear nice things said to him, and it gave him a very pleasant feeling inside, though not for the world would he have admitted it. It was while Peter was watching Sammy to see what he would do next that he felt the ground rise under him. It was so sudden and unexpected that he nearly lost his balance, and had to drop down on to all four feet. It frightened him too. He jumped off to one side and then looked where he had been sitting to see what it meant. There was a little ridge where the earth had been pushed up from beneath and even as Peter looked the ground moved as if something was shoving it up and the little ridge was a few inches longer than before.

Peter knew right away who had frightened him. He knew that little ridge was made by Miner the Mole and that Miner was making a tunnel right along just under the surface through the Old Orchard. Of course Miner hadn't known that Peter was sitting there, and he had just happened to push his tunnel right under Peter. Now most people are apt to be a little bit cross when they are frightened, especially if they find that there was nothing to be frightened of. It was so with Peter.

"Ha!" exclaimed Peter. "I'll teach you to frighten honest people!" And with that he hopped over to the spot where by the movement of the earth he could tell that Miner was at work and then what do you think he did? Why he thumped with all his might right over Miner the Mole. Of course it wasn't a nice thing to do, not at all a nice thing to do. It was trying to get even and it was doing it in an unfair way. You see Miner hadn't intended to frighten Peter, but Peter did intend to frighten Miner. He did frighten him, too. Who wouldn't be frightened to have a terrible thump just over their head? Miner was just as much frightened as Peter had been a few moments before.

He backed along his tunnel until he reached the nearest opening. He didn't come out because the sunlight hurts his eyes, but he scolded angrily at Peter, who had followed by watching the roof of the little tunnel move.

"What are you doing down there underground, anyway?" demanded Peter.

"I'm minding my own business, that's what!" retorted Miner crossly. "It's a pity if a fellow can't hunt for his food without having other people try to frighten him to death."

"What kind of food do you find down there?" asked Peter.

"Grubs and worms," replied Miner shortly. "If it wasn't for me, they'd ruin half the green things that grow."

“Then you’re helping Farmer Brown’s boy, too!” cried Peter delightedly. “If I had known that I wouldn’t have been so mean and frightened you.”

## STORY 1079. July 24, 1915.

### Workers of the Night

That was a busy day for the little people who were trying to help Farmer Brown’s boy by killing all the insects and worms in the Old Orchard, the berry patch, and the garden. But at last jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills, and then most of those busy little workers went to bed, too. They were tired, but they were happy, for they felt that they had done a great deal. The next day they would continue the good work.

Peter Rabbit, who had faithfully kept watch while the others worked, was almost sorry as he listened to the beautiful evening song of Brownie the Thrush. It seemed a pity to stop then. But he knew that Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker, and Chippy the Sparrow, and all the other feathered workers needed rest. Besides they could not see in the night as he could.

“It’s too bad that the work has to stop,” said Peter aloud as he made ready to leave the Old Orchard.

“What work?” demanded a voice right over his head. There in one of the apple trees sat Timmy the Flying Squirrel.

Then Peter told Timmy how everybody in the Old Orchard that day had been trying to help Farmer Brown’s boy, and that he meant that it was too bad that the work had to stop at all.

“It doesn’t,” replied Timmy, suddenly springing on a fat hard-shelled beetle. I’m here and I rather think that I shall be rather busy by the looks of things. There are a great many bugs that don’t appear in the day time, and there are a few of us that prefer the night in which to work. You can depend on me to do my share to help Farmer Brown’s boy. He found my nest a few days ago and took great care not to disturb it. And he chased away that black cat when she came nosing around. I shall be only too glad to do something for him, and if catching bugs will help you can count on me. I see Boomer the Nighthawk and Flitter the Bat are at work already. Excuse me, I see another beetle over yonder.”

In a twinkling Timmy was gone. Peter looked up in the air. Sure enough, there was Flitter the Bat, darting in and out among the trees, and Peter knew that he was catching insects in the air. A second later Boomer the Nighthawk swept over his head and he heard the snap of Boomer’s bill, which meant that Boomer had caught something. Peter sighed happily. He had forgotten all about these little night workers. They could do what the day workers could not do.

“Wouldn’t Farmer Brown’s boy be glad if he knew,” thought Peter as he started for home by way of the garden, for he had a mind to nibble a tender lettuce leaf. When he



reached the garden he ate one lettuce leaf and had just begun on another when a voice, a very indignant voice, made him jump guiltily.

“What are you doing?” demanded Old Mr. Toad angrily. “Don’t you know that everybody is working for Farmer Brown’s boy? Of what use is it for us to kill all the bugs and worms so that the green things can grow if you are going to eat them all up? A nice help you are!”

“I—I didn’t think,” replied Peter meekly.

“Well, it’s time you did think,” retorted Old Mr. Toad tartly. “There’s plenty for you to eat over on the Green Meadows. I’ll have you to know, Peter Rabbit, that I’m not working for you.” All the time Old Mr. Toad was busily hopping about, snapping up bugs, for he had rested during the heat of the day and loves best to work in the dusk of the evening.

Peter wanted another leaf of lettuce. It seemed to him that he never had wanted a thing more. But he knew that Old Mr. Toad was right. It certainly wouldn’t be helping Farmer Brown’s boy if he ate up his lettuce. So Peter gulped hard once or twice and then bravely turned his back on the garden. After all, sweet clover was very nice and very filling.

Old Mr. Toad’s eyes twinkled as he watched Peter hop away. “Peter means all right,” said he, and began to hunt bugs harder than ever.

## STORY 1080. July 26, 1915

### Farmer Brown’s Boy Repays His Friends

A little kind and goodly deed  
Is like a tiny little seed;  
It grows and grows and grows and grows,  
And where ‘twill stop nobody knows.

The little friends of Farmer Brown’s boy who were trying to help him by killing all the bugs and worms in the Old Orchard, the garden and the berry patch were doing it to repay him for his kindness to them. They did not expect any further reward. No, indeed! Such a thought had not once entered their heads. They didn’t even know if Farmer Brown’s Boy would know what they were doing and they didn’t have the least idea that he would know why they were doing it.

But Farmer Brown’s boy did know what they were doing. He listened to the chattering of the birds in the Old Orchard and when they didn’t know it, he watched them. Then he called Farmer Brown to listen and watch. “There are the best friends we’ve got,” he whispered, “I guess we’ll have plenty of apples this year for those birds won’t leave a bug or a worm on the trees if they keep on. It’s the same way down in the garden. Old Mr. Toad is working his head off down there, and I found a lot of places where Jimmy Skunk has dug up grubs. Of course I don’t suppose they know that they are helping us, but they are just the same, and I’d like to do something for them.”

“Why don’t you?” asked Farmer Brown with a twinkle in his kindly eyes.

“What?” demanded Farmer Brown’s boy.

“Well, it seems to me that those little folks must be dreadfully thirsty these hot, dry days, and they must have to go a long way for a drink and a bath.”

“The very thing!” cried Farmer Brown’s boy delightedly. “I wonder I didn’t think of it before.”

With this he strode off toward the barn and there for a time he was very busy, and while he worked, he whistled. By and by he came out to the Old Orchard and began to dig a hole just where the sun broke through the branches of one of the apple trees. The birds stopped their work and their singing to watch. What could he be doing?

When the hole was deep enough to suit him, he brought a post and put it in. Then he pounded the earth down all around it so that it would stand solidly. On top of the post, he fastened a shallow pan. Then he brought a pail of sparkling fresh water and filled the pan, after which he went away and hid where he could watch. At first the birds looked at that post and pan a wee, wee bit suspiciously. Was it a scare crow or a kind of trap? Then Tommy Tit the Chickadee came along and right away he guessed what it was.

“Dee, dee, dee! See me! See me!” he cried joyously and flitted down to the edge of the pan and began to drink, for he was very thirsty. Then he hopped right in and took a bath. How he did make the water fly! It was so cool and refreshing. “Dee, dee, dee! See me! See me!” he sang joyously.

Then one after another the other birds did the same thing, and when they had drunk their fill and bathed to their hearts’ content, they sang with all their might and main to let everybody know how happy they were, especially Farmer Brown’s boy, for they knew then that he had done this to repay them for their work in the Old Orchard.

Farmer Brown’s boy chuckled. Then he put a pan of water in the berry patch and another in the garden, only these he put on the ground for the little people who like the ground best. Every day he saw to it that each pan was filled with fresh, clean water, and so he won his way still farther into the hearts of the little people of the Old Orchard and the Green Meadows. They knew then that he was indeed their friend.

## STORY 1081. July 27, 1915

### Tiny the Warbler Makes a Discovery

A joyous mate, a downy nest—  
Could anybody be more blest?

Tiny the Warbler didn’t think so. It seemed to him his cup of happiness was quite full to overflowing. And yet he discovered that there was still greater happiness for him. He discovered it early one morning when he went to have a peep at that downy nest while Mrs Tiny was off hunting for her breakfast. What do you think it was? Why,

it was an egg, the most beautiful little egg, with a little wreath of brown and lavender spots around the larger end. It seemed to Tiny that there never could have been before such a wonderful and beautiful little egg.

And the nest it was in was just fitted for such a beautiful thing. It was a dainty nest, for Tiny and Mrs. Tiny are very dainty little people, quite the daintiest of any in the Old Orchard, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Hummer, the Humming Birds. It was made of silver plant fibres, soft grasses, caterpillar silk, and the soft brown cotton that grows on ferns. Could there have been a nicer cradle for such a jewel of an egg?

Tiny looked and looked and then he shook out his handsome yellow coat and sang over and over again a simple little song of pure happiness. After this he hunted up Mrs. Tiny, for he felt that he had just got to share his happiness, and of course it was she who had given it to him. Together they hunted worms on the leaves of the apple trees in the Old Orchard and talked about that wonderful egg and the baby bird that would someday hatch out of it. When they had eaten all they could they flew back to that wonderful nest so securely hidden way out on a branch of an old apple tree. Tiny was first, for he just had to get back for another look at that beautiful egg.

When he reached the nest and looked in he had such a shock that he quite lost his breath for a minute. Then he gave a funny little cry that brought Mrs. Tiny as fast as her wings could bring her. When she peeped into the nest she was even more shocked than Tiny had been. There were two eggs instead of one. And one egg was twice as large as the other and not at all beautiful.

Tiny and Mrs. Tiny looked at each other in dismay. It was very clear to them that while they had been away a visitor, a very unwelcome visitor, had been to their nest and had laid that strange egg there.

“Did you ever hear of such a thing?” cried Tiny.

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Tiny. “I’ve heard of such a thing before, but I didn’t ever expect it would happen to me. What are we going to do about it?”

“Kick it out!” replied Tiny promptly. He hopped into the nest and tried his best to kick the strange egg out. But the nest was deep and work as he would he couldn’t get the strange egg out. Then Mrs. Tiny tried and she was no more successful. And all the time they had to take the greatest care not to break their own beautiful egg. At last they gave up and sorrowfully sat and stared at the hateful egg.

“I’d break it only that would muss our beautiful nest all up,” said Tiny spitefully.

“That wouldn’t do at all,” declared Mrs. Tiny with tears of vexation in her eyes. “We must think of some other way.”

“Who do you suppose did it?” asked Tiny. “If we hatch out our egg we’ll hatch out that hateful egg.”

“We won’t hatch it, decided Tiny firmly. “Let’s go about among our neighbors and see if they have seen a stranger around.”

So together they made the rounds of the Old Orchard, inquiring if anyone had seen

a stranger there, but no one had.

## STORY 1082. July 28, 1915.

### A Scandal in the Old Orchard

Old Lady Gossip is out for a walk,  
Her mischievous tongue is just itching to talk:  
Perchance you may meet her, and should you, I pray,  
Just stop up your ears and keep straight on your way.

That is the surest way of keeping from hearing unpleasant things about your neighbors, and nobody wants to hear such things. Of course not. But once in a while, things happen that you just can't help hearing about. It was this way in the Old Orchard. The fact is there was a dreadful scandal in the Old Orchard. A scandal, you know, is a wrong act which makes people talk and brings disgrace. When Tiny the Warbler and Mrs. Tiny found a strange egg in their beautiful little nest they knew it had been put there by someone who was too lazy to build a nest of her own and who wanted to get rid of the trouble of raising her own children. Can you think of anything worse or more disgraceful than that?

That is the way Tiny and Mrs. Tiny felt about it. They felt that it was a disgrace to the Old Orchard to have such a person there. They went about among their neighbors making careful inquiries to try to find out if anyone had seen a stranger about, for they felt sure that no one of their neighbors would do such a thing, but they didn't tell anyone about that hateful egg in their nest. That night Mrs. Tiny sat on the two eggs—her own and the hateful strange egg—trying to decide what they should do. She couldn't half sleep from thinking. In the morning there were three eggs in the nest—two of her own and the strange egg. When Tiny came to say good morning and found another beautiful egg of their own, he was not at all happy and proud as he would have been but for that hateful strange egg. In fact he was worried. You see he knew that if they hatched out their own eggs, they would have to hatch out that strange egg and that would mean one more hungry mouth to feed.

This morning they decided not to leave the nest alone an instant for fear that another strange egg might be laid there, so Tiny kept guard while Mrs. Tiny went for her breakfast. When she returned, she was so excited that her tongue fairly tripped over itself.

"What do you think?" she cried. "Mrs. Chippy left her nest for a little while this morning, and when she returned, she found a strange egg there. The same thing happened to Mrs. Redeye the Vireo, day before yesterday. They are making a terrible fuss about it and all the neighbors are talking about it. I went over to Mrs. Chippy's nest and the strange egg there is just like this one in our nest. Such doings are a disgrace to the Old Orchard, a regular scandal, and something ought to be done about it.

Nobody seems to know who laid the eggs and everybody says that whoever it is

## Illustrations. July 19 to July 24, 1915.



**1074. Helping Farmer Brown's Boy**

"Catch bugs," said he, gruffly.



**1075. The Birds Have a Busy Time**

Drummer the Woodpecker went all over the tree trunks.



**1076. Peter Rabbit Wishes He Could do Something**

"What has he done for us!" declared Mrs. Peter.



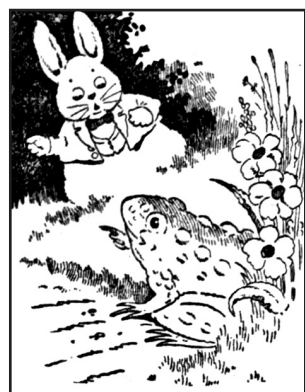
**1077. Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Help**

"Splendid!" replied Jenny Wren.



**1078. Peter Discovers Another Helper**

"What are you doing down there?" demanded Peter.



**1079. Workers of the Night**

"I—I didn't think," replied Peter, meekly.

must be driven out of the Old Orchard the minute they are discovered. Mrs. Chippy has managed to kick the egg out of her nest. You know it is very shallow, not a bit like ours. But Mr. and Mrs. Redeye are as badly off as we are. They've tried and tried but they can't get the strange egg out and they've got three of their own. They are dreadfully upset. They've even talked of building a new nest and leaving the old one and their eggs, but they can't bear to do that. When Sammy Jay heard about it, he offered to come and take the strange egg. You know he is very fond of eggs. But they don't dare let him for fear temptation will prove too much for him and he will take their eggs as well as the other. He doesn't know where their nest is and I guess it is just as well."

"I guess it is," replied Tiny. "Sammy may mean all right, but I wouldn't trust him with our eggs. This scandal is bad enough, but I am afraid Sammy would make it worse. The question is what are we going to do?"

### STORY 1083. July 29, 1915.

## Mrs. Tiny Thinks of a Way

If there's a way in there must be a way out;  
So think and keep thinking, and keep your heart stout.

That is the only way to get out of trouble. If you keep thinking hard enough and hopefully enough sooner or later you will find the way. It was so with Mrs. Tiny the Warbler. She just couldn't make up her mind to hatch out that strange egg in her nest, and then have to feed and care for the young stranger. She knew by the size of the egg that the baby who would hatch out of it would be twice as big as her own babies and need twice as much food.

She couldn't think of any way to get that hateful egg out of the nest, and she couldn't bear to think of building a new nest somewhere else. You see when she had picked out that particular place for her nest, she had felt that it was the very best place in the Old Orchard. In fact, she knew it was, because she had hunted through every tree before she had finally decided to build in that particular spot. So she kept thinking. She thought so hard that she almost forgot to eat. At last, she called to Tiny.

"Tiny, my dear," said she, "hurry as fast as you can and bring grasses and cotton from the ferns and any other nice things for a nest which you may find."

Tiny stared at Mrs. Tiny very hard. "Are you going to build a new house?" he demanded.

Mrs. Tiny smiled. "Not exactly," she replied. "You fly away and get the things and you'll see."

Tiny looked puzzled, but he did as he had been told to do, for he always lets Mrs. Tiny have her way. It was she who chose the place for their home and who did most of the building, so he felt that it was quite right and proper that she should say what was to be done now. When he returned with some nice silvery threads he found Mrs. Tiny already at work with some grasses which she had found. Tiny almost dropped his

threads he was so surprised by what she was doing. She was building the walls of the nest higher.

“What are you doing that for?” he demanded.

“Don’t ask questions, but work. I want some more material right away,” she replied.

So Tiny left his threads and hurried away for more. Mrs. Tiny worked with might and main. She made a roof over the nest and then built up the walls. The roof over the old nest was really the bottom of a new nest. Perhaps we shouldn’t call it a new nest, but a new part of the old nest. In fact Mrs. Tiny was building a two-story house. It took several days to finish it, but when it was done the second story was quite as dainty as the first had been, and once more Mrs. Tiny was quite happy. The strange egg and her own two beautiful eggs were in the lower part quite out of sight, and now they would never hatch into little birds. Tiny had felt very badly about giving up those two beautiful eggs, but Mrs. Tiny had promised that she would lay some more.

“Then we’ll never, never, leave the nest unguarded, and so there will be no more strange eggs laid in it,” said she. “We’ve had to give up those two eggs, but we haven’t had to give up our nice home, and we haven’t got to take care of somebody else’s child,” she added triumphantly.

“That’s so,” replied Tiny. “My, how smart you are, my dear. I never should have thought of such a clever plan. Do you think we will have some eggs soon?”

“I think there will be one tomorrow morning,” replied little Mrs. Tiny. And sure enough, the next morning there was a beautiful little egg in the new part of the nest.

## STORY 1084. July 30, 1915

### Owner of the Strange Eggs Discovered

Little Mrs. Tiny is a very smart person. Tiny the Warbler says so, and certainly he ought to know. He says she is the smartest person in the Old Orchard. Of course, his neighbors do not agree to that, but they do admit that she is very smart. They couldn’t help admitting it after she built that two-story house with the strange egg locked in the lower part where it couldn’t hatch. After he had heard about that even Sammy Jay, who has little respect for anybody, bowed to her most politely when they chanced to meet.

“I don’t see how you thought of it; I really don’t, my dear,” Tiny would burst out every once in a while. “It is quite the cleverest thing I ever heard of. May I just peep at those eggs?”

“You may take care of them while I go get something to eat,” Mrs. Tiny would reply, “but be sure that you don’t leave them for an instant. It would break my heart to find another strange egg in with them, and I am not at all sure that that heartless creature who left the one we have locked up is not hiding around here somewhere waiting for another chance. I can tell you one thing, Tiny Warbler, and that is that I am not going to bring up any strange children.”



Tiny knew by the snap of her bill and the queer little jerk of her head that she meant just what she said. There were four beautiful little eggs in the nest now, and Tiny was very proud to take care of them while his smart little wife got her meals. He was doing this morning when he caught a glimpse of a brownish-gray bird of twice his own size sneaking through the trees as if trying to keep out of sight. The instant she saw him she turned and disappeared. He was still wondering who she was and why she was so anxious to keep out of sight when there was a great outcry in another part of the Old Orchard. He could hear the voices of nearly all his neighbors screaming angrily, and he did so want to go and see what all the fuss was about. But he remembered his charge and sat tight. It was a hard thing to do when there was so much excitement, but he did it.

Presently Mrs. Tiny came hurrying home, and she was so excited that she could hardly keep still long enough to tell him the news. "What do you think?" she cried. "We've found out who has been laying those eggs in the nests of other birds. It is Sally Sly the Cowbird. Mrs. Pewee had left her nest for just a few minutes, and when she came back there was that dreadful Sally Sly just leaving it, and in it was an egg just like the one we found in our nest and that Mrs. Chippy and Mrs. Redeye the Vireo found in their nests. Mrs. Pewee called the rest of us and we drove Sally Sly out of the Old Orchard, and I don't think she'll come back very soon. I pulled two feathers out of her coat myself, and it did me a lot of good." Mrs. Tiny ruffled out her feathers.

"Did you ever hear of anything so wicked? They say she never builds a nest and never takes care of her babies. In fact, she doesn't even know her own children. She sneaks around and lays eggs in the nests of others, always the nests of those a great deal smaller than herself, and then goes off to have a good time without any cares at all. She never even goes back to see if the eggs have hatched and the babies are being taken care of. She hasn't a spark, not a spark, of mother love in her. Nobody but Bully the English Sparrow and his wife will have anything to do with her, and you know they are a very poor kind of people themselves and none of the rest of us will even speak to them. They are better than Sally Sly, though, for they do take care of their children. Did you ever hear of anything so awful? Just think of a mother leaving her children for strangers to feed and bring up and not even caring enough to find out whether they live or die."

"What does Sally Sly look like?" asked Tiny.

"She wears a cloak of brownish-gray, a perfectly homely thing, and she sneaks around in the most shameful way," replied Mrs. Tiny.

"Then I saw her this very morning," declared Tiny, and just as sure as you live, she meant to leave an egg in our nest."

STORY 1085. July 31, 1915.

## The Troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Redeye

A dreadful, dreadful thing is greed;

A thing for which there is no need.

Redeye the Vireo and Mrs. Redeye were in a peck of trouble. It was the talk of all the Old Orchard. You see, hateful Sally Sly had left one of her eggs in their nest about the same time she left one in the nest of Tiny the Warbler. Like Tiny, they had done their best to get that hateful egg out, but their nest was so deep that they failed. They had thought of leaving their nest and eggs, but they couldn't bear to do that, so finally had made up their minds to make the best of a bad matter. Perhaps that hateful egg wouldn't hatch.

But it did. It was the first one to hatch, and the ugly baby who came out of it was twice as big as the biggest of their own babies when they broke their shells. It was then that the real troubles of Redeye and Mrs. Redeye began. It is hard enough to feed a growing family at best, but it is a labor of love. But when a big, greedy, ugly stranger is added, what can one do? That is what puzzled Redeye and Mrs. Redeye.

"Let him starve," said Sammy Jay when he heard about it.

"I would." said Chatterer the Red Squirrel. "I'd like to see anyone make me take care of their children!"

But Redeye and Mrs. Redeye couldn't do that. They just couldn't. You see they felt that it wasn't the fault of the ugly stranger that he was in their nest. It was the fault of his good-for-nothing mother, Sally Sly the Cowbird, who had laid the egg from which he had hatched. So they felt that they Just couldn't let him starve while he was too young to take care of himself. It wouldn't be right.

But, O dear, O, dear! he was such a greedy fellow! Being bigger and stronger than the Redeye babies he snatched food right out of their mouths. Being so much bigger than they he needed twice as much food, anyway, but he wasn't content with this. It seemed as if he wanted ALL the food. He was greedy, greedy, greedy. At the rate he gobbled everything he could get hold of Mr. and Mrs. Redeye could have kept more than comfortably busy just hunting food for him alone. But there were three babies of their own, and they had to be fed too. So from the first break of day to the coming of the Black Shadows, Mr. and Mrs. Redeye hunted for food for their family, and almost starved themselves. They grew thin and they had no time to care for their clothes, so that they grew shabby and untidy looking. Every one said that it was a shame, and it was.

Those were the unhappiest weeks that they ever had known, and they should have been the happiest, for all parents love to work for their children. But they could not be happy when they were so terribly anxious. Their own children were not getting enough to eat, and so of course were not growing as they should. They did their best to feed their own babies, but the greedy, ugly stranger was so big and strong that he would reach over and snatch the food intended for some other little gaping mouth. So the Redeye babies cried all the time because they were hungry, and their father and mother worked themselves to skin and bone trying to feed them, while the ugly stranger grew fat and big and presently began to crowd the others so that there was danger that one or more would be crowded out of the nest.

The result was that the little Redeyes left the nest before they really should have, and this added to the troubles of their father and mother. You see, they were terribly afraid that something would happen to their babies. But it made it easier to feed them, for the ugly stranger could not snatch the food from them. He was in no hurry to leave that comfortable nest himself. He was lazy and liked to be waited on. So he would squall and squall until they brought him food. Yes, indeed, those were weary and hard days for Redeye the Vireo and his little mate.

## STORY 1086. August 2, 1915

### All is Well That Ends Well

When the storm's over and sun shining bright  
The clouds are forgotten and everything's right.

It is just the same way with fears and troubles. When they are over and things have come out right, as they are bound to do in the end, the troubles are forgotten, or, at least, are little thought of, and this is the way it should be. It was so with Redeye the Vireo and his hard-working little mate. Their troubles came to an end at last, and then all was well.

That lazy cowbird baby whom they had fed and cared for, and who had forced their own babies to leave the nest before they were really strong enough to, at last made up his mind that he would try his own wings. Perhaps it was because he was so greedy that he couldn't bear to see the Redeye children getting all the food they needed while he got only what he squalled for. You see when they were in the nest with him, he got most of their share, as well as his own, because he was so much bigger and stronger than they. But when they left the nest their father and mother could feed them as they should be fed, and he couldn't help himself.

When he found that he was no longer getting the biggest share he made up his mind that it was time to try his wings. There was no reason in the world why he shouldn't have tried them long before. He was big enough and strong enough, but he was too lazy. It was his greediness that finally overcame his laziness. As soon as he was out of the nest, he joined the Redeye babies and began his old tricks of crowding in and snatching the food meant for them. But it wasn't so easy to do it now as when they were all together in the nest. So the little Redeyes got their share and grew fast and presently were beginning to hunt worms for themselves.

But the young cowbird had no idea of doing this until he had to. So he followed Mrs. Redeye about all day long, hurrying up to her and squalling at the top of his lungs every time she caught a worm or bug so that she was glad to give it to him to stop his dreadful noise. It certainly was disgraceful and all the other little people in the Old Orchard said so. They called the young cowbird a nuisance, and said that it was a shame that little Mrs. Redeye should be so imposed upon. Here was this young stranger bigger than she and demanding that she feed him because he was too lazy to hunt for his own food.

At last several of them put their heads together and decided to do something. "That noisy nuisance is big enough and old enough to take care of himself," sputtered Jenny Wren. "Let's all get together and drive him out of the Old Orchard. It's the only way we'll ever get rid of him."

"A good idea," said Welcome Robin. "He's a disgrace to the whole neighborhood. Let's do it right now."

The young cowbird had just begun to squall for a worm which Mrs. Redeye had found, when he saw Welcome Robin and Winsome Bluebird and Jenny Wren and Tiny the Warbler and a lot more of the little orchard people headed his way and they looked so angry and determined that he suddenly made up his mind that he didn't want that worm at all. In fact, right then and there it came over him that he was tired of the Old Orchard and it was time he saw more of the Great World. So without a word of thanks to little Mrs. Redeye for taking care of him when his own mother, Sally Sly, had deserted him, he spread his wings and flew as fast as ever he could in the direction of the Old Pasture and never once looked back.

The others followed to the edge of the Old Orchard to make sure that he had really gone, and then returned to tell Redeye and Mrs. Redeye how foolish they had been to be so tender hearted to such a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. But now that their troubles were at an end Mr. and Mrs. Redeye could remember only that it wasn't the young stranger's fault that he had been hatched in their nest, and in their hearts they were glad that they had not been cruel enough to let him starve when he was helpless. They thanked their neighbors for having got rid of him for them, and then sighed thankfully. "All is well that ends well," said little Mrs. Redeye, cocking her head wisely.

## STORY 1087. August 3, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Does a Little Boasting

Pray never boast; it doesn't pay;  
You're bound to come to grief some day.

Peter Rabbit ought to have known that. Peter has lived long enough and has seen enough of the Great World to have learned that boasting is a most foolish habit. But Peter is just like a lot of people who never learn by experience. Boasting is a habit, and, like most bad habits, is very apt to stick. The funny thing is that most boasters have no real reason for boasting. They do something fairly well and then they boast about it. Sooner or later they find that someone can do that thing much better and that their boasting has only made them look foolish in the eyes of their neighbors. The people who can do things best never boast. There is Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy isn't afraid of anybody, but he never boasts that he isn't afraid. He can make great big Buster Bear step right out of his path, something that none of the other little people of the Great Forest can do, Jimmy never brags about it. And there is Flitter the Bat, who is the only animal who can fly, but he never boasts of that.

It is quite right to feel an honest pride in what you can do, but it is best to keep

that pride to yourself. Old Mr. Toad can sing beautifully; but it was a long, long time before his neighbors found it out. You see, he never mentioned it himself. When his neighbors did find it out, they thought a great deal more of him than they would have if he had gone about bragging of what he could do. But Peter Rabbit hadn't learned this important lesson. I don't know that he has yet. You know Peter is a very good jumper. His long hind legs were given him for jumping. One day he was practicing jumping just to see how far he could jump. Jimmy Skunk happened along and stopped to watch him. Peter made the longest jump he had yet made, and Jimmy cried, "Good jump, Peter!"

"Yes," said Peter "that was a very fair jump. Let's see you beat it."

"Me beat you jumping? Stop your joking, Peter," laughed Jimmy. "Jumping doesn't run in my family the way it does in yours. I believe all the Rabbit family are good jumpers."

"The best in the world?" replied Peter, proudly.

Jimmy chuckled. "Peter, you're bragging, and you ought to know better. Yes, sir, you ought to know better," he declared.

"Who is there can jump any better than my cousin, Jumper the Hare?" demanded Peter hotly. "It is because he can jump so well that he got his name."

Jimmy chuckled again. It was a good-natured chuckle, but it provoked Peter. He felt that he was being laughed at, and no one likes to be laughed at.

"He's a good jumper," admitted Jimmy, "but I wouldn't call him the best jumper in the world if I were you, Peter, because you are likely to be laughed at."

"Who can jump any better?" demanded Peter again.

"Think a minute, Peter. Think a minute," replied Jimmy.

"There isn't anybody," declared Peter, who was too excited to think. "My cousin, Jumper, is the greatest jumper in all the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows. I know it!"

"I tell you what," said Jimmy, "you have Jumper the Hare over by the tall pine tree on the edge of the Green Forest at sundown tonight and we'll have a jumping match there. You can be the judge, and then you cannot complain of unfairness."

"Who are you going to invite to jump?" asked Peter suspiciously.

"Never mind, Peter; never mind. I'll have some jumpers there," retorted Jimmy. "Of course it doesn't make any difference to you as long as you are so sure that Jumper the Hare is the best jumper in the world."

Of course Peter couldn't say a word after that and so he agreed to get his cousin, Jumper the Hare, and be on hand at the tall pine as soon as jolly, round Mr. Sun should go to bed behind the Purple Hills.

## Illustrations. July 26 to July 31, 1915.



**1080. Farmer Brown's Boy Repays His Friends**  
They sang with all their might and main.



**1081. Tiny the Warbler Makes a Discovery**  
They hunted worms in the Old Orchard.



**1082. A Scandal in the Old Orchard**  
"The question is, what are we going to do?"



**1083. Mrs. Tiny Thinks of a Way**  
"Are you going to build a new house?" he demanded.



**1084. Owner of the Strange Eggs Discovered**  
Sally Sly, The Cowbird.



**1085. The Troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Redeye**  
"Let him starve," said Sammy, when he heard about it.



## Jimmy Skunk Sends out Invitations

Watch your tongue and guard it well  
Lest things not so it chance to tell.

A tongue, you know, is very careless. It says a great many things just for the sake of saying them—things which get its owner into trouble. Take Peter Rabbit, for instance. When Peter boasted to Jimmy Skunk that Jumper the Hare, who is Peter's cousin, is the greatest jumper of all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, he spoke without first stopping to think. He really believed it was so, but he would have been better off if he hadn't stuck to it when Jimmy Skunk insisted that there were better jumpers than Jumper the Hare. But he stuck to it, and now he had got to prove it by getting his cousin Jumper to enter a Jumping match that very night. For the life of him Peter couldn't think of any who could jump farther than Jumper, but still he felt uneasy as he started out to hunt for his cousin.

Meanwhile Jimmy Skunk was inviting everybody to a grand jumping match that evening. It was to be held by the tall pine on the edge of the Green Forest as soon as jolly, round Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. Jimmy got the Merry Little Breezes, the children of Old Mother West Wind, to take his invitations around for him, and he charged them to overlook no one. Everybody was to be invited. He himself had something else to do. He had got to get the two jumpers he had in mind to promise to be there and jump against Jumper the Hare.

The Merry Little Breezes danced away across the Green Meadows and through the Old Orchard and the Green Forest, telling all the little people who lived there to be sure to be on hand by the tall pine that night to see the great jumping match. Of course everybody was greatly interested as soon as they received the invitation and at once began to ask questions. But these Merry Little Breezes couldn't answer, and so they just laughed and giggled and hurried on. And of course this just made people more curious than ever and all who were not afraid to be out after dark made up their minds that they would certainly be on hand for that jumping match.

Now Peter didn't know that Jimmy Skunk was going to send out those invitations until the Merry Little Breezes brought him one, and when he got it he was quite upset. He knew then for sure that Jimmy Skunk was positive that he would have someone there who could jump farther than could Jumper the Hare, otherwise he never in the world would have sent out invitations. And Peter knew, too, just how foolish he would appear in the eyes of the other little people if jumper should be beaten. They would laugh at him for having boasted so without stopping to think.

But there was no help for it now. So he hunted up his cousin Jumper and asked him if he would jump that night.

"Who is going to jump against me?" asked Jumper.

"I don't know," confessed Peter. "I said that you were the greatest jumper in



the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows, and Jimmy Skunk said he knew some other jumpers who could beat you. Do you think there is anyone who can?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly," replied Jumper promptly. "I know at least two who can, and there may be more. However, they are both friends of mine, so I will be on hand. You see I don't mind at all being beaten by them, and as long as it is all for fun, I am perfectly willing to jump."

"You'll jump your very best, won't you?" begged Peter.

Jumper promised that he would, and with this Peter had to be contented, for Jumper wouldn't tell who the two friends were who could beat him jumping.

## STORY 1089. August 5, 1915.

### Jumper Agrees To Do His Best

When Peter Rabbit and his cousin Jumper the Hare reached the tall pine on the edge of the Green Forest just after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills they found a lot of little people waiting there and more coming from every direction. Prickly Porky the Porcupine, Unc' Billy Possum, Danny Meadow Mouse, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, Billy Mink, Little Joe Otter, Old Mr. Toad, Jerry Muskrat, Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote, Hooty the Owl, Flitter the Bat, Boomer the Nighthawk, Bobby Coon, Mocker the Mockingbird, Stickytoes the Tree Toad and Buster Bear were all on hand.

Not all were in plain sight. O, my, no! Such little people as Danny Meadow Mouse and his cousin, Whitefoot, were in secure hiding places where they could see all that went on but were themselves unseen. You see they were taking no chances with Old Man Coyote and Reddy Fox and Hooty the Owl about, although Buster Bear said in his deep, rumble-grumbly voice that he would permit no one to be harmed, this was a friendly meeting. Then he growled in the direction of Old Man Coyote and he growled in the direction of Reddy Fox, and both suddenly decided that back seats would suit them best.

Jumper the Hare, who is very timid and bashful, was quite upset when he found so many there to look on. He hadn't known anything about the invitations to the jumping match which Jimmy Skunk had sent out, and he was for running away at once. But Peter Rabbit pointed out to him how this would make him the laughing stock of all his neighbors. They would say that he was afraid of being beaten.

"I'm not afraid of being beaten!" declared Jumper indignantly. "If one does the best one can there is no disgrace in being beaten, not the least bit. I've never claimed to be the best jumper in the Green Forest."

"Very true!" exclaimed a voice. It was the voice of Jimmy Skunk, who suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular. Then Jimmy made a little speech and explained why he had arranged this jumping match. He was careful to make it clear that Jumper

never had boasted. Then he made Peter Rabbit feel very foolish by telling how Peter had boasted that his cousin was the best jumper in the Green Forest and wouldn't believe him when he, Jimmy, had told him that he knew of at least two who were better jumpers than Jumper the Hare.

"That," explained Jimmy, "is why I called this meeting, and also because I think it likely that there are others who don't know who the best jumpers are. But of course if you are not willing to jump, Mr. Hare, we won't urge you. But we would, we truly would, very much like to see you jump your very best, because, while there may be others who can jump farther than you can, there is none who can jump prettier. Will you jump as a special favor to us?" Jimmy bowed very politely to Jumper the Hare.

"Certainly, Mr. Skunk, since you put it in that way," replied Jumper the Hare, bowing in return. "If it will please my neighbors to see me jump, why, of course I'll jump, and I'll jump my very best. And I won't feel a bit bad at being beaten, for I know, Jimmy Skunk, who you have got to jump against me, and they are both friends of mine. So bring them along and we three will show the rest of you what real jumping is like."

## STORY 1090. August 6, 1915

### The Jumping Match

Who does the very best he can,  
Of him no more we ask.  
'Tis all that anyone can do,  
Whatever be the task.

Jumper the Hare had guessed who it was that Jimmy Skunk had found to jump against him, and Jumper knew that he hadn't a chance in the world to beat them. But Jumper didn't mind. He was perfectly willing to admit that they were better jumpers than he, but he was also perfectly willing to go out and try if it would give any pleasure to his neighbors who had gathered to see the jumping match. This was the right way to feel. Jumper didn't know it, but right away as soon as he said that he would jump his best in spite of the fact that he knew that he would be beaten his neighbors began to think more of him. Their respect for him grew immensely. It always is that way. Everybody admires those who are ready and willing to do the very best they can, although that best may not be very much.

Peter Rabbit was to be the judge. Ordinarily Peter would have felt very proud and important, but this time he didn't. You see he had been made judge so that he couldn't claim any unfairness on anybody's part if Jumper should be beaten. Jumper went back a little way, ran a bit and then made a beautiful long jump. It really was a wonderful jump, and everybody said so. They clapped their hands and some of them began to say openly that they didn't believe anyone could beat it. Then Jumper tried again and did a little better than before. A third time he tried, and this was the best jump of all, and he knew and everybody knew that he had done his very best.

"Next!" called Peter Rabbit.

There was a great stretching of necks to see who was going to jump next, for, like Peter Rabbit, none of the others had been able to think of anyone who could possibly jump as well as Jumper the Hare. Jimmy Skunk disappeared among the trees of the Green Forest for a few minutes and when he returned, who do you think trotted at his heels? Why, Lightfoot the Deer! Everybody but Jumper looked very foolish. They had forgotten all about Lightfoot and how wonderfully he could jump.

He went back a little way just as Jumper had done. Then he ran swiftly and bounded into the air. It seemed to Peter as if he never would come down again. But he did, and where his sharp hoofs struck the earth was a great deal beyond the best mark of Jumper the Hare. Everybody clapped and Jumper clapped loudest of all.

“What did I tell you?” he cried to Peter Rabbit. “Didn’t I tell you that there was a friend of mine who could outjump you?”

Lightfoot, holding his head up proudly, went back and tried again, and this time everybody cried “Ha!” his jump was, so high and so far. Surely there was no one in all the Green Forest who could jump like that. Lightfoot looked as if that was his opinion, but Jumper the Hare merely looked at Jimmy Skunk and winked. Jimmy winked back. Then Jumper knew that Jimmy was going to bring forth the greatest of all jumpers in the Green Forest.

## STORY 1091. August 7, 1915

### The Most Wonderful Jumper of All.

It didn’t seem possible to the little meadow and forest people watching the jumping match by the tall pine on the edge of the Green Forest that there could possibly be any better jumpers than Jumper the Hare and Lightfoot the Deer. There wasn’t one but right down in his heart envied Jumper and a Lightfoot. So when Jimmy Skunk announced that he would introduce the greatest jumper of all there was a great deal of wondering, and not a few shook their heads in doubt. Jimmy made a little speech in which he told them that the last one who would jump in his great match was very bashful and timid and therefore he hoped they would one and all keep very still.

“Now everybody watch the top of that tall pine,” he commanded.

Of course everybody looked up at the top of the tall pine. They couldn’t see any one there, and they didn’t know why they should look up in a tree when the other jumpers had been on the ground, but they looked as they were told to do.

“Jump!” called Jimmy Skunk.

Then out from the top of the tall pine tree sailed something or somebody so small that in the dusk they could hardly see what or who it was. Away through the air it sailed, over the mark Jumper in the Hare had made, over the mark Lightfoot the Deer had made, and on and on, coming nearer and nearer to the ground until with a scratching of tiny claws it landed on the foot of another tall tree.

“Timmy the Flying Squirrel!” cried Bobby Coon. “Hurrah for little Timmy! Why

didn't we think of him before?"

"But he didn't jump, he flew!" protested Peter Rabbit.

"No such thing! He jumped!" declared Jimmy Skunk. "Use your eyes, Peter. Now watch him come back and tell me if you see any wings."

Timmy had climbed clear to the top of the tree he had landed on, and as Jimmy spoke he sailed out from the top and back toward the tall pine. Down, down, he came in a long slant right over Peter's head. Peter stared with all his might. Timmy's legs were stretched out just as far as he could stretch them, and while there seemed to be something between them which made him very broad and flat, he certainly didn't have wings. Down he sailed and landed on the foot of the tall pine and at once scrambled to the top. He had gone almost 10 times as far as Lightfoot had jumped.

Right away all the little people began to talk at once. Some said that it wasn't a jump at all but that Timmy flew. Others said that it was a perfect jump, and that Timmy was the greatest jumper in the world. While they were talking about it Timmy jumped again. All the tongues stopped wagging so that their little owners might watch him. The minute he landed the tongues began to go again.

"Well, Peter, did he or didn't he jump? You know you are the judge," said Jimmy Skunk.

Peter scratched his head in a troubled way. "I suppose if he hasn't got wings, he must have jumped, but I don't understand it," he replied. "It is just as if he slid down on the air, but how can anybody slide on air?"

"Easy enough," replied Jimmy. "Doesn't Ol' Mistah Buzzard slide down out of the blue, blue sky? And doesn't Redtail the Hawk do the same thing?"

"But they have wings, and you say that Timmy hasn't wings. That's different," replied Peter.

"Perhaps if you ask him Timmy will tell you how he does it," retorted Jimmy. "He certainly hasn't got wings, and you must admit, Peter, that there are two better jumpers than your cousin, Jumper the Hare, about whom you have boasted so much."

"I'll never boast again," declared Peter.

Just then Timmy jumped again, and this time Hooty the Owl sailed after him. But Timmy reached a tree in safety and disappeared in the Green Forest, and thus ended the great jumping match.

STORY 1092. August 9, 1915

## Peter Goes A-Calling

What I don't know I'll ask about  
And thus perhaps I'll find it out.

So said Peter Rabbit to himself as he slipped into a hollow log In the Green Forest

after the great jumping match and waited to make sure that Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote had gone about their business and that that business wasn't trying to catch him.

"I suppose Timmy the Flying Squirrel really did jump, but I don't understand even now how he could go so far without wings," he continued. "I don't see what they call him a flying squirrel for if he doesn't fly. I suppose it's because he just seems to fly. Funny how little a fellow really knows about his neighbors sometimes. I've known Timmy ever since I can remember, and yet I never thought there was anything wonderful about him. I think I'll make him a call when the way is clear and find out just how he does jump so far. Perhaps he will teach me how."

That was just like Peter. He is forever foolishly wishing that he had things that others have, or that he could do Something others can do, Lots of people are just like him; they forget their own blessings and can think only of the blessings of their neighbors. There is one good thing about Peter, though, and this is that he soon gets over it. He doesn't make himself unhappy wishing for things it was never meant he should have.

By and by Peter heard the voice of Old Man Coyote, which, you know, is like many voices at once. It came from far over on the Green Meadows. A few minutes later he heard the yap of Reddy Fox, and he knew by the sound that Reddy was far away, barking at the moon, a foolish habit he sometimes has. Peter smiled. The way was clear. He crept from his hiding-place and brushed his coat. Then he bravely started forth to call on Timmy the Flying Squirrel.

But he didn't go so far before he stopped to scratch his head thoughtfully. It had just occurred to him that he didn't know where Timmy's home was. All he knew was that Timmy lived somewhere in the Green Forest. He had seen him many times darting from tree to tree, but Timmy never had stayed long enough for Peter to really get acquainted. And, to tell the truth, Peter never had been interested enough before to even wonder what kind of a house Timmy had or where it was. But now that Timmy had suddenly become a wonderful person in Peter's eyes everything about him was of interest. You know it often is this way. Queer, isn't it?

So Peter sat and scratched his head and wondered how under the moon he should find Timmy and pay him the call he intended. At last he stopped scratching his head and started on. "I'll just have to trust to luck," said he. "Probably Timmy wouldn't be at home now, anyway. I'll just walk around and keep my eyes open and somewhere I may run across him."

So Peter hopped on through the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip, this way and that way, which is very much the way he goes, anyway, unless he is bound for some place in particular. And all the time he kept looking up in the trees, hoping to see Timmy the Flying Squirrel. It was a queer way to go, a- calling, but Peter never once thought of that. You see, he is always doing things that other people think queer.

But even Peter gets discouraged sometimes, and after a long time he got discouraged this time. It's of no use," he said out loud.

"What's of no use?" demanded a thin, squeaky voice.

Peter turned and stared at an old log from which the voice had come. There sat Timmy the Flying Squirrel.

## STORY 1093. August 10, 1915

### Timmy Offers to Share His Lunch

Share your goodies if you may;  
You'll find them sweeter in this way.

When Peter Rabbit turned and saw Timmy the Flying Squirrel sitting on a log he was so surprised that for a minute he couldn't find his tongue. You see he had looked in the treetops for Timmy so long that his neck ached. It hadn't entered his head that Timmy might be on the ground or near it. In fact, he always thought of Timmy as flying through the air from tree to tree and had never once stopped to think that those who live in the trees may sometimes like to run around on the ground. So now he just stared most impolitely. "What's of no use?" repeated Timmy in his thin, squeaky voice.

A foolish little grin broke over Peter's face. "It's of no use to look any longer for you, because now I've found you," he explained. "But when I said that I t meant just the other thing."

"What other thing," demanded Timmy.

"Why, that it was of no use to look for you any longer because I couldn't find you," replied Peter.

Timmy chuckled and then he broke right out laughing. "Then you said something that meant something that you didn't know it meant, and you meant something that didn't mean what you said it meant, didn't you?" he cried.

Peter looked puzzled. "I guess so," said he slowly, pulling his whiskers. "Anyway, I don't care what I meant or what I said means as long as I've found you."

"What were you looking for me for?" asked Timmy suspiciously.

"Just to make a call and—and get better acquainted," replied Peter lamely. "I thought you spent all your time in the trees, Timmy."

"Just as you thought I really could fly. That shows how little you know about your neighbors, Peter Rabbit. I come down on the ground whenever I feel like it and it is safe to do so," retorted Timmy.

"What did you think of my jumping?"

"I thought it was the most wonderful jumping I ever heard of and I wish you would tell me how you do it. Will you?" replied Peter.

"Of course," " replied Timmy. "There really is nothing to it. I just climb up to the top of a tree and jump; that's all."

"O," said Peter in a doubtful tone.

“Since you are here, won’t you have lunch with me?” invited Timmy.

“I should be very pleased to,” replied Peter politely. You know Peter is always ready to eat.

“There are some splendid fat beetles under this log. Wait a minute, and I will get you one,” cried Timmy, and whisked out of sight under the log. In a minute he was back, and sure enough he had a fat beetle which he placed in front of Peter. Then he whisked out of sight again and almost in a twinkling was back with another for himself. Sitting up on the log he seized the beetle in both hands and pounded it on the log. “It loosens the juices,” he explained, “as he nibbled an opening in one end of the beetle’s body and began to suck it.” “I find beetle juice very good for the digestion.”

Poor Peter! He wanted to be polite, but you know that he doesn’t eat beetles or other bugs. He stared at the beetle before him, and then when Timmy’s head was turned knocked the beetle off on to the ground. Timmy didn’t notice. “I’m glad you came along just now, Peter,” said he. “When I have good things I always like to share them. They taste better that way. Shall I get you another beetle?”

“No, thank you,” replied Peter hurriedly. “One at a time is all I care for. Will you tell me how I can learn to jump like you, Timmy?”

## STORY 1094. August 11, 1915.

### Timmy Shows Peter How He Jumps

Fiddle-fee and fiddle-fy.

You cannot jump unless you try!

Timmy the flying squirrel, having eaten two fat beetles, felt just as good as one who has just eaten a good lunch ought to feel. He urged Peter Rabbit to have another beetle and seemed a little disappointed when Peter refused. You know, Peter doesn’t eat beetles or, other bugs. He was dreadfully afraid that Timmy would discover that he hadn’t eaten the beetle Timmy had brought him. But he didn’t. He thought Peter had eaten it, wings, shell and ail, which is more than he does himself, and all the time Peter was sitting on that fat beetle, and had made up his mind to stay right there until there was no danger of Timmy seeing that beetle when he did move

And, to change the subject, and also because it was the real reason for his being there anyway, Peter asked Timmy to tell him how he could learn to jump as Timmy did. Timmy turned his head so that Peter shouldn’t see him smile. It tickled him almost to pieces to think that foolish Peter should have the least idea that he ever could learn to jump the way he, Timmy, jumped. When he turned his face back toward Peter there, I wasn’t a trace of a smile as he replied: “I am afraid I can’t tell you how you can learn to jump as I do, Peter, but I’ll be very glad to show you just how I do it.”

“That will be perfectly splendid!” cried Peter, clapping his hands. “If I see just how you do it, perhaps I can do it myself.”

Timmy’s eyes twinkled as he said: “It’s really very simple. The first thing is to



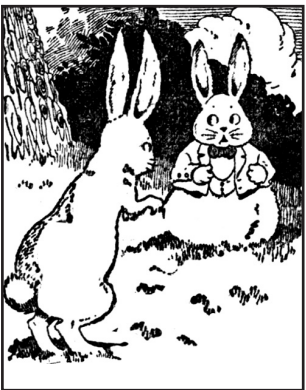
Illustrations. August 2 to August 7, 1915.



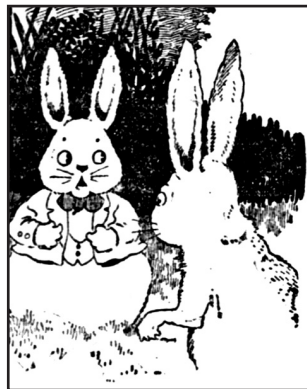
**1086. All is Well That Ends Well**  
“Let’s all get together and drive him out of the Old Orchard.”



**1087. Peter Rabbit Does a Little Boasting**  
“Who can jump any better?” demanded Peter again.



**1088. Jimmy Skunk Sends out Invitations**  
“Who is going to jump against me?” asked Jumper.



**1089. Jumper Agrees To Do His Best**  
“I’m not afraid of being beaten!” declared Jumper, indignantly.



**1090. The Jumping Match**  
Then he ran swiftly and bounded into the air.



**1091. The Most Wonderful Jumper of All.**  
Now everybody watch the top of that tall pine.

climb to the top of a tree or tall stump or other high place.”

“But I cannot climb trees!” cried Peter.

Timmy’s eyes twinkled more than ever. “Then you pick out the place you want to jump to and just jump as hard as ever you can, and the higher the place you jump from the farther you can jump,” said Timmy. The very second you jump you spread yourself out flat, with your arms and legs stretched just as far as you can stretch them,” he continued, his eyes twinkling more than ever.

Peter nodded that he understood, and Timmy went on.

“While you are in the air you use your tail to balance you and keep from turning over. It is very important to know how to use your tail.”

Peter thought of the funny little bunch of white hair which he calls his tail, and his heart went way down. How could he ever learn to jump as Timmy did when he had no more of a tail than that?

“Now, I’ll show you just how it’s done,” said Timmy. He ran along the log he had been sitting on, leaped across to the nearest tree, scampered up to the top, and jumped. Peter saw him sail overhead, a shadow in the moonlight, and then he disappeared in the blacker shadows of the trees. Peter still stared in the direction in which Timmy had disappeared, and even while he looked, he saw Timmy come sliding down through the moonlight. As lightly as a feather, Timmy landed on the log just where he had been sitting before.

“You see how easy it is. It really is very simple,” said he.

## STORY 1095. August 12, 1915.

### Peter Tries to Jump Like Timmy

Peter Rabbit had seen how Timmy the Flying Squirrel jumped, and it had really looked very simple, just as Timmy had said. All you had to do was to climb up on some high place, jump off and slide down on the air. At least that was all that Timmy did. Of course you had to remember to spread yourself out flat, but that seemed simple enough.

“Of course I can’t climb trees,” said Peter, “but I might get up on a big log or stump and try it.” “Why don’t you try it?” asked Timmy, his eyes twinkling with mischief. “You never can tell what you can do until you try.”

“That’s so,” exclaimed Peter, brightening up. “I didn’t know I could swim until one day I fell in the Smiling Pool and had to. I don’t see why I shouldn’t jump the same way you do, only I haven’t any tail like yours to balance me. Perhaps that won’t matter, though,” he added, “because I won’t be jumping from such a high place.”

He looked about him and presently discovered a fallen tree, one end of which rested on a tall stump. “The very thing!” cried Peter. “I can crawl up there and jump off the end.”

“All right,” said Timmy. “I’ll jump off first so as to show you just how to do it.”

So Peter very cautiously climbed up the slanting tree trunk to the top of the tall stump. No sooner had he reached it than Timmy landed beside him as lightly as a feather. He had simply climbed a little way up a tree and jumped across. Peter looked down at the ground. It seemed a very long way off.

"I—I don't know as I dare try it," said he doubtfully.

"Pooh! That's no jump at all," exclaimed Timmy. "Why, I used to jump that far when I was nothing but a baby. I'll jump first and show how easy it is."

"Now remember to spread your arms and legs out just as far as you possibly can so as to make yourself flat, and don't be afraid."

With this Timmy sailed down, sprang off and it looked perfectly easy. "Come on!" he called as soon as he touched the ground.

Peter drew his long hind legs under him, took a long breath and jumped. He remembered about stretching out his arms and legs, but instead of stretching them out sideways as Timmy did his, he stretched his arms straight out in front of him and his long legs straight out behind him. It was a splendid jump. Timmy said so afterward. But Peter didn't land at all as Timmy did. No, indeed! He landed with a thump that knocked every bit of wind from his body. For a minute or two he lay staring stupidly at Timmy. Then, getting his breath, he uttered a little "Ouch!"

"Did it hurt you?" asked Timmy anxiously.

"Not much," replied Peter, "but it taught me a lesson."

"What is that?" asked Timmy.

"To be satisfied to stay where I belong, and that is right on the ground," replied Peter.

"But you didn't spread your legs the way I told you to," said Timmy. "You didn't make yourself flat at all."

"I stretched them just as far as I could," retorted Peter.

"But you stretched them the wrong way," replied Timmy. "Here, this is the way you should have done it." Timmy stretched himself out on the ground, and when he did that he was three times as broad as when he was on his feet.

## STORY 1096. August 13, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Learns Timmy's Secret

To wisdom gain the only way  
Is learn a little every day.

Of course, you must remember what you learn. To learn something and then forget it right away will never gain you wisdom. This is the trouble with Peter Rabbit. He learns things and then away he goes, lipperty-lipperty-lip, eager and to learn something more heedlessly forgetting what he has learned. Of course, there are some things

he remembers, or he would have been caught long ago. A fright or a hard bump is a splendid teacher. For instance, Peter probably never will forget that jump from the tall stump when he tried to jump like Timmy the Flying Squirrel and learned that the place for him is on the ground and nowhere else.

It was after that jump that Peter learned something more—the secret of how Timmy could slide down on the air from the top of tall trees and so make the wonderful jumps which have led a great many people to think that he really flies. Timmy had stretched himself out on the ground to show Peter just what he meant when he had told Peter to stretch out his arms and leg and make himself flat. Peter looked at him, and Timmy was three times as broad as when he was on his feet.

For a whole minute Peter stared in round-eyed wonder. “Why! Why-e-e!” he exclaimed. “You’ve got a piece of skin between your front leg and your hind leg on each side! No wonder you can make yourself flat!”

“Of course, replied Timmy, with a chuckle. “That is why a lot of people who do not really use their eyes think I have got wings.”

“And you spread your legs out sideways,” continued Peter.

“Of course I do, stupid,” retorted Timmy. “That is what I told you to do. It is the only way to make yourself flat.”

“But I can’t,” replied Peter, and stretched himself out on the ground. Sure enough, Peter couldn’t spread his legs out the way Timmy did at all. You see, they were not made to spread that way. He could stretch them out in front and behind, but not sideways

“That’s funny,” said Timmy, thoughtfully. “I supposed everybody could do that. I never noticed before that some people can’t. My cousins, Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, can do it a little, though not nearly as well as I can. I guess I’ve learned something as well as you, Peter. Of course, I knew that nobody else has the skin between the legs as I have which is the real secret of my jumping but I did suppose that anybody could stretch their legs as I do. Isn’t it a funny world, Peter? Some people can do one thing and some another. I guess it’s just as well we can’t all the same things.”

“I guess it is, Timmy,” replied Peter, “I guess the thing to do is to do the things we can do the best we can and not try to do the things it was never meant we should do. I can tell you one thing, and that is that you’ll never again catch Peter Rabbit trying to jump like you. The ground is quite good enough for me. By the way, Timmy, where do you live?”

“That’s telling,” replied Timmy “Follow me and perhaps you’ll find out.”

With this Timmy ran up a tall tree and jumped from the top. Peter saw him sail down across a patch of moor light, and then he disappeared in the shadows.

STORY 1097. August 14, 1915.

## Peter Looks for Timmy's Home

When Timmy the Flying Squirrel invited Peter to follow him to see where his home was he was joking. Yes, sir, Timmy was joking. But Peter didn't know this. Peter is sometimes very unsuspecting. As is so often the case, he just couldn't stop to think. If he had he probably would have realized right away how foolish it would be to try to follow Timmy unless Timmy made short jumps and waited for Peter to catch up. You know Timmy is the greatest jumper in the Green Forest, and it is because he makes such wonderful jumps that many people think he flies. Peter saw him cross a patch of moonlight and disappear in the shadows beyond. At once Peter started in that direction, lipperty-lipperty-lip. But he didn't go far before he began to understand Timmy's little joke. However was he to follow Timmy when Timmy could go out of sight in a single jump as he already had? Peter stopped and thoughtfully pulled his whiskers. Not knowing what Timmy's house looked like he might go right past it without knowing it. He looked and listened for some sign of Timmy, but not a sound he could hear.

Then he remembered how he had started out to look for Timmy in the first place without knowing where to look, and had found Timmy by accident just when he had decided to give up. "Maybe it will be the same way now," thought Peter hopefully. "Of course I was lucky before, but I'm usually lucky, and so perhaps I'll be lucky again. I believe I'm the luckiest of all the Little People. Some people say that there is luck in my hind foot." Peter looked at his foot and chuckled. "I wonder which one they think the luck is in. For my part I guess it is in both. Anyway if I am to find Timmy's house I certainly shall need both, so here goes."

Off he started again, lipperty-lipperty-lip, through the Green Forest without the remotest idea in the world where he was going. He was just trusting to luck, and luck, you know, is a very poor thing to trust to. It proved so this time, for Peter went everywhere but in the right direction to find Timmy's house. And even if he had gone in the right direction he never would have found it. No, sir, he never would have found it. Why? Because the house of Timmy the Flying Squirrel was high up in a certain old dead tree, and you know Peter cannot climb trees. Besides, there was nothing of Timmy's house to be seen but a little round doorway, and that looked exactly like dozens of other little holes in the dead trees of the Green Forest. There wasn't a thing to show that any one lived there.

So all the night long happy-go-lucky Peter Rabbit looked for the house of Timmy the Flying Squirrel and never once thought how foolish he was. And all the night long Timmy the Flying Squirrel hunted for fat beetles and other things good to eat, and made wonderful jumps through the moonlight from tree to tree, and chuckled as he thought of how funny Peter Rabbit had looked when he had foolishly tried to jump like him. When the light of Mistress Moon began to grow dim, and the little stars winked out one by one, Peter headed for his home in the dear Old Brier Patch. Just as he started to leave the Green Forest a thin, squeaky voice cried:

"Come and see me again, Peter. I will always be glad to see you."

Peter looked up just in time to see a little form sailing out from the top of the tree above his head. Down, down it sailed and far into the depths of the Green Forest. It was Timmy the Flying Squirrel on his way home to sleep all the long day.

## STORY 1098. August 16, 1915

### Farmer Brown's Boy Gives Timmy a Fright

A terribly terrible fright, my dear,  
Is a terribly terrible thing, I fear.

Timmy the Flying Squirrel says so and he ought to know. At least he thinks he ought to know. To be sure Timmy is very timid, which means, as you know, that he is very easily frightened. But when all is said and done, I suspect that you or I would have been just as frightened as Timmy if we had been in his place. You see it was this way:

When Timmy went to housekeeping he was very clever about how he went about it. Like all other Little People he wanted his house to remain a secret. As is very right and proper, every Quaddy, whether he flies or walks or hops, wants his home to be a place where no one will disturb him and so tries to make it a secret. Some of them keep it secret a little while, a few keep it secret always, and others cannot keep it secret at all. That is just the difference between Striped Chipmunk and Johnny Chuck. You have got to have very bright eyes indeed to find the home of Striped Chipmunk. Peter Rabbit hasn't found it to this day and he has looked ever so many times. You see Striped Chipmunk very carefully carried away all the sand which he took out when he dug the hole where he lives and he never goes home twice the same way. So there isn't even so much as a tiny path to lead one to it. But Johnny Chuck just scooped the yellow sand out in a great pile right in front of his doorway. So everyone who happened to pass the far corner of the Old Orchard knew that Johnny had made his home there.

Now Timmy the Flying Squirrel prefers a hollow tree, and being a very little fellow, a small hollow suits him best. So when he started house hunting he looked for hollow trees, and he looked especially for holes made by Drummer the Woodpecker. More than this, he looked for old holes, holes that Drummer had made so long ago that everybody around knew that they were old and that Drummer hadn't lived in them since goodness knows when.

"Nobody will ever think that anybody is living in a house which has been empty for a long time," thought Timmy, and shrewdly picked out an old dead tree which had many holes in it and any one would have known just to glance at them that they were old holes. One of these, a hole just big enough for Timmy to go in and out of comfortably, was the doorway of his house. Inside was the nicest hollow, and in this he made a wonderfully soft bed, where he could curl up and sleep away the hours of sunshine, for you know Timmy comes forth only after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun has gone to bed. It was no wonder that Peter Rabbit couldn't find Timmy's house.

So Timmy lived there very comfortably for a long time without one of his neighbors of the Green Forest suspecting where he was. Then one day who should

come that way but Farmer Brown's Boy. Now, Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know anything about Timmy the Flying Squirrel. In fact, he never had seen him. When he saw that old dead tree all full of holes, he stopped, "That doesn't look very well here with all these nice growing trees, does it, old fellow?" said he to Bowser the Hound. "I wonder if I can push it over."

So Farmer Brown's Boy pushed on the old dead tree and he found that it wasn't very strong. Then he pushed harder than ever and the old dead tree began to sway and crack at the bottom. Farmer Brown's Boy gave a harder push and over went the old dead tree and down to the ground with a great crash. And Timmy the Flying Squirrel was inside his house. Do you wonder that he was terribly frightened?

STORY 1099. August 17, 1915.

## Timmy Doesn't Know What Has Happened

To wake in the night in a terrible fright  
Is a terrible thing, you'll agree.  
I hope and I pray that nothing that way  
May happen to you or to me.

Of course it didn't happen to Timmy the Flying Squirrel in the night, but to him it was just the same as it would be to you or me in the night. You see, like several of the other Little People, Hooty the Owl and Bobby Coon and Unc' Billy Possum, Timmy sleeps in the daytime, and so he was fast asleep and dreaming when Farmer Brown's Boy pushed over the old dead tree in a hollow of which he made his home. It would have been bad enough if he had been awake and had known what was going on. But he wasn't, and so when that old dead tree fell with a crash it was just the same to Timmy as it would be to you if your house should tumble down about your ears in the middle of the night when you were fast asleep. With a frightened little shriek Timmy started to scramble out of his snug little bed, but there was nowhere to scramble to. You see, when the tree fell the little round doorway was closed because the tree had fallen with that side on the ground. So there was Timmy a prisoner in his own house and not knowing at all what had happened. His heart went pitapat, pitapat, as if it would burst. "What was it? What has happened?" he kept saying over and over to himself. Of course, as soon as he had had time to really think a little he knew that the old dead tree had fallen. "It must have been a terrible storm that did this," thought he. "It must be that a great wind blew my house over. And that is queer, too, for when I went to sleep early this morning I didn't notice any signs of a storm."

Then he listened for sounds of rain or branches rubbing together, as they do in a high wind. But there wasn't a sound. It was as still as still could be. "That's queer," thought Timmy again.

But a minute later he heard a sound that put all thought of a storm out of his head. It was—guess what! It was the sound made by somebody sniffing. Yes, sir, that is just what it was. Little cold shivers ran all over Timmy. Any one big enough to sniff like that was to be feared. Sniff! sniff! sniff! It was right at the point where Timmy's



door way was closed by the ground. There it was again, sniff! sniff! sniff! Then there followed a whine. It was an eager whine. Then more sniffing and another whine.

“Hello! What have you found, Bowser?” cried a voice. “You act as if there was somebody or something under there.”

“Bow-wow!” exclaimed a great voice that would have frightened Timmy still more if that had been possible, which it wasn’t. He was already as frightened as he could be. Then Timmy heard claws begin to dig in the earth close by his doorway.

Of course, you know, Timmy didn’t, just what had happened. Bowser the Hound had smelled Timmy and was telling his master in the only way he could.

“Wait a minute, old fellow, and I’ll roll that tree over and we’ll see what you are making all this fuss about, exclaimed Farmer Brown’s Boy. A minute later Timmy felt the old dead tree being lifted. Then it rolled over so that his doorway was free once more. He was just getting ready to spring out and jump for his life when there was another of those dreadful sniffs, this time right in his doorway. Then Bowser barked as if greatly excited. Farmer Brown’s Boy walked up and tried to peek in the hole, but he could see nothing because it was dark inside.

“Looks to me like nothing but an old woodpecker’s hole,” said he. “But I never knew you to make a mistake. Perhaps there is a mouse in there. Now you stand back and I’ll rap on the tree with a stick.”

So Bowser obediently stood back, though he didn’t want to, and Farmer Brown’s Boy rapped on the old dead tree with a stick.

## STORY 1100. August 18, 1915

### A Joke on Farmer Brown’s Boy

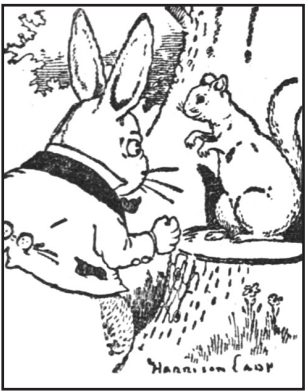
Somehow Sammy Jay has a way of happening along whenever anything happens worth seeing. Not even the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, who all the day long dance this way and that way through the Green Forest and over the Green Meadows and in the Old Orchard and across to the Old Pasture and above the Smiling Pool, see more funny or exciting things than does Sammy Jay. Whenever or wherever anything happens, Sammy is almost sure to be near enough to see.

One reason is, of course, that he is forever looking for something to happen. He spies on his neighbors. He is always tremendously interested in their affairs. It happened on the morning when Timmy the Flying Squirrel had his great fright that Sammy Jay saw Farmer Brown’s Boy with Bowser the Hound at his heels enter the Green Forest. Sammy followed them, taking the greatest care not to make a sound. He had a feeling that something would happen. So when Farmer Brown’s Boy pushed over the old dead tree, not knowing that anybody lived in it, Sammy saw him. Sammy didn’t know that anybody lived there either. He had sat on the top of that old dead tree many times without once suspecting that anybody lived in it; which shows how cunningly Timmy the Flying Squirrel had kept his secret.

Illustrations. August 9 to August 14, 1915.



**1092. Peter Goes A-Calling**  
. So Peter sat and scratched his head and wondered how.



**1093. Timmy Offers to Share His Lunch**  
“What are you looking for me for?” Asked Timmy, suspiciously.



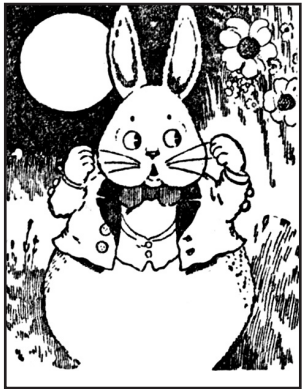
**1094. Timmy Shows Peter How He Jumps**  
“But I can’t climb trees,” cried Peter.



**1095. Peter Tries to Jump Like Timmy**  
“The very thing,” cried Peter. “I can crawl up there and jump off the end.”



**1096. Peter Rabbit Learns Timmy’s Secret**  
“But I can’t,” replied Peter, and stretched himself out on the ground.



**1097. Peter Looks for Timmy’s Home**  
Peter stopped and thoughtfully pulled his whiskers.

After the old tree had crashed to the ground Sammy watched Bowser the Hound go sniffing along its length. "He's wasting his time if he thinks he's going to find anybody there," thought Sammy.

Just then Bowser stopped and began to dig under the tree at a certain place and it was very clear that Bowser thought he had discovered something. He whined and then he barked excitedly. Farmer Brown's Boy rolled the tree over and right away Sammy's sharp eyes spied a little round hole. It was just like a lot of other little round holes in the old tree, but Bowser sniffed and whined and barked at this one in a way that plainly said that there was some one inside.

"That's queer," thought Sammy. "Now who can be in there?"

He watched Farmer Brown's Boy pick up a stick and thump on the old tree and leaned forward eagerly to see what would happen, for he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was trying to frighten out whoever was inside that hole. Then suddenly things happened so fast that Sammy Jay quite forgot that he was spying and fairly shrieked with joy. A little, dark form darted out of the hole, sprang right on Farmer Brown's Boy, ran up to his shoulder and then leaped, sailing over to the nearest tree, scrambled up this and leaped again, disappearing among the trees of the Green Forest.

As for Farmer Brown's Boy he was so startled and surprised that he jumped back, tripped over Bowser the Hound, and then fell sprawling his full length on the ground, while Bowser gave a startled yelp, for his master had stepped on his toes. It was so funny that Sammy laughed until he quite lost his breath. You see, Sammy was quick to see the joke—great big Farmer Brown's Boy upset by timid little Timmy the Flying Squirrel! It was the greatest joke of the Summer.

What had happened was this: When Timmy had heard the thumping of that stick on the walls of his house he had been frightened almost to death. He felt that he couldn't stay there another minute, so he had darted out. Now, bright sunlight is always confusing when you come into it suddenly out of the dark. Besides, Timmy never comes out in the light anyway if he can help it. His eyes are made for the dusk and the dark. When he darted out he didn't see clearly. He took Farmer Brown's Boy, standing there, for a stump, and as he wanted the highest place he could get to jump from, for you know he cannot jump from the ground, he sprang right on to Farmer Brown's Boy and had reached his shoulder before he discovered his mistake. It was all so sudden that Farmer Brown's Boy hadn't seen clearly who it was and had been so startled by the suddenness of it all that he had jumped back, only to fall over Bowser.

Very sheepish he looked as he picked himself up and brushed the dirt from his clothes. Then he grinned and presently began to chuckle. "That's a joke on us, Bowser," said he, "but we won't tell anybody."

But Sammy Jay told. It was too good to keep, and before night everybody in the Green Forest had heard of the Joke

## Little Mr. Garter Snake Makes a Request

Peter Rabbit was hopping and skipping on his way to the Old Orchard to call on his old friend, Johnny Chuck. Peter was feeling in the best of spirits and every once in a while, just by way of showing how good he did feel, he would jump up in the air as high as he could and kick his heels together. Now, Peter is sometimes a little careless and does not always look to see where he is going, and this is how it happened that after one of those big jumps he landed on the tail of little Mr. Garter Snake.

Very fortunately for little Mr. Garter Snake it was only the tip of his tail that Peter landed on, but even then, it wasn't at all pleasant to have such a thing happen. Little Mr. Garter Snake pulled his tail out from under Peter's feet and coiled himself up. Then he darted out his tongue at Peter in that impudent way of his and hissed angrily.

"Why don't you look to see what you are doing?" he hissed.

Peter looked quite as sorry as he felt. "I beg your pardon," said he very humbly. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to jump on you. Truly I didn't. I just didn't see your tail at all. Won't you forgive me. Mr. Garter Snake?"

Anger still darted from the eyes of Mr. Garter Snake, those eyes which never wink because they have no lids, and he still hissed angrily.

"It was very stupid of you, Peter Rabbit. It's a pity if people can't go about their business without being stepped on by clumsy fellows like you!" he snapped.

"It is so," declared Peter. "I hope you'll excuse me this time and I promise you it shall not happen again. I think you must have left your tail out in the path without knowing it. I should think it would be hard work to know where your tail is all the time; it is so far behind you. Isn't it?"

Little Mr. Garter Snake had to smile in spite of himself. The idea that he shouldn't know where all of him was all the time struck him as funny. It was just like Peter to make a remark like that.

"I don't have to sit on my tail to know where it is, as you do," he declared in a somewhat milder tone.

Peter chuckled. "Sitting on it is better than having it stepped on, I guess," said he, "and I'll remember that the next time I get envying somebody with a longer tail. But truly, Mr. Garter Snake, I am sorry I stepped on yours and I hope you will excuse me."

"I will on one condition," replied Mr. Garter Snake, a sparkle which was not anger coming into his eyes.

"What is that?" demanded Peter.

"That you will let me join the Quaddies. Will you?" returned little Mr. Garter Snake.

Peter was so surprised that he didn't know what to say. He just sat and stared stupidly at little Mr. Garter Snake. He hadn't been so surprised since Sammy Jay had asked to join the band. The truth is, Peter didn't see how Mr. Garter Snake could be a member, but he didn't like to tell him so.

## STORY 1102. August 20, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Consider

Peter Rabbit was so astonished when little Mr. Garter Snake asked to be admitted to the Quaddy band that he just couldn't think straight. He didn't want to offend or disappoint little Mr. Garter Snake and yet for the life of him he couldn't see how it was possible for him to be a member. Finally, he had a happy thought. He would talk it over with Johnny Chuck.

"This is something I cannot decide alone, so if you will excuse me I will run over to the Old Orchard and talk it over with Johnny Chuck," explained Peter, as politely as he knew how.

"I'll go along with you," said Mr. Garter Snake, and glided ahead Peter along the Lone Little Path.

Peter would rather have gone alone, but there was no help for it now. So he followed along, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and pretty soon they reached Johnny Chuck's house. Johnny was sitting on his doorstep just as usual. He didn't see little Mr. Garter Snake at first, but he saw Peter right away.

"Hello, Peter! What have you got on your mind this fine morning?" said he.

"Him," said Peter, briefly, pointing to little Mr. Garter Snake. "Bless my heart, what has he done to make you look so serious?" demanded Johnny Chuck, looking from Peter to little Mr. Garter Snake and from Little Mr. Garter Snake back to Peter.

"He has asked to join our band," replied Peter gravely.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny Chuck. "Why, the very idea! He can't be a Quaddy because he isn't a quadruped."

"Neither is Sammy Jay, nor Tommy Tit the Chickadee, nor Drummer the Woodpecker, nor Welcome Robin, nor any of the other birds whom you have taken in," declared little Mr. Garter Snake.

Peter looked at Johnny and Johnny looked at Peter and for a minute or two neither could think of a thing to say. Then Peter carefully explained that while the birds had only two legs each, they also had two wings which took the place of legs.

"And you haven't any legs at all!" he concluded.

"What of it?" demanded little Mr. Garter Snake. "I can run, can't I? And I can climb up bushes, which is more than you can do either of you. And I can swim. I'm just as much one of Old Mother Nature's little people as you are, so why shouldn't I become a member?"

It was all true. There was no denying that little Mr. Garter Snake spoke the truth. He could do all the things he had said he could, and yet he hadn't any legs. Peter and Johnny were at a loss to know what to say. Then Peter remembered something.

"Any one to be a member has to have some good in him; he cannot be all bad," said Peter.

Little Mr. Garter Snake was indignant right away. "Who says there is no good in me? Who says I am all bad? For that matter who says I am bad at all?" he demanded.

Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck had to admit that they didn't know. They really didn't know very much about Little Mr. Garter Snake.

## STORY 1103. August 21, 1915

### Mr. Garter Snake States a Few Facts

To be misunderstood is sad,  
But to misunderstand is bad.

Of course you feel badly when you have been trying to do something good the very best you know how and your friends or neighbors do not understand it and think you have been doing something wrong. But it is even worse to think that someone else has been doing wrong when all the time you have misunderstood them. It is worse because it makes you think ill of them and misjudge everything they do and be all the time suspicious of them.

It was just this way in the case of little Mr. Garter Snake. When Peter told him that to be a Quaddy he had to have some good in him, that he couldn't be all bad, Peter thought that this settled the matter. So did Johnny Chuck. You see little Mr. Garter Snake bore a bad name just because he was a member of the Snake family. But when he demanded that they tell him wherein he was bad they couldn't. They tried their very hardest to think of something against little Mr. Garter Snake, but absolutely the only thing they could think of was his impudent way of thrusting out his tongue at everybody. Johnny Chuck did mention this. Little Mr. Garter Snake smiled bitterly.

"That shows," said he, "how much you know about me and my family. The trouble with you fellows and a lot like you is that you never take the trouble to find out the truth. Because I run out my tongue whenever anybody comes near me you say I am impudent. Perhaps it does look impudent. I suppose it does, but I don't mean it that way at all. What are you working your nose up, and down that way for. Peter Rabbit, while I am talking? I call that just as impudent as for me to run out my tongue." Little Mr. Garter Snake looked very indignant.

As for Peter Rabbit he was very much confused and he showed it. Also he was indignant that little Mr. Garter Snake should suspect him of being impudent.

"Nothing of the kind!" he retorted. "I was just testing the air to make sure that no danger is near. If I didn't use my nose goodness knows what would become of me. Old Mother Nature gave it to me to use and I use it just as I use my eyes and my ears."

Little Mr. Garter Snake grinned. "I do the same thing with my tongue," said he.

"What!" exclaimed Peter. "What has your tongue got to do with it? A tongue is to taste things with."

"My tongue is for more than that," replied little Mr. Garter Snake proudly. "My tongue is very sensitive. In part it takes the place of ears for me. It feels things in the air, as well as tastes things. That is why I keep running it out. If I kept it in my mouth all the time, of course, I wouldn't be warned of what is going on. So I keep darting it out, just the same as you keep using your ears and nose, and people call me impudent."

Peter looked at Johnny Chuck and Johnny looked at Peter and neither knew what to say. Finally Peter said that he was sorry that they had misunderstood little Mr. Garter Snake, but that they hadn't known anything about that wonderful tongue.

"That's just the trouble with some folks," replied little Mr. Garter Snake. "You just take things for granted without you out finding out the truth. Now you think that I cannot become a member of the Quaddy band because every Quaddy must have some good in him, and that is just as much as saying that I am all bad. Have I ever done you any harm or any harm to any one of whom you know?"

Think as hard as ever they could Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck couldn't think of a single bad thing that they knew little Mr. Garter Snake to be guilty of. Finally they had to admit as much.

"You see!" exclaimed little Mr. Garter Snake, "you call me bad and yet you don't know a single bad thing about me. Now, what I want to know is, are you going to let me be a member?"

## STORY 1104. August 23, 1915.

### Little Mr. Garter Snake is Admitted

Be fair in everything you do,  
And to yourself be always true.

There was nothing for Peter Rabbit to do but to call a meeting of all the Quaddies and tell them that little Mr. Garter Snake wanted to be admitted to the band. He couldn't decide the matter himself, not even with the help of Johnny Chuck. Little Mr. Garter Snake wasn't a little quadruped, because he hadn't any legs. But still he could run and climb and swim, and he was one of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and Peter hadn't been able to find anything really bad in him. So it didn't seem fair not to admit him if he wanted to join.

So Peter called a meeting and told the others just what was bothering him. Right away everybody had something to say. You know everybody is suspicious of the Snake family. Nobody had a good word for little Mr. Garter Snake. In spite of himself Peter had to smile when he asked what they had against little Mr. Garter Snake. There was a sudden silence. Finally Chatterer the Red Squirrel spoke up.



“He is impudent,” said he. “He thrusts his tongue out at everybody.”

Everybody nodded as if this was a sufficient reason for keeping little Mr. Garter Snake out of the band. Peter laughed right out.

“That doesn’t sound well coming from you, Chatterer,” said he. “I don’t know a of anyone more saucy and impudent than you are sometimes. Besides, it isn’t impudence on the part of little Mr. Garter Snake. It isn’t impudence at all.”

“Then I’d like to know what it is!” exclaimed Billy Mink.

So Peter explained what he had learned about the tongue of little Mr. Garter Snake, how in a way it took the place of ears, that he felt sounds with it instead of hearing them, and that it was for this reason that he kept running his tongue out, and not through impudence.

“That is very interesting, but is it true!” said Bobby Coon, shaking his head doubtfully.

“Certainly it’s true,” declared little Mr. Garter Snake, who had come along to answer questions. “Just ask Old Mother Nature if you can’t take my word for it.”

“If he is willing to leave it to Old Mother Nature it must be true,” declared Jimmy Skunk. “Has anybody got anything else against him?”

“He steals eggs and the young from our nests!” cried Chippy the Sparrow.

“No such thing!” retorted little Mr. Garter Snake hotly. “Did you ever see me do it?”

“No—o,” replied Chippy slowly, “but I’ve seen your cousin, Mr. Black Snake, do it, and I supposed all snakes did.”

“Well, you should never judge anybody by what their relatives do. It isn’t fair,” retorted little Mr. Garter Snake. “I never eat eggs or young birds, so there!”

“What do you eat?” demanded Peter Rabbit.

“He eats little Toads,” spoke up old Mr. Toad.

“And little Frogs,” added Grandfather Frog gruffly.

Everybody looked at little Mr. Garter Snake. He nodded his head. “I do when I can catch them,” he replied. “But is that any reason why I shouldn’t be a member of your band? Sammy Jay and Chatterer steal eggs and young birds, and so does Blacky the Crow. I know, because I’ve seen them do it. Reddy Fox and Billy Mink catch young mice and rabbits when they can. So does Hooty the Owl. I think that is worse than catching little toads and frogs. I only do it to live. If they can be members, why can’t I?”

“Ah, reckons yo’ can,” declared Unc’ Billy Possum. “Ah, reckons yo’ has just as much right to be a member as the rest of we uns. Ah, moves that we- uns admit li’l’ Mr. Garter Snake to the band. He cert’nly is one of Ol’ Mother Nature’s li’l’ people same as the rest of us. What do yo’ alls say?”

Everybody said yes—that is, everybody but Old Mr. Toad and Grandfather Frog. And this is how little Mr. Garter Snake was admitted to the band.

## STORY 1105. August 24, 1915.

### Trouble for Sticky-toes the Tree Toad

When you hear the Tree Toad calling  
Be sure that rain will soon be falling.

This is an old saying, but like a great many sayings it is not more than half true. The fact is Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad does what most sensible folks do—sings when he is contented and happy. And because he is most comfortable and happy in damp weather, he is very apt to sing when he feels the air growing moist, as just before a storm. So, a lot of people have foolishly come to believe that he can actually call down rain. Of course, he cannot do anything of the kind.

Now, there had been a very long dry spell, and the grass on the Green Meadows was no longer green, but dry and brown. In the Old Pasture it was still browner. Even the leaves of the Green Forest looked dry and sickly. Every day jolly, bright, round Mr. Sun climbed up in the blue, blue sky and smiled his broadest, until, instead of rejoicing at the sight of his smiling face, the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and the Old Orchard dreaded to see it, and Farmer Brown and his boy looked with troubled faces at their garden and cornfield, for the more Mr. Sun smiled, the thirstier grew the plants, and there was no water for them. In fact, the weakest ones began to dry and wither away.

Even the little people in the Smiling Pool began to be worried. You see there was so little water coming down the Laughing Brook that it hardly laughed at all, and the Smiling Pool grew smaller and smaller. Every day, Old Mother West Wind tumbled her children, the Merry Little Breezes, out of the big bag in which she brings them down from the Purple Hills, and they did their best to make it comfortable for the little people of the Green Meadows, but it was so hot that they themselves had to give up.

Every day Peter Rabbit looked eagerly for rain clouds, but there were none. Every night he ran over to the Laughing Brook or the Smiling Pool for a bath, so as to cool off. It was while he was on his way there one night that he remembered having heard some time or other that Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad could call rain. As usual Peter started off pell-mell as soon as he thought of this. He started to look for Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad.

“If he can call rain, he ought to do it, and he ought to do it right away,” thought Peter. “I wonder that he hasn’t done it before. I wonder where he is.”

Now, finding Sticky-Toes, unless you hear his voice to guide you, is not an easy matter, as Peter soon found out. Peter began by asking everyone he met if he had seen Sticky-Toes. Of course, everyone wanted to know why he was so anxious to find Sticky-Toes.

Illustrations. August 16 to August 21, 1915.



**1098. Farmer Brown's Boy Gives Timmy a Fright**  
"Nobody will ever think that anybody is living in a house which has been empty for a long time," thought Timmy.



**1099. Timmy Doesn't Know What Has Happened**  
"Looks to me like nothing but an old woodpecker hole," said he.



**1100. A Joke on Farmer Brown's Boy**  
Farmer Brown's Boy hadn't seen clearly who it was.



**1101. Little Mr. Garter Snake Makes a Request**  
"Why don't you look to see what you are doing?" he hissed.



**1102. Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck Consider**  
"Him," said Peter, pointing to little Mr. Garter Snake.



**1103. Mr. Garter Snake States a Few Facts**  
"My tongue is for more than that," replied little Mr. Garter Snake.

“To get him to call rain,” said Peter. “You know they say he can call rain, and I don’t know of anybody else who can.”

Of course, everybody repeated what Peter had said, and the story grew, as stories have a way of doing, until at last, it was given out as a fact that Sticky-Toes could call rain. The little people believed it because they wanted to believe it. Then they began to be angry because he didn’t call rain, never once stopping to think how foolish it was to believe that anyone could call rain. Yes, sir, they began to blame little Sticky-Toes for the dry weather, and to say unkind things about him, and then to threaten what they would do to him if they found him and he refused to call rain. You see the hot, dry weather was making them cross and unreasonable. And everyone went looking for Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad.

## STORY 1106. August 25, 1915.

### Old Mr. Toad Gives Warning

He grows in strength who does each day  
With might and main the best he may.

Of course Old Mr. Toad heard the gossip on all sides about Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad and how he was being blamed because he did not call rain when rain was so much needed. Now Old Mr. Toad is own cousin to Sticky-Toes, and he knew perfectly well that Sticky-Toes could no more bring rain than he could himself. At first when he found that the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows really believed that Sticky-Toes could call rain if he wanted to, he laughed at them. He thought it a great joke that any one should be so simple as to believe such a thing. But when he began to hear ugly threats made against Sticky-Toes, and found that day by day the anger against him was growing so that nobody would listen to reason, he began to grow worried.

“Everybody is so upset by this hot weather that they won’t listen to reason, and if they find Sticky-Toes something dreadful is sure to happen to him,” he mumbled to himself as he half buried himself in the soft earth underneath the big board Farmer Brown’s Boy had placed in the garden for him.

“I wonder if he knows what people are saying. If he doesn’t, he ought to be warned. He’ll have to keep out of sight until rain does come. Just as if he doesn’t want rain as much as the rest of us do! I suppose, seeing he is my cousin. I ought, to give him warning. Phew! It certainly is hot. I wish Sticky-Toes could call rain.”

All that day Old Mr. Toad napped and mumbled and grumbled and napped again under the board in the garden. Even there, out of the sun, it was hot and he was too uncomfortable to sleep long at a time. When jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills, and as a result the air was a little cooler, Old Mr. Toad crept out from under the board. He stopped long enough to snap up a few bugs just to stay his stomach, and then he headed for the Green Forest by way of the Old Orchard. He didn’t know just where Sticky-Toes was, but he felt sure he was somewhere in the

Green Forest. Anyway, that was the last place he had seen his cousin. It was a long way to go. That is, it was a long way for Old Mr. Toad and he grumbled to himself as he went along, hop-hop-hipperty- hop, hop-hop-hipperty-hop.

“Pretty hot weather, cousin,” said a voice right over his head, as he was hopping under the last apple tree in the Old Orchard.

Old Mr. Toad stopped short right in the middle of a hop. “Hello!” he exclaimed gruffly, “I was on my way to the Green Forest to look for you. Do you know that it is best for you to keep out of sight of everybody but me?”

“Why?” asked Sticky-Toes in surprise, for it was he.

“Because everybody but me is crazy with the heat,” replied Old Mr. Toad. “I’m the only one that’s got any sense left. Somebody started the story that you can call rain, and now everybody believes it. They say that you are to blame for this hot, dry weather because you won’t call rain, and that if they can find you it will be the end of you.”

“The idea!” exclaimed Sticky-Toes indignantly. “Just as if I don’t want it to rain as much as anyone else! Never was so uncomfortable in my life. If I could call rain, I’d have done it long ago.”

“That’s what I’ve told them, but they won’t listen to reason. I tell you they are all crazy,” replied Old Mr. Toad. “It’s no use to argue with crazy folks. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to keep out of sight. I guess it’s a good thing that you’ve come up to the Old Orchard, because everybody thinks you are in the Green Forest, and they spend all their time there hunting for you. Phew! Did you ever know such dreadful weather?” Old Mr. Toad panted for breath.

“I never did,” declared Sticky-Toes, making a flying leap to another branch. “I’m ever and ever so much obliged to you, cousin, for warning me. I hope it will rain before anybody discovers me.”

“I hope it will,” grumbled Old Mr. Toad.

## STORY 1107. August 26, 1915.

### Sticky-toes Hides in Plain Sight

Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad was worried. Yes, indeed, he was worried. Anyone would have cause for worry with all his neighbors looking for him and threatening to do dreadful things to him. And that is just how it was with Sticky-Toes, and all because he wouldn’t call rain. He wouldn’t because he couldn’t. He could call, but that wouldn’t bring the rain, and he knew it. You see, it was this way:

Sticky-Toes delights in damp or wet weather. It always makes him feel good, and when he feels good, he likes people to know it. So then he calls cheerily, just as Farmer Brown’s Boy whistles when he feels good. Now Sticky-Toes can feel the first hint of a change in the weather. He can feel it much sooner than anyone else. In this way it happens that he knows before his neighbors when rain is coming. Just as soon as he

feels that something in the air which tells him that rain is coming he begins to sing, because he is glad. A great many of his neighbors have noticed this, and that rain is almost sure to follow shortly after Sticky-Toes begins to sing. That is how they got it into their heads that he could call rain. They heard his voice and then pretty soon the rain came. Without using their common sense at all, some of them made up their minds that he called it.

But now it was a long time since the voice of Sticky-Toes had been heard. Yes, indeed, it was a very long time. You see there had been no rain. The Green Meadows and the Green Forest were drying up, and everybody was suffering from the heat. Each day seemed worse than the day before, and the tempers of all the little meadow and forest people grew shorter and shorter. They wanted to blame someone and so they blamed Sticky-Toes. They said he could call rain if he wanted to, and because he didn't, they threatened all sorts of dreadful things for him if only they could find him.

It was just good fortune that no one had found him. Until his cousin. Old Mr. Toad, had given him warning he did not know of the dreadful things which his one-time friends had threatened for him. Now that he had had warning, he did his very best to hide, but the way in which he went about it was queer. He hid right in plain sight! Yes, sir, it is true, Sticky-Toes hid right out in plain sight. Did you ever hear of anything like that?

To be sure, he was in the Old Orchard, while those who were looking for him were searching in the Green Forest, but he knew that sooner or later they would come to the Old Orchard. Now, wouldn't you suppose that he would have crept into the most secret place he could find? Instead of that he just squatted down on a branch of an old apple tree, right in plain sight.

"Now," said he, "I don't believe any one will find me." Then he chuckled to himself and closed his eyes for a nap, just as if he hadn't any reason in the world to be afraid. You see, he was sure that he wouldn't be found, despite the sharp eyes looking for him.

## STORY 1108. August 27, 1915.

### The Hunt for Sticky-toes

All through the Green Forest the hunt for Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad went on. It was there he had last been seen, and so it was there that his neighbors and one-time friends of the Green Meadows and Green Forest and Old Orchard looked for him. Sharp eyes looked through every tree, peeped in every hole, and under every place where it seemed that he might possibly be hiding. The days were hot and the nights were only a little less so. Tempers were sorely tried and there were many quarrels among the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, but most of all their anger burned against Sticky-Toes because they believed that he could call rain and wouldn't.

And all the time Sticky-Toes sat in plain sight in the Old Orchard and only moved

when the dusk came and there were fewer eyes to see him. And even then, he moved only when he was sure that no one was near to see him catch his meals. When they could not find him in the Green Forest some one thought of the Old Orchard, and at once Sammy Jay led the way there, followed by many of the birds who make their homes there.

Sammy lighted on a branch of an old apple tree not two feet from where Sticky-Toes sat huddled up in plain sight. We'll hunt through all the trees," declared Sammy. "We'll look in every hole and under every piece of bark. If he is here, we'll find him. If he isn't here I don't know where to look.

So all the birds, with Sammy at their head, began to search the Old Orchard. Chatterer the Red Squirrel helped. So did Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel. There wasn't a hole big or small that they didn't look into. There wasn't a thing big enough for Sticky-Toes to hide under that they didn't peep under. And as they hunted their tongues flew and they told of all the dreadful things that they would do to him when they caught him. Even Little Friend the Song Sparrow seemed to have caught the madness and declared that anyone who would let others suffer so ought to be made to suffer too. Not one of them stopped to think that probably Sticky-Toes wanted rain as much as they did. That foolish idea that he could call rain had quite upset their commonsense. It often is that way with people. Somebody says a foolish thing and everybody believes it without using reason at all.

When Sticky-Toes heard Little Friend say that he was tempted to speak, for Little Friend was not a foot way, and yet didn't see him. But he wisely held his tongue, for he knew that with all his old friends feeling that way nothing he could say would make them feel any different. So he kept perfectly still and watched the hunt for him and wished and wished with all his might that he could call rain.

A dozen times those who were hunting for Sticky-Toes looked straight at him without seeing him. If it hadn't been such a serious matter, Sticky-Toes would have laughed. But he knew that it was no laughing matter. At last jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills and one by one the little people of the Green Meadows and Green Forest and Old Orchard who had been hunting Sticky-Toes all day went to bed also, hoping that on the morrow it would rain. And not one among them hoped so more earnestly than did Sticky-Toes.

STORY 1109. August 28, 1915.

## At Last the Voice of Sticky-toes is Heard

A cheerful sound it is, my dear,  
A voice you've waited long to hear.

It was so long since it had rained on the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, the Old Pasture and the Old Orchard, that the little people who live there had begun to think that it never would rain again. They had given up looking for Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad in order to try to make him call rain or to do dreadful things to him if he



refused. They had hunted all through the Green Forest, at least through that part of it where they thought Sticky-Toes was likely to be, and through the Old Orchard without finding him. Then, because it was so dreadfully hot, they gave up.

Now Sticky-Toes wanted rain quite as much as anyone else. Perhaps he wanted it a little more than most of the others, for he is never so happy and comfortable as when there is dampness in the air. You see, he has a skin which is very sensitive to dampness and heat. The first makes him comfortable and the other very uncomfortable. He can always feel the least tiny bit of dampness in the air, and that is how he knows before his neighbors do when it is going to rain. Of course, that makes him happy and cheerful, and he begins to sing "It's going to rain! It's going to rain!" That is why a lot of people have got it into their heads that he actually calls the rain.

Now, sooner or later all bad things come to an end. Sticky-Toes knew this, and each day he hoped would end the terrible heat that was drying up everything. At last one afternoon he felt something in the air. He couldn't have told you for the life of him just what that feeling was like. It was just a feeling, a feeling all over, that was all. But he knew what it meant. It meant that rain was coming before long. It made him glad, so glad that he opened his mouth to cry the news that all might hear and rejoice. Then he closed it again without making a sound. He looked up at the blue, blue sky. Jolly Mr. Sun was smiling as broadly as ever and nowhere could Sticky-Toes see a cloud. He looked over in the next tree, and there sat Welcome Robin with wings drooping and looking very, very miserable. He looked down at Johnny Chuck's house and there on their door step lay Johnny and Polly Chuck panting for breath and looking very, very uncomfortable.

Once more Sticky-Toes looked anxiously at the sky. "If I cry that it is going to rain and it doesn't everybody will know just where I am, and they will be so angry that there is no knowing what will happen to me," thought he. "I believe I'll wait a little."

So he waited a little longer and all the time that glad feeling that rain was really coming kept growing. He saw Peter Rabbit come up and throw himself on the ground near Johnny and Polly Chuck, and Peter was panting as if every breath was hard work.

"They'll feel better if they know that it is going to rain soon," thought Sticky-Toes. "I—I'd like to make them feel better. Perhaps they won't believe me, but I guess I'll risk it." Once more he looked up at the sky and it seemed to him that Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun smiled broader than ever. Then he opened his mouth and began to cry:

It's going to rain! It's going to rain!  
Although the day is bright and fair,  
It's going to rain! It's going to rain!  
For I can feel it in the air!

## STORY 1110. August 30, 1915

### The Glad News Spreads

To carry news that is good to hear

Is the gladdest thing you can do, my dear.

There is an old saying that bad news travels fast. So does good news. It is wonderful how fast it can travel. Just pass good news along some time and see for yourself how fast it travels. And see, too, how good it makes you feel to help spread good news. No sooner had Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad opened his mouth and began to cry “It’s going to rain! It’s going to rain!” than the good news fairly flew east and west and north and south over the Green Meadows and the Old Pasture and through the Green Forest and Old Orchard.

How did it fly? Why, in ever so many ways. Welcome Robin, who had been sitting with drooping wings and looking very miserable in the very next tree to the one in which was Sticky-Toes, suddenly looked like a new bird, and off he started through the Old Orchard, telling everyone he met Sticky-Toes was calling rain, and so of course it was going to rain. Each one he told it to hurried to tell someone else, and they in turn passed the word along. Peter Rabbit, who had thrown himself down near Johnny Chuck’s doorstep panting with the heat, hopped up at the first sound of Sticky-Toes’ voice and started for the dear Old Brier Patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip, to tell little Mrs. Peter. On the way he told Danny Meadow Mouse and Digger the Badger.

The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, who hadn’t had life enough to move all that day, hurried this way and that way, carrying the voice of Sticky-Toes as far as they could without losing it. Sammy Jay screamed the news through the Green Forest, and then flew down to the Smiling Pool to tell Grandfather Frog and Jerry Muskrat, who were worrying because the Smiling Pool was growing smaller so fast that they were afraid that pretty soon there wouldn’t be any Smiling Pool.

Drummer the Woodpecker hurried to a favorite hollow tree and began to drum with all his might, just as he does when he is bubbling over with joy early in the Spring. So the news spread, this way, that way, every way, until everyone knew that Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad said that it was going to rain. And because everyone had believed the story that he could call rain if he wanted to, every one now believed that he told the truth and that it was going to rain. And because they were so glad, they forgot their anger against Sticky-Toes because he hadn’t called rain before. You see people cannot be happy and angry at the same time. In a head full of happiness and gladness there is no room for anger.

So, though there wasn’t a cloud in the sky everyone went about saying that it was going to rain just because Sticky-Toes said so. As for Sticky-Toes himself, he felt so good to see his neighbors feeling better that he sang with all his might:

Rain, rain, beautiful rain,  
It surely is going to fall again.

STORY 1111. August 31, 1915.

## A Little Cloud Saves Sticky-toes

The rain is coming, coming soon;

I hope 'twill come this afternoon.

So sang Sticky-Toes and the Tree Toad over in the Old Orchard, and all the little meadow and orchard and forest people rejoiced, for there had been no rain for so long that there was not one who did not suffer. But the hours slipped by, and still jolly, round Mr. Sun smiled as broadly as ever, and the heat was even greater than before, and there was no sign of rain. Anyway, there was no sign that anyone but Sticky-Toes could understand. You see, he could feel in the air something that warned him that rain would come soon. He could feel it because Old Mother Nature has given him the power to feel it.

By and by, as there was no sign of rain that the other little people could see they lost their good spirits and felt just as miserable as before. Indeed, they felt more miserable than before. You see they were disappointed as well as uncomfortable. Then they began to grumble, and pretty soon some of them began to say ugly things about Sticky-Toes because he had promised rain and there was no rain.

"He's played a trick on us. Yes, sir, that's just what he's done," said Sammy Jay. "He wouldn't call rain when we needed it so much and now he's promising rain when there isn't a sign of it. I believe he made us all glad just to see us disappointed."

"Perhaps he really thought it was going to rain. I don't believe he'd do a thing like that just to make us more miserable," said Peter Rabbit.

"Maybe you don't, but I do," declared Sammy, who was judging Sticky-Toes by himself. "Listen to him now. It's hotter than ever, and yet he's still saying it's going to rain. Much he knows about it!" Sammy quite forgot that he had been one of those who had believed the foolish story that Sticky-Toes could call rain. "He ought to be taught a lesson," continued Sammy. "We know where he is now, and we can punish him for not calling rain before, and for playing such a trick as this."

Now, if Sticky-Toes had stopped calling that it was going to rain, it might have ended with no more than a little grumbling on the part of his neighbors. But he didn't stop calling. You see, he still had that queer feeling which he knew meant rain, and so he kept calling out the good news as cheerily as ever. The more he called the more it got on the nerves of his neighbors. They just couldn't stand it to hear him so cheerful when they felt so miserable, and so they began to think over what Sammy Jay had said, and the more they thought of it the angrier they grew, until at last, some of them were ready to follow Sammy's lead.

Straight up to the Old Orchard to the tree in which Sticky-Toes was sitting calling so happily they hurried. Sticky-Toes was so busy calling the good news that he didn't see them until they reached the tree where he was and formed an angry circle around him. At least the feathered people did that. Those who could neither fly nor climb sat on the ground underneath and looked on. It was too late to even try to hide. Sticky-Toes broke off his call right in the middle and gulped very hard as he looked at the angry faces about him.

"What do you mean by fooling us in this way?" demanded Sammy Jay.

"In what way?" asked Sticky-Toes in a faint voice. "By spreading a false report! By telling an untruth! By making us all happy and glad only to make us more miserable than ever. By telling us that it is going to rain when there isn't a sign of rain!" sputtered Sammy Jay. "Now we are going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!" He darted at Sticky-Toes, and poor little Sticky-Toes escaped his sharp bill only by a sudden jump. Then the other birds followed Sammy's example, and it certainly looked as if this was to be the end of little Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad. It was just at this minute that Peter Rabbit looked up at the sky.

"There's a cloud," he cried, excitedly.

Everybody stopped to look. Sure enough, there was a cloud. It was a very little one, but it was a cloud. While they were looking Sticky-Toes disappeared.

## STORY 1112. September 1, 1915.

### Sammy Jay Says He Is Sorry

You'll have hard work to believe it true,  
This thing I'm going to tell to you,  
But true it is, I'm glad to say,  
And tip my hat to Sammy Jay.

It was well for Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad that Peter Rabbit saw that little cloud in the sky when he did. If he hadn't happened to look up in the sky and see it just at that particular moment I am afraid, very much afraid, that something dreadful would have happened to Sticky-Toes. You see some of his neighbors were very, very angry with him because they thought he had been playing a joke on them by crying that it was going to rain when the sky was as blue and clear, and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was as hot as ever, and rain was needed so very much. Headed by Sammy Jay they had started to punish Sticky-Toes and he was jumping for his life when Peter saw that little cloud.

Of course, everybody stopped to look. Each one wanted to see for himself that it was true. It was so long since they had seen a cloud that they just had to watch it as if it was something new and strange. When at last they turned to look for Sticky-Toes he had disappeared. They hunted for him for a few minutes, but, not finding him, once more gave all their attention to that little cloud floating high in the sky. And while they watched it grew and grew until it was a middle-sized cloud, and then a big cloud. Then other little clouds appeared and grew into big clouds, and pretty soon the smiling face of jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was hidden, and the heat became less terrible.

A great stillness crept over the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. The little people sought places of shelter. Peter Rabbit crawled into a hollow log. Johnny Chuck, Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote, Striped Chipmunk and Digger the Badger crept into their underground houses. Happy Jack Squirrel and his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, hurried into their houses. Bobby Coon and Unc' Billy Possum were already in their hollow trees. Jimmy Skunk crept into a hollow under an old stump. Danny Meadow

Illustrations. August 23 to August 28, 1915.



**1104. Little Mr. Garter Snake is Admitted**  
So Peter called a meeting and told the others just what was bothering him.



**1105. Trouble for Sticky-toes the Tree Toad**  
Every night he ran over to the Laughing Brook of the Smiling Pool for a bath.



**1106. Old Mr. Toad Gives Warning**  
“Pretty hot weather, Cousin,” said a voice right over his head.



**1107. Sticky-toes Hides in Plain Sight**  
“Now,” said he, “I don’t believe anyone will find me.”



**1108. The Hunt for Sticky-toes**  
So all the birds, with Sammy at their head, began to search the Old Orchard.



**1109. At Last the Voice of Sticky-toes is Heard**  
“They’ll feel better if they know that it is going to rain soon.”

Mouse and Nanny curled up close together inside a fallen fence post which was hollow. All the birds hurried to the most sheltered places they could find. It grew dark, for the clouds were very black. Not a leaf moved, and it seemed as if everybody were holding their breath. Then suddenly that hush was broken by the shrill voice of Sticky-Toes, and in it was a note of triumph.

Rain, rain, rain, rain!

I told you it was going to rain!

Over and over he repeated it until his voice was drowned in a crash of thunder. Then the rain fell as if all the clouds were trying to empty themselves of water all at once. The thunder crashed, the lightning flashed, the wind blew, the thirsty trees and plants drank and drank, and Laughing Brook gurgled and finally laughed in its old happy way and the air grew cool. Then it was all over and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun once more looked down with his broad smile he saw a million little drops of water sparkling on a million happy little leaves. Then everybody came forth and there was great rejoicing.

Sammy Jay and Peter Rabbit were the only ones who remembered Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad. Both hurried to the old orchard to look for him. It was easy to find him, for he was singing happily. At least he called it singing. Peter got there just in time to hear Sammy Jay say:

“I’m mighty sorry, Sticky-Toes, that I was so mistaken about you and that I tried to make trouble for you, I am, indeed. I’ll know better next time.”

Peter could, hardly believe his own ears—Sammy Jay admitting that he was sorry for anything he had done! Right away Peter thought better of Sammy than ever he had before.

“It’s all right, Sammy. No harm done. We all make mistakes sometimes. I might have been mistaken about the coming of the rain. I’m glad I wasn’t. Great, wasn’t it?” replied Sticky-Toes. And Sammy agreed that it was.

## STORY 1113. September 2, 1915

### Sticky-Toes Shows How He Hid

To hide is just to keep unseen;

Ask Sticky-Toes just what I mean.

Now that the rain had really come and everybody was happy once more the anger against Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad was forgotten. Indeed, Sammy Jay had been honest enough to hunt up Sticky-Toes and tell him that he was sorry for having tried to harm him, and Sticky-Toes had good naturedly told him that it didn’t matter at all.

“There is one thing I would like to know,” said Sammy, “and that is “and where you were hiding when all the rest of us were looking for you to try to make you call rain.”



Sticky-Toes chuckled. "I was right here in this very tree," he declared.

Sammy shook his head. "You mustn't tell wrong stories, because then we will never be able to believe you at all," said he reprovingly. "You couldn't have been right here in this tree because I looked all through it myself. There isn't a single hole that wasn't looked into, not only by me but by some others of the brightest, sharpest eyes in the Old Orchard. If you had been here in this tree, we certainly would have found you. Now be a good fellow and tell me where you were hiding."

Sticky-Toes looked down at Peter Rabbit and his eyes twinkled with mischief.

"I always tell the truth," declared Sticky-Toes, and to prove it I tell you what I'll do, Sammy. You fly over to the next tree for a minute and promise not to look back, and I'll hide, and I give you my word of honor that I won't leave this tree. It won't take me but a minute to hide. When you get tired of hunting for me you call and I'll show you where I am."

Now Sammy Jay takes great pride in the sharpness of his eyes. It is his boast that little goes on in the Green Forest that he doesn't see, and this is quite true. So now he was very willing to play this game of hide-and-seek with Sticky-Toes. "All right," said he. "Here I go to the next tree, and I won't look back for a minute. Then if you are in this tree, as you promise to be, I'll find you inside another minute."

Is there anything in the world more foolish than idle boasting? Sammy looked not only one minute but many minutes. He hunted over that tree from top to bottom, and from bottom to top. At last he stopped and scratched his head.

"I give up," he called. "Where are you, Sticky-Toes?"

"Right here in plain sight," said a voice so close to him that it made him jump. It seemed to come from the trunk of a tree right in front of him. Could there be a hole there which he had missed? He looked sharply at the place from which the voice had seemed to come, but there was no sign of a hole. All he saw were some little patches of gray lichens, which, you know, are a sort of moss that grows on trees. Suddenly one of them moved. Yes, it did. It stretched out first one leg and then another. It was Sticky-Toes himself, and not what Sammy had supposed it was at all.

Sammy was so surprised that for once he couldn't find his tongue. "I told you wouldn't be able to find me," said Sticky-Toes. "When you and all the others were looking for me before the rain, I was right in plain sight just as I was a minute ago when you looked right at me and didn't see me. You see I knew that no one would look for me in plain sight, and because you didn't expect to see me there you wouldn't see me when you looked right at me. Simple, isn't it?"

"I—I thought you were just a patch of that gray moss," gasped Sammy.

"I meant that you should," declared Sticky-Toes. "It is very convenient to hide right in plain sight because then you know just what those looking for you are doing."

"I couldn't have done that because I should have had to laugh right out and give myself away," spoke up Peter Rabbit, who had been watching from below. It's lucky



for you that your suit is gray.”

“That wouldn’t make any difference,” replied Sticky-Toes. “If I wanted it brown, I’d make it brown.”

“What?” gasped Peter. “Do you mean to say you can change your color?”

## STORY 1114. September 3, 1915

### Sticky-Toes Changes Color

Wonderful things there are, my dear;  
Wonderful things to see and hear.

The trouble is that we do not see and hear all that we might. We see without really seeing, and we hear without really hearing. Now, Peter Rabbit had known Sticky-Toes for a very long time, quite as long as he could remember, but he never had seen anything very wonderful about him until Sticky-Toes had shown Sammy Jay how he could hide right in plain sight. Peter had seen it all. He had seen Sticky-Toes flatten himself to the trunk of a tree with his arms and legs drawn in close, not moving the teeniest, weeniest bit, so that he looked for all the world like nothing more than a patch of gray lichen, that queer flat moss that grows on trees and rocks.

Then Peter had begun to think that Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad was wonderful after all. But that was nothing to how he felt when Sticky-Toes said that he could change the color of his coat from gray to brown if he wanted to. Peter just gaped up at him with his mouth wide open in the most foolish way. Sticky-Toes laughed right out.

“I don’t see any flies around here, Peter,” said he.

“Who said anything about flies?” Peter looked puzzled.

“Nobody,” laughed Sticky-Toes, “but your mouth was so wide open that I thought you must mean it for a fly trap.

Peter grinned good-naturedly. “No,” he said, “I didn’t mean it for a fly trap, because you know I don’t eat flies as you do. I was trying to swallow what you said about changing color, and it wouldn’t go down. Seeing is believing, Sticky-Toes. When I see you change color, then I’ll believe.”

Sticky-Toes chuckled. “You can’t always believe your own eyes, you know,” said he. “Ask Sammy Jay. Sammy looked straight at me ever so many times, and thought I was a patch of gray moss. But if you really want to see me change color, and have got a little patience, meet me tomorrow morning over by the tall pine in the Green Forest, where it is shady and dark.”

“I’ll be there,” promised Peter.

The next morning Peter hurried over to the tall pine in the Green Forest, where the trees were so close together that the Jolly Little Sunbeams couldn’t get through, and it was shady and dark even on the brightest day. Sticky-Toes was there on the side of an old dark stump.

“Good morning, Peter,” said he. “Now, if you will sit patiently and watch me, you’ll see me change color. It will take some time, so don’t go to sleep.”

“The idea!” exclaimed Peter, and settled himself comfortably with his eyes fixed on Sticky-Toes, who looked like a little gray patch on the side of the old stump. Now sitting still in a cool, comfortable place on a hot morning is apt to make one sleepy. For a long time, Peter kept his eyes fixed on Sticky-Toes, a gray patch on the dark old stump. Then Peter’s eyes closed slowly, only to fly wide open again. There was Sticky-Toes, just as before. Two or three times, Peter’s eyes closed and flew open again. Then they closed and remained closed. Peter was asleep.

“Well, are you satisfied now?”

Peter’s eyes flew wide open. He stared at the old stump. Where was Sticky-Toes? He saw nothing but the old stump with pieces of bark clinging to it.

“Are you satisfied now that you have seen me change color?” asked the voice again. It was the voice of Sticky-Toes.

“But I haven’t seen you change color!” protested Peter.

“How did you expect to when you were asleep?” demanded the voice. Then what Peter had taken for a little piece of bark clinging to the old stump suddenly flew off and landed at his feet. It was Sticky-Toes the Tree Toad, and his coat was brown!

## STORY 1115. September 4, 1915

### The Funny Toes of Sticky-Toes

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
There was an old lady, as everyone knows.  
But with fingers and toes that are queerer than these  
Is a spry little fellow who lives in the trees.

Of course you know who it is—Sticky-Toes, the Tree Toad. Yes, sir, he is the very one. A lot of people don’t know what queer fingers and toes he has. But then a lot of people are just like Peter Rabbit. Peter had known Sticky-Toes ever since he could remember without once thinking there was anything very interesting about him until he discovered that Sticky-Toes could change the color of his suit, could wear light gray or dark gray, light brown or dark brown, as he pleased, and yet have on the same suit of clothes.

When he discovered that Peter began, to understand how it was that Sticky-Toes managed to keep from being seen, he just turned the color of his surroundings and kept perfectly still. That set Peter to thinking. He began to wonder if there was anything more interesting and wonderful about Sticky-Toes. Then he remembered all the wonderful things he had found out about old Mr. Toad, the cousin of Sticky-Toes, whom he had thought very commonplace and homely. And that reminded Peter that he never had seen Old Mr. Toad climb a tree, nor Grandfather Frog, who is also cousin to Sticky-Toes. If they couldn’t climb, how was it that Sticky-Toes could? He didn’t look

so very different from his bigger cousins, not in shape anyway. Could it be that Sticky-Toes had claws?

Peter looked sharply at Sticky-Toes, and for the first time he noticed that his fingers and toes were unlike any fingers and toes he ever had seen. They were bigger at the tips than anywhere else. In fact they looked as if each one ended in a little ball. Right away Peter became very curious.

“What is the matter with your toes?” he inquired.

“Nothing is the matter with my toes,” retorted Sticky-Toes indignantly.

“What are those funny round things on the ends of them?” persisted Peter, staring most impolitely.

“They are my climbers, and they are not funny at all,” returned Sticky-Toes, crossly.

“Climbers!” exclaimed Peter, as if he thought he hadn’t heard right.

“Yes, climbers!” repeated Sticky-Toes. “Without them I couldn’t climb.”

“But I don’t see how you climb with them,” persisted Peter, looking very much puzzled.

“Feel of them,” of them,” said Sticky-Toes,”jumping close to Peter.

Peter felt of them. “Why, they’re sticky!” he exclaimed.

“Of course. That’s why I’m called Sticky-Toes,” replied little Mr. Tree Toad.

“O,” said Peter, because he couldn’t think of anything else to say, and looked as foolish as he felt. You see it never had occurred to him to wonder about that name.

“It’s very handy,” continued Sticky-Toes. “I never slip, and so of course I never fall.”

“But where does that stickiness come from?” asked Peter, eager to find out all he could.

“From inside those little round things you think so funny, of course, stupid,” replied Sticky-Toes.

“Oh,” said Peter again.

“You may think my fingers and toes very funny, but let me tell you they are very handy,” said Sticky-Toes, and jumped to the trunk of a tree, up which he climbed and presently began to sing:

It’s going to rain! It’s going to rain!

It’s surely going to rain again!

Peter looked up at the sky. Sure enough, there were dark clouds there. Peter started for home in the dear Old Brier Patch.

## STORY 1116. September 6, 1915.

### Buster Bear Has a Reminder

Life is made of little "ifs,"  
Good and bad together.  
It's just the "ifs" that all through life  
Bring sun or stormy weather.

If you hadn't been heedless and stubbed your toe you wouldn't have fallen, and there would have been no bruises and tears. If you had disobeyed mother there would have been no goodnight kisses and a happy ending to a happy day. That's just the way it is all the time with the big folks as well as little folks, with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, just as with you and me

If Buster Bear hadn't happened to poke his nose into a big clump of goldenrod on the edge of the Green Forest just exactly when he did a great many things wouldn't have happened. But he did poke his nose into that clump of goldenrod. Then he pulled it out in a hurry. Yes, indeed, he pulled it out in a tremendous hurry. "Wow!" howled Buster Bear, and sat up and clapped a big paw to his nose. "Gr-r-r-r," he growled deep down in his throat, and glared at the clump of goldenrod angrily. Then he reached out and slapped at the goldenrod as if that were to blame for the ache in his nose, which, of course, it wasn't.

Of course you have guessed what had happened. Buster Bear had poked his nose in there just as Busy Bee had started to gather the sweets of the goldenrod, and being quick-tempered she had stung him right where he was most tender. She had a great deal to do, had Busy Bee, and she couldn't afford to have her work interfered with. If Buster Bear had been a few minutes sooner or a few minutes later Busy Bee wouldn't have been there. Then she wouldn't have lost her temper and Buster wouldn't have lost his temper nor got a sore nose.

Growling deep down in his great throat, Buster turned and headed straight for the Laughing Brook where it flows through the Green Forest. His little eyes snapped angrily. He was in a bad temper, was Buster Bear, for his nose ached dreadfully. Besides, he felt that it wasn't fair. He hadn't intended to bother Busy Bee. He hadn't even known that she was there. So he grumbled and growled as he made his way to the Laughing Brook.

When he reached it he rubbed his nose in some cool black mud on the edge of it. In a few minutes his nose felt better. The ache grew less, and before long it didn't ache at all. You know there is nothing like cool wet mud to take the pain out of a sting. That is why Buster Bear had headed straight for the Laughing Brook. As the ache vanished, so did Buster's ill temper. He felt better in his mind as well as in his nose. It usually is that way, you know.

Suddenly Buster sat up and slapped one leg, while his little eyes twinkled.

"I'm glad I got stung," said he. "Yes, siree, I'm glad I got stung. It is a reminder.

That's just what it is. It's a reminder. I haven't had a taste of honey since I came to the Green Forest to live. Where there are bees there must be honey." He smacked his lips at the thought.

A reminder is something, anything, that makes you think of something you have forgotten. So that sting on the nose was a reminder. It made Buster Bear think of honey, which, because he hadn't found any, he had quite forgotten about. So, now that his nose had stopped aching, he was glad that he had been stung because it had reminded him of honey.

## STORY 1117. September 7, 1915.

### Buster Bear Watches Busy Bee

Peter Rabbit, hopping along the edge of the Green Forest with nothing in particular to do, and no place in particular to go, suddenly stopped and sat up very straight.

"As I live, muttered Peter, "there is Buster Bear, and he looks as if he had found something very interesting in that clump of goldenrod. Now I wonder what it can be."

Right away Peter was all curiosity. He tiptoed nearer where he could see better, but took the greatest care not to make a sound. He thought it best that Buster Bear shouldn't know that he was being spied on. Of course Peter didn't think of it as spying, but that is really what he was doing. Secretly watching others is always spying.

Buster Bear was sitting up close to the clump of goldenrod staring at it with all his might. Once in a while he would look up and stare into the sky, wrinkling his brows in a funny way as if something puzzled him. For a long time, he sat watching the golden rod, time he sat watching the goldenrod, again. Finally he scratched his head In a puzzled way, looked long in the direction of the Old Orchard, then turned and silently disappeared in the Green Forest.

Peter waited until he was sure that Buster had really gone. Then he hurried over to the clump of goldenrod and stared at it as Buster had. But stare as he would he could see nothing unusual or interesting about that goldenrod. It was just like any other goldenrod. It was yellow and pretty, and Busy Bee and her sister Bees were hard at work among the tiny little flowers, but that was all. Peter watched until he grew tired, but he saw nothing but the bees coming and going, and this didn't interest him, because he could see the same thing at any clump of goldenrod. Then he in his turn shook his head and gave it up. It was too much for Peter.

But if Peter didn't see anything interesting Buster Bear did. It was Busy Bee and her sisters who interested Buster. When Peter saw him raise his head and stare into the sky, he was watching one of the busy little workers fly away. You see Buster knew what those bees were doing. He knew that they were gathering the sweets from the flowers to make honey, and he was watching to see which way they flew, for he had made up his mind to find the place where that honey was stored. You know there is nothing under the sun that Buster Bear likes quite so well as honey. That sting on the nose when he poked it into that clump of goldenrod the day before and disturbed Busy Bee had

reminded him that he had had no honey since he came to the Green Forest to live. The mere thought of honey made his mouth water.

But though he knew where Busy Bee gathered her sweets, he didn't know where she stored them, and this is why he had visited the goldenrod again. He was trying to find out. He knew that when Busy Bee and her sisters have loaded themselves with sweets they fly in a straight line to their storehouse. So he had watched so as to know in which direction to look for that storehouse. What he found out was not at all to his liking. Every one of those bees had flown in the same direction, and that wasn't toward the Green Forest at all. No, sir; it wasn't. It was right straight toward the Old Orchard, and you know the Old Orchard is right close to Farmer Brown's house. So that is why Buster Bear was not altogether happy as he stole back into the Green Forest.

## STORY 1118. September 8, 1915.

### Buster Bear Tries to Put Temptation Away

Temptation is a coward.  
All you have to do  
To make him run and hide his head.  
Is just to holler Boo!

That's a fact. Holler "Boo!" at Old Man Temptation, and he'll run every time. But you must holler as if you mean it. If you do it in a half-hearted way he'll be back every time. He is very persistent. He dearly loves to argue, and once you give him a chance, he'll make you believe black is white and white is black. A good big hearty "Boo!" the second' he shows his head is the only way to settle him.

Now there was Buster Bear sitting at one end of an old log in the Green Forest and Old Man Temptation sitting at the other end. Buster was trying to get rid of him, but instead of saying "Boo!" at him in that deep rumble-grumbly voice of his he was trying to argue with him.

"I've got along without honey all this time, and I can keep on without it," said Buster.

"But you need a little sweetening; all bears do. And then think how good it will taste," said Old Man Temptation.

"If Busy Bee's storehouse was in the Green Forest it would be a different matter," said Buster Bear; "but it isn't. It's over toward Farmer Brown's house, and it is best that I keep away from there." "Pooh! What are you afraid of?" demanded Old Man Temptation. "You can go up there in the night."

"Of course, I'm not really afraid—only—only—well, I might get into trouble over there," said Buster lamely. "Isn't all the honey you can eat worth a little trouble? Just think how good it will taste," persisted Old Man Temptation.

"The thing for me to do is to forget it. Still, I would like just a taste of that honey."

Illustrations. August 30 to September 4, 1915.



**1110. The Glad News Spreads**  
Sammy Jay screamed the news through the Green Forest.



**1111. A Little Cloud Saves Sticky-toes**  
“I don’t believe he’d do a thing like that, just to make us more miserable,” said Peter Rabbit.



**1112. Sammy Jay Says He Is Sorry**  
“The idea,” exclaimed Peter, and settled himself comfortably with his eyes fixed on Sticky-Toes.



**1113. Sticky-Toes Shows How He Hid**  
Sticky-Toes looked down at Peter Rabbit and his eyes twinkled with mischief.



**1114. Sticky-Toes Changes Color**  
Then the rain fell as if all the clouds were trying to empty themselves of water all at once.



**1115. The Funny Toes of Sticky-Toes**  
“Nothing is the matter with my toes,” retorted Sticky-Toes indignantly.



“Of course you would,” declared Old Man Temptation. “Of course you would. And there isn’t a reason under the sun why you shouldn’t have it. You’re smart enough to keep out of trouble. That honey is over there somewhere, and you can find it if you try. Don’t let such a chance for a treat pass just because you think it may cause you a little trouble.”

“I wish you would go away,” grumbled Buster Bear.

“I won’t, because I want you to have that honey, retorted Old Man Temptation.

So they argued back and forth for a long time, and gradually Old Man Temptation got the best of Buster Bear’s common sense, until finally Buster made up his mind that he would at least have a look around in the Old Orchard some dark night. Old Man Temptation grinned. He knew then that he had won. But Buster wouldn’t have admitted that. He told himself that he wasn’t going to take any chances. He was just going to look around, that was all.

## STORY 1119. September 9, 1915.

### Buster Bear Consults Peter Rabbit

Now that he had listened to Old Man Temptation instead of saying “Boo” at him and making him run away in the first place, as he should have done, Buster Bear had made himself think that it would be quite safe to go as far as the Old Orchard and see what sort of place it was. He was sure that Busy Bee and her sisters had stored the honey there that they had been making all Summer. Anyway, they flew in that direction.

Buster never had visited the Old Orchard. He had wanted to many times, but it was too was too near Farmer Brown’s house. Usually, Buster Bear has a very wise head on his shoulders. He fears none of the little people of the Green Forest, but he does fear man in spite of the fact that he had seen Farmer Brown’s boy run from him, and had frightened a hunter almost out of his wits. But Buster never had forgotten and never would forget the fright he himself had had when he visited Farmer Brown’s sugar camp in the Green Forest early in the Spring and there had been a terrible flash of fire right in his face, the awful bang of a gun. To be sure he hadn’t been hurt, for Farmer Brown’s Boy merely had tried to scare Buster, but right then and there Buster had made up his mind to keep away from Farmer Brown’s, and he had not once since visited that part of the Green Forest near to Farmer Brown’s house.

But honey! Any bear would, risk a great deal to get a taste of honey, and Buster was no different in this respect from other Bears. And so Buster had listened to his stomach and Old Man Temptation, and decided that he would visit the Old Orchard in the middle of the first dark night. But first he would find out all he could about the Old Orchard. So the first time he saw Peter Rabbit he called to him to stop because he wanted to ask him some questions. Peter felt rather flattered to think that there was anything he could tell Buster Bear, so he sat up at a safe distance and waited with a great deal of curiosity for what Buster might ask him. He was considerably surprised when Buster asked:

“What kind of a place is the Old Orchard?”

“It’s a very nice place,” replied Peter. “Johnny Chuck lives down in one corner, and a great many of the birds live in the trees. Chatterer the Red Squirrel has moved over there from the Green Forest. All the trees are big, and in the Fall when the weather is cool they have the most delicious apples.” Peter smacked his lips.

“What are apples?” asked Buster Bear.

Peter stared at Buster as if he couldn’t believe his own ears. “Do you mean to say that you don’t know what apples taste like?” he demanded.

“I’ve never found any in the Green Forest,” replied Buster simply.

“Of course not,” replied Peter promptly. “They don’t grow in the Green Forest. I thought everybody knew that. If you want to taste something good, I advise you to visit the Old Orchard when the apples are ripe.”

“Would it be safe?” inquired Buster cautiously.

“I go up there almost every night and sometimes in the daytime. I’ve just told you that Johnny Chuck and Chatterer live there. If it’s safe for little folks like us it certainly ought to be safe for a big fellow like you.”

“But it’s very easy for you little folks to hide. Little people like you can safely go in many places where big people like me cannot safely go at all,” replied Buster. “What I want to know is am I likely to meet Farmer Brown’s Boy or Farmer Brown himself?”

“Not if you go in the night,” replied Peter promptly. “Reddy Fox goes there almost every night and thinks nothing of it. If you wait until after the last light in Farmer Brown’s house has winked out you can safely go anywhere around his house as long as you take care not to wake Bowser the Hound.”

“By the way,” said Buster, and he tried to make his voice sound as if he were not especially interested, “do you happen to know if Busy Bee lives in the Old Orchard?”

## STORY 1120. September 10, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Puts Two and Two Together

Add two and two and what’s the score?

Why, every time you’ll find it four.

This is only a funny way of saying that if you add certain facts together, you’ll always get the same result, and this result will be the truth, just as you are bound to get four every time you put two and two together. When Buster Bear asked Peter Rabbit if he happened to know if Busy Bee lived in the Old Orchard, right away Peter sat up and began to take notice. That is, he began to do a little thinking. He had been puzzled, very much puzzled, as to why Buster Bear should suddenly take an interest in the Old Orchard. But the minute Buster spoke of Busy Bee it came to Peter that he had heard that Buster was very, very fond of honey.

Peter had replied very politely that he didn't know where Busy Bee did live. She might be living in the Old Orchard, though he had never heard of it.

"Are any of those trees in the Old Orchard hollow?" asked Buster Bear. Peter cocked his head on one side and looked thoughtful. "I really can't say," said he, "Drummer the Woodpecker has made some holes in several of them.

Would Busy Bee be likely to live in one of those?"

"No," growled Buster Bear in his rumble-grumble voice.

"No," I don't think so, unless the hollow has been I made a great deal bigger than Drummer would be likely to make it. Are you quite sure that there are no big hollows in the trees of the Old Orchard?"

"No," replied Peter. "You know I don't climb trees, and so I don't know a great deal about those in the Old Orchard except that the most delicious apples drop from them."

"That's too bad," replied Buster Bear.

"What's too bad—that the apples drop from the trees?" demanded Peter. "If they didn't, however would I get them?"

Buster Bear chuckled. "I mean it's too bad that you don't climb trees," he explained. "You really ought to learn, Peter. It's very good exercise. Now if you could climb you probably would know whether or not Busy Bee is living in one of those trees in the Old Orchard. And then, too, you could pick out the biggest and best apples without sitting around waiting for them to drop. I really would like to know about Busy Bee. I saw her flying in that direction and—well, I'm rather interested in Busy Bee."

"Why don't you ask her where she lives?" asked Peter.

"Because—er—because, well you see, Peter, I am so big and she is so very small that she might be terribly frightened if I should speak to her," explained Buster Bear, rubbing his nose in an absent-minded sort of way.

Peter turned his head to hide a smile. He guessed that Buster had met Busy Bee and, had found that she carried with her something sharper than a sharp tongue. And all the time he was putting two and two together.

"Buster is very fond of honey," thought Peter. "He has seen Busy Bee flying toward the Old Orchard, and so he thinks her storehouse is over there. He is afraid to go so near Farmer Brown's house, but might if he was sure that he would find that honey. I think it will be worth while watching the Old Orchard for a while. I feel it in my bones that something is going to happen over there."

Aloud he said: "Chatterer the Red Squirrel knows all about the trees in the Old Orchard. Why don't you ask him?"

"That's a good idea," replied Buster approvingly. "Be a good fellow and tell Chatterer that I want to speak with him over here in the Green Forest, will you, Peter?"

Peter promised he would.

## STORY 1121. September 11, 1915.

### Chatterer Visits Buster Bear

Watch out for those who flatter you;  
There's something that they want of you.

When Peter Rabbit told Chatterer the Red Squirrel that Buster Bear would consider it a great favor if Chatterer would run over to the Green Forest to see him for a few minutes Chatterer tossed his head and pretended that he wasn't at all interested in Buster Bear.

"If he wants to talk with me, he can come up here to the Old Orchard," declared Chatterer.

"All right," replied Peter. "I'll tell him Just what you say," and turned as if to start straight for the Green Forest.

Chatterer watched him sharply, and when Peter kept right on, he called after him, "What's your hurry, Peter?"

Peter stopped and looked back. "I think Buster Bear is waiting," said he, "and I want to give him your message. He is so big and strong that I want to keep on the right side of him and have him for a friend. It's worthwhile to have all the friends one can these days, I find."

"Pooh!" said Chatterer. Then as Peter started on again, he called. "By the way, Peter, I find that I have an errand over in the Green Forest and so you might tell Buster Bear that I'll try to look him up if I can spare the time."

"All right," replied Peter, and hurried on. All the time he chuckled to himself. He knew that Chatterer had been pretending all the time; that he had intended to go to the Green Forest as fast as his legs could take him the minute he was sure that Peter would not see him. He knew that Chatterer felt very much flattered to think that Buster Bear should want to talk with him, but didn't want to show it.

And this was just the way Chatterer did feel. He felt tremendously important because Buster Bear had thought of him, not to mention sending a message. So just as soon as he thought Peter Rabbit had delivered his reply he scampered over to the Green Forest as fast as he could go. Peter had told him where to look for Buster Bear. When he drew near the place, he was very careful to make no noise, traveling in the tree-tops and watching below sharply. It was quite like Chatterer. He meant to find out all he could before he showed himself.

He found Buster Bear tearing open a decayed old log in search of ants, and it gave Chatterer a queer creepy feeling to see those great claws tearing open the wood. He watched for a while and the longer he watched the more bashful he grew. He grew so bashful that finally he decided that he would steal away and come again some other

day. Perhaps then he wouldn't see those great claws at work. But in stealing away he knocked down a pine cone. Buster Bear looked up and saw him.

"Hello, Chatterer!" said he as pleasantly as he could make his deep rumblingly voice sound. "It was very nice of you to come over here to see me."

All the time Buster's eyes twinkled, for he had seen right off that Chatterer was afraid and had been trying to steal away.

"I know all about how smart you are," continued Buster, "and that is why I sent for you. I need someone who is very smart to help me in a little matter, and I know of no one who can do it as well as you can."

Now this made Chatterer feel very important right away. You see it tickled his vanity. It pleased him to be told that he was smart. Of course he knew he was. Wasn't he always boasting of his own smartness? But to be told so, and by such a big fellow as Buster Bear, was very pleasant. He tried to keep his teeth from chattering and make his voice sound very bold as he replied:

"If there is anything I can do for you, Buster Bear, I shall be most happy to do it."

Buster chuckled. "There certainly is, Mr. Squirrel," said he, and Chatterer sat up a little straighter when he heard that Mr. Squirrel. "I want you to tell me about the Old Orchard where you live. I understand that you know all the people who live there, and I am wondering if you can tell me just where Busy Bee lives."

## STORY 1122. September 13, 1915.

### Chatterer Tries to Help Buster Bear

Busy little Busy Bee,  
Much have we to learn from thee.

Busy Bee is always busy, and she is always busy about her own affairs and never mixes in those of anybody else. That is where she differs from a great many other people. Sammy Jay, for instance, and Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Often they are very busy, quite as busy as Busy Bee; but I am sorry to say that it is quite as often about the affairs of other people as about their own affairs. That is why they are so often disliked by their neighbors. Those who mind other people's affairs instead of their own are sure to be disliked.

When Chatterer returned to the Old Orchard from his call on Buster Bear in the Green Forest he felt quite swelled with importance. Buster Bear had called him Mr. Squirrel and had asked a favor of him. He had asked him to try to find out if Busy Bee's storehouse was in one of the trees in the Old Orchard. Chatterer was quite sure that it wasn't, for he thought he knew every hollow there, but Buster Bear was so sure that it was some- where there that he thought he might have overlooked it. In fact, Chatterer never had taken the least interest in Busy Bee and hadn't the remotest idea where she did live. Buster had told him that she might have found a big hollow with so small an opening that only she and her sisters could comfortably get through it, and that might

be why Chatterer had overlooked it.

So as soon as he got back to the Old Orchard he scurried from tree to tree, poking his nose into every hole and looking for new holes, all the time hoping that he would find some sign of Busy Bee and her sisters. It was quite a job, and by the time he had visited every tree he was glad to sit down and rest. His search had been in vain, for no sign of Busy Bee did he find. There was one satisfaction, however, and this was that he had proved that there was no hidden hollow in the Old Orchard of which he didn't know. To make doubly sure, he consulted Drummer the Woodpecker. He knew that Drummer is forever going about tapping the trees with his stout bill and that if there was a hidden hollow he would know it. He didn't ask Drummer right out. No, indeed. He and Drummer were not the best of friends because Drummer hadn't forgotten how Chatterer once stole his eggs.

"I haven't seen Busy Bee lately," remarked Chatterer to nobody in particular as Drummer happened along.

"You would see her if you half used your eyes," snapped Drummer. "I see her every day."

"Do you?" exclaimed Chatterer. "I suppose you go call on her once in a while."

"Nothing of the sort," snapped Drummer. "I don't even know where she lives. I see her among the flowers."

"O" exclaimed Chatterer, as if in great surprise. "I thought you knew every hollow in the trees of the Old Orchard, and yet I know that some people think that Busy Bee has her store house right in one of these trees."

"Well, she doesn't!" snapped Drummer. "There isn't a tree in the Old Orchard that I don't know every branch of, and if Busy Bee lived here, I'd know it."

"I wonder where she does live," remarked Chatterer.

"I don't know. That's her business and not mine," snapped Drummer, and flew away.

Chatterer chuckled. He had made sure that Busy Bee was not in any of the trees in the Old Orchard, and now he hastened to the Green Forest to tell Buster Bear.

## STORY 1123. September 14, 1915.

### Buster Bear Visits the Old Orchard

Buster Bear was disappointed when Chatterer the Red Squirrel reported to him that he could find no sign of Busy Bee and her sisters in the Old Orchard. They certainly flew in that direction. Buster began to doubt the smartness of Chatterer. He did for a fact. He began to think that Chatterer was simply a great boaster and not nearly so smart as people, thought he was, or as he pretended to be. However, he didn't let Chatterer know this. No, indeed! You see he was far too wise to make any such mistake as that. He might want to use Chatterer again some time.

So he thanked Chatterer very politely for all the trouble Chatterer had taken to search the Old Orchard for Busy Bee, and Chatterer returned to the Old Orchard feeling very much puffed up because Buster Bear had done him the honor of asking his help. He wouldn't have been so puffed up if he could have been where he could hear Buster talking to himself in that queer, deep, rumbly-grumbly voice of his.

"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," grumbled Buster. "That frisky, red-coated rascal probably meant all right, and I don't doubt he thinks he looked all through the Old Orchard. But it's my opinion that he was in too much of a hurry to do the job thoroughly. Busy Bee and her sisters certainly flew straight for the Old Orchard, and I never yet knew a bee to take a roundabout way when she could go in a straight line. I guess I shall have to visit the Old Orchard myself, because I'll not be satisfied until I do.

I don't like going so near Farmer Brown's house, but I don't see any other way to do. Chatterer may have sharp eyes. I don't doubt it in the least after all I've heard about him. But I learned when I was very young that a good nose is better than a pair of eyes, and I'll trust my nose every time before I will my eyes or the eyes of anyone else. It's going to be a dark, dark night, and that is what I want.

Peter Rabbit was over at the Old Orchard almost as soon as the Black Shadows began to creep through it. He had a feeling, did Peter, that something was going to happen in the Old Orchard sooner or later. You see he knew that Buster Bear would go far and do much for a taste of honey, and that Buster had got it into his head that there was a lot of it hidden somewhere in the Old Orchard. So Peter had made up his mind that until Buster had found that honey or given up looking for it the Old Orchard would be a good place to spend his nights.

The Black Shadows crept among the trees until the Old Orchard was wrapped in darkness. It was so dark that only people with good noses or eyes made for seeing in the dark could possibly have walked through it without bumping into a tree. Peter knew that on such a night as this Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote were very likely to come prowling that way, so he seated himself close to an opening between two stones in the old wall into which he could dive in a hurry if it became necessary. He was glad he had thought to do that, for presently along came Reddy Fox on his way for a look at Farmer Brown's henhouse. Reddy didn't see Peter, and you may be sure that Peter didn't speak to Reddy.

A little later Peter became aware that right in front of him was something even blacker than the night. He hadn't heard a sound, but there it was, something tall and very black and which didn't move. It was Buster Bear, though how such a big fellow could have got there without making a sound was more than Peter could understand. But, there he was on the edge of the Old Orchard. Peter looked across toward Farmer Brown's house. There were lights there. He remembered that he had told Buster to wait until after those lights had winked out and then it would be safe. He guessed, and he guessed right, that this was just what Buster was doing.

By and by the lights winked out one after another. When the last one had winked out Buster gave a great sigh of relief. Peter smiled when he heard it Buster waited a



Illustrations. September 6 to September 11, 1915.



**1116. Buster Bear Has A Reminder**  
“It’s a reminder. I haven’t had a taste of honey since I came to the Green Forest to live.”



**1117. Buster Bear Watches Busy Bee**  
Buster Bear was sitting up close to the clump of goldenrod, staring at it with all his might.



**1118. Buster Bear Tries to Put Temptation Away**  
“I’ve got along without honey all this time, and I can keep on without it,” said Buster.



**1119. Buster Bear Consults Peter Rabbit**  
So the first time he saw Peter Rabbit, he called to him to stop, because he wanted to ask him some questions.



**1120. Peter Rabbit Puts Two and Two Together**  
“Are any of those trees in the Old Orchard hollow?” asked Buster Bear.



**1121. Chatterer Visits Buster Bear**  
“If he wants to talk to me, he can come up to the Old Orchard,” declared Chatterer.

little while longer, then very cautiously began to move from tree to tree through the Old Orchard. Peter followed at a safe distance.

## STORY 1124. September 15, 1915.

### Buster Bear Finds the Honey

Buster found the honey, how do you suppose?

By simply using common sense and following his nose.

Yes, Buster found the honey, but he didn't find it right away, and he didn't find it where he expected to. But that is often the way. Life wouldn't be half so interesting if everything came out just as expected. It is the unexpected that makes things really interesting.

Buster Bear went from tree to tree in the Old Orchard taking the greatest care to make no sound. If you had been within 10 feet of him you couldn't have seen him. That is because the night was so dark and Buster has such a black coat. In fact, it was all that Peter Rabbit could do to see him, and you know Peter can see better in the dark than, you can or I can. Those trees puzzled Buster. You see he was used to the trees of the Green Forest growing straight and tall, These were apple trees, great big old apple trees with spreading branches, quite unlike any trees Buster ever had seen before. At each tree he stood up very straight and tall and sniffed very carefully all around it hoping to smell honey. One tree he climbed just to see what it was like. It happened to be the tree in which Chatterer the Red Squirrel lived in the old home of Drummer the Woodpecker.

At the time Chatterer was fast asleep. Of course. All sensible squirrels except Timmy the Flying Squirrel were asleep at that hour. Chatterer was dreaming and his dreams were very pleasant. He was dreaming that Buster Bear had called him the smartest of all the little people in the Green Forest and had promised to be his friend forever and ever. Just then Chatterer was awakened by a terrible noise. It seemed as if his house was being torn to pieces.

"O, dear! O, dear! What can it be?" gasped Chatterer under his breath, and lay with chattering teeth as he listened to the dreadful sounds. Of course, you have guessed what the dreadful noise was. It was the sound of Buster Bear's claws as he climbed the tree. But it wasn't until the next morning that Chatterer found this out. You see he didn't dare go out in the dark, so for the rest of that night he had bad dreams when he slept, and shook with fear when he was awake. It seemed to him as if morning never would come.

Meanwhile Buster Bear had gone on from tree to tree until he had visited every tree in the Old Orchard and not one whiff of honey had tickled his eager nose. At last, he visited every tree in the Old Orchard nearest to Farmer Brown's house. For a long time, he stood staring at it. He never before had seen the house of a man save very far away. Now Buster has his share of curiosity. He is just like other people in this respect. It was dark and very still. He watched and listened. All was still as still could be. He wanted a nearer view of that house. Perhaps he never would have another such chance.

So, he climbed over the stonewall into Farmer Brown's dooryard.

Suddenly a little night breeze tickled Buster's nose. He sat up straight and sniffed eagerly. Surely that was the smell of honey! With a little whine of delight and eagerness Buster followed his nose, and it led him straight to the far side of Farmer Brown's dooryard, where were two rows of queer boxes. They were beehives. Buster didn't know anything about beehives, but he did know that at last, he had found the honey he was looking for.

## STORY 1125. September 16, 1915.

### An Exciting Night

If some day you're affrighted,  
Pray do not get excited.

Of course, that is very easy for me to say. Also, it really is very good advice. You see getting excited is very apt to make bad matters worse. If you think not just you ask Buster Bear or Farmer Brown's Boy or Peter Rabbit. They know. So does Bowser the Hound. None of them has forgotten the night that Buster Bear found the honey in the beehives in Farmer Brown's dooryard. It isn't likely that any of them ever will forget it. Farmer Brown's boy says he never will, and I'm sure that Buster Bear never will.

You remember it was very dark that night. Farmer Brown's Boy was alone. Yes, sir, he was all alone in the house, for Farmer Brown and Mrs. Brown had gone away for a couple of days. But Farmer Brown's Boy didn't mind that. He wasn't the least bit lonely. And of course, he wasn't the least bit afraid because he is a very sensible boy and he knew there was nothing to be afraid of. One reason that he wasn't lonely was because he had Bowser the Hound in the house to keep him company. He wanted someone to talk to, and you know he and Bowser are really chums.

He went to bed early because he had to get up early, for he would have to feed the chickens and milk the cows and do a lot of other kinds of work. Bowser went to bed early, too. He curled himself up on the mat by the front door. Now Bowser is a light sleeper, because, you know, he sleeps a great deal during the day. At night he sleeps with one ear open. At least it seems that way. It was so this particular night. You see he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was alone but for him, and so he felt it his duty to be very watchful. If he had been less particular, about his duty, perhaps—well, perhaps this particular night wouldn't have been exciting at all for anybody but Busy Bee and her sisters.

But Bowser did feel that it was his duty to be on watch. Farmer Brown's Boy had been asleep for some time, and all was very dark and still outside and inside. Bowser was napping with one ear open. Suddenly he heard something and the other ear was wide open in a flash. So were his eyes. Of course, he couldn't see outside because the door was closed. But he could hear, and what he heard made him sit up and growl way down deep in his throat. Someone was out there by the beehives. He didn't know who it was, but whoever it was they had no business there at that time of night. He would let

them know that someone was on guard. So, he opened his mouth and barked once by way of warning.

That bark awakened Farmer Brown's Boy. He wakened out of a pleasant dream and heard Bowser growling. "Now I wonder what makes him so uneasy," thought he. "Must be he's heard Reddy Fox around the henhouse. Guess I'll slip down and let him out."

So without a light Farmer Brown's boy pattered downstairs. Bowser heard him coming and thumped his tail as much as to say, "Let me out and I'll drive that fellow away," but all the time he kept growling deep down in his throat. Farmer Brown's Boy opened the door and out rushed Bowser with a roar of his great voice. Just as he did so there was a crash out in the yard, a queer grunting and whining, followed by some more crashes, and in rushed Bowser again faster than he had gone out, his tail between his legs. He was in such a hurry that he ran right between the legs of Farmer Brown's Boy and upset him so that he fell and bumped his head so hard that he was sure that he saw stars. There was a lot more noise out in the yard and then all was still.

Farmer Brown's Boy shut the door. Then he lighted a lamp. Bowser was under the stove and couldn't be coaxed out. It was very clear that Bowser was afraid.

## STORY 1126. September 17, 1915.

### What Happened Among the Bee Hives

O, luddy, luddy, luddy dear!  
I'll crack my sides I greatly fear.

Peter Rabbit stretched out in the dear Old Brier Patch and laughed and laughed until at last Mrs. Peter quite lost patience.

"What is the matter with you?" she demanded crossly. "Have you lost your senses? Why don't you tell me the joke if it is so very good?"

Peter wiped his eyes and then he told little Mrs. Peter what he had seen in Farmer Brown's dooryard that night. "I had a feeling," explained Peter, "that something was going to happen at the Old Orchard, so as soon as it was dark, I hid near Johnny Chuck's house and waited. Just before the lights in Farmer Brown's house winked out Buster Bear came to the Old Orchard. How such a big fellow as he is can move so silently is more than I can understand. I didn't hear a sound, and then all of a sudden there he was sitting up right in front of me. He sat there until the last light had winked out in Farmer Brown's house and then he went from tree to tree sniffing and sniffing at each. I knew what he was after. He had got it into his head that Busy Bee and her sisters had stored their honey somewhere in the Old Orchard, and he was looking for it. You know, my dear, that there is nothing Buster likes so well as honey.

"I followed him, taking care that he shouldn't know it. He didn't find anything in the Old Orchard, and when he reached the edge of it nearest Farmer Brown's house he stopped and studied it a while. I guess he never had been so near it before. It was

as still as still could be up there, so by and by he went across into Farmer Brown's dooryard to some queer boxes standing on the far side. Then I heard him give a happy sounding little grunt, and the first thing I knew he had knocked the top off of one of those boxes and was whining and grunting and gobbling up something as fast as he could, and at the same time slapping and clawing at his head and nose. I couldn't guess what it all meant, but later I found out that Busy Bee and her sisters had stored their honey in those boxes, and of course he was slapping at them because they were stinging him.

"All of a sudden Bowser the Hound rushed out of the house with a roar of his great voice. I guess he didn't know who it was out there, and he had almost reached Buster Bear before he found out. Then he stopped so short that he almost turned a somersets, put his tail between his legs and started back for the house twice as fast as he had come out, the most scared dog you ever saw. He knocked over Farmer Brown's Boy in the doorway. I guess he had come to see what was going on.

"Farmer Brown's Boy yelled, and at that yell you just ought to have seen Buster Bear. He was just as badly scared as Bowser the Hound, and he was in such a hurry to get away that he didn't look to see where he was going. He knocked over three more of those boxes, and bumped into a tree so hard that it shook down a lot of pears. Some of them hit him, and this scared him still more. He tried to run through a wire fence. Guess he didn't see it at all. It made him squeal when he hit it, and he broke off one of the posts. Then he got headed in the right direction, and the last I saw of him he was running through the Old Orchard for the Green Forest as if he never meant to stop running. I guess he's running yet. And the funny part is there was nothing to run from. O deary me! O deary me! 'Twas just as funny as I could be! I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Perhaps it was," said Mrs. Peter, "but the place for you, Peter Rabbit, is at home in the dear Old Brier Patch. Sometime you'll get into trouble if you go poking about where you have no business. For my part I'm glad that Buster Bear got such a scare, and that Bowser the Hound got such a scare, and that Farmer Brown's Boy was upset, and I wish that you had had such a fright that you never again would leave the dear Old Brier Patch."

"But I didn't," replied Peter with a chuckle.

## STORY 1127. September 18, 1915.

### Busy Bee and Her Sisters are Angry

Busy Bee was angry, as anyone could see,  
And nothing's worse than meeting with angry Busy Bee.

The only thing to do is to turn about, pick up your heels and run with all your might. It isn't of the least bit of use to stop to argue. When Busy Bee loses her temper, she won't stop to listen to reason. The only sensible thing to do is to get out of her sight and keep out of sight until she has cooled off.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know until morning what had happened in the night out there in his dooryard. As you may guess, he didn't sleep much the rest of that night. Just as soon as the first Jolly Sunbeam crept in at the window on the east side of the house, Farmer Brown's Boy opened the front door a crack and peeped out. He saw one of the beehives smashed and three others knocked over. Right away anger filled the heart of Farmer Brown's Boy. Someone had been trying to steal his honey! You see, he didn't think of it as Busy Bee's honey, but his, just as he never thought of the eggs in the henhouse as belonging to the biddies, but to him.

All fear that he might have had, and I suspect that he had a great deal during those long hours of the night, when he didn't know what had happened, left him, because anger had taken its place. He threw the door wide open and hurried out to see how much damage had been done. But he didn't go far. No, sir; he didn't go far. He suddenly turned around and ran back a great deal faster than he had run out, and the second he was inside the house he slammed the door.

"Wow!" cried Farmer Brown's Boy. "O, O My stars, how they do hurt!" And all the time he was slapping at his face and neck. Then he rushed out to the pump and bathed his face in cool water. When he peeped in the looking glass over the sink, he saw three red lumps on his face and one on his neck. "My, but those bees are fierce this morning," he muttered. "I ought to have known better than to go out there when I could see that their hives were upset. Guess it serves me right. They probably think I did it. My gracious, how those stings do smart! I hope the thief, whoever he was, got a few just to teach him a lesson. But those hives have got to be set up again, and I suppose I've got to do it."

Then Farmer Brown's Boy tied the legs of his pants tight above the tops of his boots. He put on a wide-brimmed hat and over that tied a veil and buttoned the ends inside his jacket. Then he drew on gloves that came up over his sleeves.

"Now," said he, "I guess I'm ready."

Once more he ventured out where the beehives were. Right away he surrounded by a cloud of the angriest bees ever seen. How they did hum! But humming couldn't hurt, though to judge by the sound of it the bees wished it could. You see, Busy Bee and her sisters felt that they had reason to be angry. In the blackness of the night their homes had been upset and one of them broken open and the precious honey, the reward of the labor of all the long summer, had been stolen. With the first daylight they had been abroad looking for the one who had robbed them, and the minute they had seen Farmer Brown's Boy they had been sure that he was the one. Which shows how foolish it is to be too hasty.

With the bees in a cloud about him, but unable to sting him because of the gloves and the veil, Farmer Brown's Boy went to work. He righted the hives which had been upset, and he got a new hive from the barn to take the place of the one that had been broken. Then into it he put some honeycombs from another hive which was bursting full. Then Busy Bee and her sisters forgot their anger, and started to work again like sensible people to make up for what they had lost.

When he had seen the bees quieted and at work Farmer Brown's Boy looked around for some sign of the thief, and presently he found it—a great track.

“Buster Bear!” exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. “And by the looks of things he was as badly scared as Bowser. I hope he won't get over it for a long time.”

And Buster didn't.

## STORY 1128. September 20, 1915.

### A Cheerful Worker

A cheery whistle or a song  
Will help the work along.

The little feathered people of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest and the Old Orchard learned this long ago, and it is one reason why you will so often find them singing with all their might when they are hard at work building their homes in the spring. Most of them sing, but there is one who whistles, and it is such a clear and cheery whistle that it gladdens the hearts of all who hear it. Many and many a time has Farmer Brown's boy stopped to whistle back, and never has he failed to get a response.

A handsome little fellow is this whistler. He is dressed in brown, white and black, and his name is Bob White. Sometimes he is called a Quail and sometimes a Partridge, but if you should ask him, he would tell you promptly and clearly that he is Bob White, and he answers to no other name. All the other little people know and love him well, most of them for the cheery sound of his whistle; but a few, like Reddy Fox and Redtail the Hawk, for the good meal he will make them if only they are smart enough to catch him.

Farmer Brown's boy loves him, not only for his cheerful whistle, but because he has found out that Bob White is a worker as well as a whistler, one of the best workers and greatest helpers on the farm. You see, a part of the work of Farmer Brown's boy is to keep down the weeds and destroy the insects that eat up the crops. Now weeds spring up from seeds. If there were no weed seeds there would be no weeds. In the same way, if there were no insect eggs there would be no insects. But there are millions and millions of both, and so all summer long Farmer Brown's boy has to fight the weeds and the insects. So he is very thankful for any help he may get, and this is one reason he has become so fond of Old Mr. Toad, who helps him keep the garden clear of worms and bugs, and of Tommy Tit the Chickadee and others of the little feathered people who live in the Old Orchard and hunt bugs and their eggs among the apple trees. You know the surest way of winning friends is to help others.

But Bob White not only catches worms and bugs, but eats the seeds of weeds, scratching them out where they have hidden in the ground, and filling his little crop with them until he just has to fly to the nearest fence and tell all the world how happy he is to be alive and have a part in the work of the Great World. Not one of all the little people is of greater help to Farmer Brown's boy than Bob White. So all the long day he works, and with him works Mrs. Bob and all the little Bobs, scratching up weed seeds



here, picking off bugs there, all the time so happy and cheerful that everybody in the neighborhood is happy and cheerful too. The best of it is Bob White is always just that way. You would think he never had a thing in the world to worry about. But he does have. Yes, indeed! Bob White has plenty to worry about, as you shall hear, but he never allows his troubles to interfere with his cheerfulness if he can help it.

“Bob White! Bob White!” with all his might  
He whistles loud and clear.  
Because no shame e’er hurt his name  
He wants that all shall hear.

One day Peter Rabbit sat listening to it, and it reminded him that he hadn’t called on Bob White for some time, and also that there were some things about Bob White that he didn’t know. He decided that he would go at once to call on Bob and try to satisfy his curiosity. So off he started, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

*The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 1.*

## STORY 1129. September 21, 1915.

### Bob White has Visitors

“Bob White! Bob White! I bid the world good cheer!  
Bob White! Bob White! I whistle loud and clear!”

It was in the Spring that Bob White had taken it into his head to come over to live not very far from the dear Old Briar-patch where Peter Rabbit lives. Of course, Peter didn’t know that Bob had come over there to live. For that matter, I doubt if Bob White knew it himself. He just happened over that way and liked it. The longer he stayed the better he liked it, and so finally he made his home there.

Now Peter Rabbit had known Bob White for a long time. Peter, in his roaming about, had met Bob a number of times, and they had passed the time of day. Whenever Peter had heard Bob whistling within a reasonable distance he had made it a point to call on him. Bob is such a cheery fellow that somehow Peter always felt better for just a word or two with him. So when Bob began to whistle that spring morning Peter hurried over, lipperty-lipperty-lip, to call. He didn’t have far to go, for Bob was sitting on a fence-post just a little way from the dear Old Briar-patch.

“Good morning,” said Peter. “You seem to be very cheerful this morning.”

“Why not?” replied Bob White. “I’m always cheerful. It’s the only way to get along in this world.”

“It must be that you don’t have much to worry about,” retorted Peter. “Now if you had to run for your life as often as I have to, perhaps you wouldn’t find it so easy to be always cheerful.”

Bob White’s bright little eyes twinkled.

“The trouble with a lot of people is that they think that no one has worries but

themselves,” said he. “Now there is Reddy Fox coming this way. What do you suppose he is coming for?”

“For me!” exclaimed Peter promptly, preparing to scamper back to the Old Briar-patch.

“Nothing of the kind,” replied Bob White. “Don’t think you are so important, Peter. He doesn’t know you are over here at all. He has heard me whistling, and he’s coming to see if he can’t give me a little surprise. It’s me and not you he is after. What’s your hurry, Peter?”

“I—I think I’d better be going; I’ll call again when you haven’t other visitors,” shouted Peter over his shoulder.

Hardly had Peter reached the dear Old Briar-patch when Reddy Fox reached the fence where Bob White was sitting. “Good morning,” said he, trying to make his voice sound as pleasant as he could. “I’m glad to see you over here. I heard you whistling and hurried over here to welcome you. I hope you will like here so well that you will make your home here.”

“That is very nice of you,” replied Bob White, his eyes twinkling more than ever, for he knew why Reddy hoped he would make his home there. He knew that Reddy hoped to find that home and make a good dinner on Quail some day. “It is very pleasant over here, and I don’t know but I will stay. Everybody seems very neighborly. Peter Rabbit has just called.”

Reddy looked about him in a very sly way but with a hungry look in his eyes as he said, “Peter always is neighborly. Is he anywhere about now? I should like to pay my respects to him.”

“No,” replied Bob White. “Peter left in something of a hurry. Hello! Here comes Old Man Coyote. People certainly are neighborly here. Why, what’s your hurry, Reddy?”

“I have some important matters to attend to over in the Green Forest,” replied Reddy, with a hasty glance in the direction of Old Man Coyote. “I hope I’ll see you often, Bob White.”

“I hope so,” replied Bob White politely, and then added under his breath, “but I hope I see you first.”

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 2.)*

## STORY 1130. September 22, 1915

### Bob White Decides to Build a Home

Old Man Coyote’s call was very much like that of Reddy Fox. He was very, very pleasant and told Bob White that he was very glad indeed that Bob had come over on the Green Meadows, and he hoped that he would stay. No one could have been more polite than was Old Man Coyote. Bob White was just as polite, but he wasn’t fooled.

## Illustrations. September 13 to September 18, 1915.



**1122. Chatterer Tries to Help Buster Bear**

"You would see her if you half used your eyes."



**1123. Buster Bear Visits the Old Orchard**

Reddy didn't see Peter and you may be sure Peter didn't speak to Reddy.



**1124. Buster Bear Finds the Honey**

He never before had seen the house of a man save very far away.



**1125. An Exciting Night**  
That bark wakened Farmer Brown's Boy.



**1126. What Happened Among the Bee Hives**

"The first thing I knew he had knocked the top off of one of those boxes and was whining and grunting."



**1127. Busy Bee and Her Sisters are Angry**

He threw the door wide open and hurried out to see how much damage had been done.

No, indeed. He knew that, just like Reddy Fox, the reason Old Man Coyote was so glad to see him was because he hoped to catch him some fine day. But Bob White didn't let a little thing like that bother him. He was used to it.

Ever since he could remember he had been hunted. That was why he had taken the precaution to sit on a fence-post when he whistled. Up there neither Old Man Coyote nor Reddy Fox could reach him. Just after Old Man Coyote left Bob White saw someone else headed his way, and this time he didn't wait. You see it was Redtail the Hawk, and a fence-post was no place to receive a call from him.

Spreading his wings, Bob White flew across to the dear Old Briar-patch and dropped in among the brambles close to where Peter Rabbit was sitting. "You didn't expect me to return your call so soon, did you, Peter?" said he.

"No," replied Peter, "but I'm ever so glad to see you just the same. Did you have a pleasant call from Reddy Fox?"

"Very," replied Bob White with a chuckle. "He was ever so glad to see me. So was Old Man Coyote. I didn't wait to see what Old Redtail would say, but I have a feeling that he would have liked better to have seen me a little nearer. You see, Peter, you are not the only one who has to keep his eyes open and his wits about him all the time. There are just as many looking for me as for you, but I don't allow that to make me any the less cheerful. Every time I whistle I know that someone is going to come looking for me, but I whistle just the same. I just have to, because in spite of all its troubles life is worth living and full of happiness. I just have to let others know I'm happy. Now I've got a secret to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Peter eagerly. "Promise not to tell a single soul," demanded Bob White.

"Can't I tell Mrs. Peter? I never keep secrets from her you know," replied Peter.

"Well, you may tell her, but she must promise to keep it secret," said Bob White.

"I'll promise for her and for myself," declared Peter. "What is it?"

"I've decided to come over here to live," replied Bob White.

"Right here in the Old Briar-patch?" asked Peter excitedly.

"No, but not far from here," replied Bob White. "I'm going back to the Old Pasture after Mrs. Bob, and we are going to build a home right away."

"Goody!" cried Peter, clapping his hands. "Where are you going to build it?"

"That," replied Bob White, "is for Mrs. Bob to decide."

"And when she does you'll tell me where it is so that I can come over and call, won't you?" cried Peter.

"That depends," replied Bob White. "You know there are some things it is better not to know."

"No, I don't know," retorted Peter. "I'm your friend, and I don't see what harm it

could do for me to know where your home is.”

“Without meaning to friends sometimes do the most harm of any one, especially if they talk too much,” replied Bob White. “Now the way is clear and I must hurry back to the Old Pasture to tell Mrs. Bob how nice it is here.” And with this away he flew.

“Now what did he mean by friends who talk too much,” muttered Peter. “Could he have meant me?”

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 3.)*

## STORY 1131. September 23, 1915.

### Bob White Becomes Peter Rabbit’s Neighbor

Who strictly minds his own affairs  
And cheerfully doth labor,  
He is the one whom I would choose  
Always to be my neighbor.

That is just the kind of a neighbor Peter Rabbit found Bob White to be. Bob and Mrs. Bob had come down from the Old Pasture and built their home near the dear Old Briar Patch and so become the neighbors of Peter and little Mrs. Peter. Bob was very neighborly. He often dropped in to have a chat with Peter, and Peter was always glad to see him, for he is such a cheerful fellow that Peter always felt better for having him about. It always is that way with cheerful people. They are just like sunshine.

But though Bob and Mrs. Bob had built their home near Peter, he didn’t know just where it was. No, sir, Peter didn’t know just where that home of the Bob Whites was. It wasn’t because he didn’t try to find out. Oh, my, no! Peter could no more have helped trying to find out than he could have helped breathing. That was the curiosity in him. He wasted a great deal of time trying to find Bob White’s home, all to no purpose. At first, he was rather put out because Bob White wouldn’t tell him where it was hidden. But Bob just smiled and told Peter that the reason he wouldn’t was because he thought a great deal of Peter and wanted him for a friend always.

“Then,” said Peter, “I should think you would tell me where your home is. There ought not to be secrets between friends. I don’t think much of a friendship that cannot be trusted.”

“How would you feel, Peter, if harm came to me and my family through you?” asked Bob White.

“Dreadfully,” declared Peter. “But do you suppose I would let any harm come to you? A nice kind of a friend you must think me!”

“No,” replied Bob White soberly, “I don’t think you would let any harm come to us if you knew it. But you’ve lived long enough, Peter, to know that there are eyes and ears and noses watching, listening, smelling everywhere all the time. Now supposing that when you were sure that nobody saw you, somebody did see you visit my house.

Or supposing Reddy Fox just happened to run across your tracks and followed them to my house. It wouldn't be your fault if something dreadful happened to us, yet you would be the cause of it. You remember what I told you the other day, that there are some things it is better not to know."

Peter looked very thoughtful and pulled his whiskers while he turned this over in his mind. "That is a new idea to me," said he at last. "I never had thought of it before. I certainly never would be able to forgive myself if anything happened to you because of me."

"Of course you wouldn't," replied Bob White. "No more would I ever be able to forgive myself if anything happened to my family because I had told some one where my home is."

Peter nodded. "Of course if I should just happen to find your home all by myself, you wouldn't be angry, would you?" he asked.

Bob White laughed. "Of course not," said he. "Just the same I would advise you not to try to find it. Then you will have nothing to trouble your mind if you should be followed, and something dreadful did happen to me or mine. You see there are just as many who would like to make a dinner of me as there are who would like to make a dinner of you, and I would a whole lot rather sit on a fence-post and whistle than to fill somebody's stomach."

"And I would a lot rather have you," declared Peter.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 4, "Bob White and Peter Become Neighbors")*

## STORY 1132. September 24, 1915

### Peter's Curiosity Too Much for Good Intentions

It's what you do, not just intend,  
That proves you worthy as a friend.

The best intentions in the world are of no use whatever if you do not live up to them. In-ten-tions is a big word, but its meaning is very simple. It means the things which in your mind you mean to do or not to do. There are good intentions and bad intentions, but in the end it is what you do or don't do that really counts.

Peter Rabbit had the best intentions in the world in regard to the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob White. He knew that it was best for them that he shouldn't know where it was. Then none of their enemies would be able to find it through watching or following him. So he resolved to take Bob White's advice and not try to find that home. If he should find it accidentally, why, that would be another matter.

Now, you know how very curious Peter is. That dreadful curiosity of his gets him into more scrapes than all other things together. The more he tried not to think about that home of Bob White's the more curious he grew. It was right near. That much Bob

White had told him. He knew that Bob must have told him the truth, because Bob was always within easy hearing these days. He never went far away. When he came to think it over Peter had to admit to himself that he didn't know a thing about Bob White's home, not even whether it was built in a tree, a bush, or on the ground.

"I wouldn't know it if I should find it unless Bob or Mrs. Bob happened to be at home," thought Peter, and at once began to wonder all the more where it could be. "Of course, I won't go looking for it," said he. "Of course not. But it will be all right to keep my eyes open when I'm outside the Old Brier Patch. Guess I'll take a little walk now."

Now, Peter's intentions were all of the best. He didn't intend to really hunt for Bob White's home. He tried to fool himself into thinking that he was just taking a walk with his eyes open. Bob White, sitting on a fence post, watched him and chuckled. He noticed how Peter went from one patch of sweet clover to another, taking just a few nibbles at each, and all the time looking this way and that way as if he had lost something. He looked in the bushes along the edge of the Old Brier Patch. He peeped into tall bunches of grass. It was surprising how many clover patches Peter visited without finding one that just suited him.

But he found no trace of Bob White's home, and his failure made him wonder all the more where it was. He took to watching Bob. He would hide in a thick bramble-tangle on the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch, where he could peep out and watch where Bob White went and what he did. He would note carefully the places that Bob visited and then later he would visit them himself. But it was of no use. Wherever that home of Bob's was it was so well hidden that Peter couldn't find it. It got so that he spent most of his time trying to find it, yet all the time he tried to fool himself into thinking that he was just out walking. He really and truly didn't mean to hunt for that nest, and yet he was doing just that thing, all on account of his dreadful curiosity. And the more he failed to satisfy it the more that curiosity grew until he could think of nothing but that home of Bob White's. That is the way with curiosity.

## STORY 1133. September 25, 1915.

### Others Are Interested in Bob White

Peter Rabbit wasn't the only one who was interested in Bob White and in Bob's hidden home. Oh, my, no! It seemed to Peter that Reddy and Granny Fox were prowling around the dear Old Briar-patch most of the time. At first he didn't understand it. "It isn't me they are after, because they know well enough that they can't catch me here," said he to himself, as he watched them one morning.

"It isn't Danny Meadow Mouse, because Danny hasn't been over this way for a long time. I don't see how it can be Bob White, because he isn't likely to stay on the ground while they are around, and they can't catch him unless he is on the ground."

He was so busy trying to puzzle out what should bring Reddy and Granny that way so often that he neither saw nor heard Jimmy Skunk steal up behind him.



“Boo!” said Jimmy, and Peter nearly jumped out of his skin.

“What did you do that for?” demanded Peter indignantly.

“Just to teach you that you shouldn’t go to sleep without keeping your ears open,” replied Jimmy with a grin.

“I wasn’t asleep!” protested Peter crossly. “I was just watching Reddy and Granny Fox and wondering what brings them over here so much.”

“You might just as well have been asleep,” replied Jimmy. “Supposing I had been my cousin, Shadow the Weasel.”

Peter shivered at the very thought. Jimmy continued: “You are old enough to know, Peter, that it isn’t safe to be so interested in one thing that you forget to watch out for other things. As for Reddy and Granny Fox, you ought to know what brings them over this way so much.”

“What?” demanded Peter.

“Hasn’t Bob White got a nest somewhere around here?” asked Jimmy by way of answer.

“Y—e—s,” replied Peter slowly, “I suppose he has. But what of that?”

“Why, Reddy and Granny are looking for it, stupid,” replied Jimmy.

Peter stared at Jimmy a minute in a puzzled way. “What do they want of that?” he asked finally. “They don’t eat eggs, do they?”

“Eggs hatch out into little birds, don’t they?” demanded Jimmy. “If Reddy and Granny can find that nest, they’ll wait until the eggs have hatched into birds and then, well, I’ve heard say that there is nothing more delicious than young Quail. Now, do you see?”

Peter did. Of course he did. He understood perfectly. Reddy and Granny had heard Bob White whistling over there every day, and they knew that meant that his home wasn’t far away. It was all very plain now.

“By the way, you don’t happen to know where that nest is, do you?” asked Jimmy carelessly.

“No, I don’t!” exclaimed Peter, and suddenly was glad that he didn’t know about that nest. “What do you want to know for?” he demanded suspiciously.

“I’m hungry for some eggs,” confessed Jimmy frankly.

“You wouldn’t rob Mr. and Mrs. Bob White of their eggs, would you?” cried Peter. “I thought better of you than that, Jimmy Skunk.”

Jimmy grinned. “Don’t get excited, Peter,” said he. “I’m told that Mrs. Bob lays a great many eggs, and if that’s the case, she wouldn’t miss a few.”

“Jimmy Skunk, you’re horrid, so there!” declared Peter.

“Don’t blame me,” retorted Jimmy. “Old Mother Nature gave me a taste for eggs, just as she gave Reddy Fox a taste for Rabbit. You haven’t any idea where that nest is, have you?”

“No, I haven’t! If I had, I wouldn’t tell you,” declared Peter.

“Well, so long,” replied Jimmy good-naturedly. “I think I’ll have a look for it. I don’t wish Bob White and his wife the least bit of harm, but I would like two or three of those eggs.”

And with this Jimmy Skunk ambled out to look for Bob White’s nest.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 5.)*

## STORY 1134. September 25, 1915

### The Cunning of Mr. and Mrs. Bob White

When Bob White brought Mrs. Bob down to the Green Meadows from the Old Pasture in the beautiful springtime, she was as delighted as he had hoped she would be. Very wisely he had not even hinted that he thought there was the place of all places for them to build their home. He knew that she would never be satisfied unless she felt that she was the one who had chosen the place for their home. So Bob didn’t so much as hint that he had a home in mind. He didn’t even tell her how beautiful it was over on the Green Meadows near the dear Old Briar-patch. He let her find it out for herself.

Now little Mrs. Bob was very anxious to get to housekeeping, and no sooner did she reach the Green Meadows than she made up her mind that here was the place of all places for a home. In the first place it was very beautiful, and Mrs. Bob has an eye for beauty. In the second place there was plenty to eat, one of the most important things to consider when you are likely to have a great many little mouths to feed. In the third place there were plenty of good hiding places, and lastly, Mrs. Bob liked the neighbors.

Bob White took care not to let her see that he was tickled. He gravely pointed out to her the fact that Granny and Reddy Fox, Old Man Coyote and Redtail the Hawk would soon discover that they were living there, and then there would be danger all the time.

“Not a bit more than in the Old Pasture where we built last year,” snapped Mrs. Bob. “You know as well as I do that wherever we build we will be in danger. It always has been so, and I guess it always will be so. We’ve been smart enough to fool our enemies before, and I guess we can do it again. I’m not afraid if you are.”

Bob hastened to say that he wasn’t afraid. He wouldn’t have her think that for the world. Oh, my, no! He was just pointing out the dangers so that they might make no mistake. Mrs. Bob didn’t half hear what he was saying. She was too busy poking about, running here, running there, and all the time using her sharp little eyes for all they were worth. Bob waited patiently, a twinkle in his own eyes. He knew that when Mrs. Bob made up her mind that was all there was to it. Presently she called to him in a low voice, and he flew over to join her.

“Here,” she announced, “is where we will build.”

Bob looked the ground over with a critical eye. “Don’t you think, my dear, that this is rather close to the Crooked Little Path?” he asked. “I have noticed that Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk use this path a great deal, not to mention Farmer Brown’s boy.”

“That’s what makes it the safest place on the Green Meadows, stupid,” declared little Mrs. Bob. “They will never think to look for our home so close to where they pass. These weeds are very thick and will hide our nest completely. This old fallen fence post will give splendid protection on one side. The Old Briar patch is so near that in case of need we can get to it in a hurry and there be perfectly safe. You mark my words, Bob White, no one will think of looking here for our nest if you use your common sense and do all your whistling far enough away. Reddy and the others are going to do all their hunting around the place you do your whistling, so it is for you to make this the very safest place in the world. Do you see?”

“Yes, my dear,” replied Bob meekly. “You are very clever and cunning. I never should have thought of choosing such a place, but I guess you are quite right.”

“I know I am,” retorted Mrs. Bob. “Now you fly over to the other side of the Old Briar Patch and whistle while I get busy here. I am anxious to get to work at once.”

Bob looked at his little brown wife with admiration. Then he discreetly ran under cover of the weeds and grass until he thought it was safe to take wing, after which he flew to the other side of the dear Old Briar Patch and there began to whistle as only he can.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 6.)*

## STORY 1135. September 28, 1915.

### Bob White Finds that Mrs. Bob is Right

A quarrel you may often stay  
By letting others have their way.

And you will find, too, that other people are quite as likely to be right as you are. Now while Bob White told Mrs. Bob that he guessed she was right in choosing the place she did for their home he was not at all sure of it in his own mind. It wasn’t a place he would have chosen if the matter had been left to him. No, sir, that place wouldn’t have been his choice. He knew of at least half a dozen places which he thought much better and safer. But, after all, this was to be Mrs. Bob’s home even more than his, for she was the one who would have to stay there all the long days sitting on those beautiful white eggs they hoped to have soon, though he meant to do his share.

So Bob kept his opinions to himself, and if he worried a little because the new home was so close to the Crooked Little Path along which Reddy and Granny Fox went so often, he said nothing and brought his share of grasses, straw and leaves with which to build the nest. Mrs. Bob was very particular about that nest. Just a common open nest wouldn’t do. Perhaps in that wise little head of hers she guessed just what

was going on in Bob's mind and how he really didn't approve at all of building there. So she made a very clever little roof or dome of grasses and straw over the nest with a little entrance on one side. When it was all done only the very sharpest eyes ever would discover it.

Of course Bob was proud of it, very proud indeed. "My dear, it's the finest nest I've ever seen," he declared. "I hope, I do hope no one will find it."

Mrs. Bob looked at him sharply. "Why don't you own up that you wish it was somewhere else?" she demanded.

Bob looked a little foolish. "I can't quite get over the idea that this is a very dangerous place," he confessed. "But I've great faith in your judgment, my dear," he hastened to add.

"Then see to it that you are careful when you come over this way and never under any circumstances fly directly here," retorted Mrs. Bob. "Keep away unless I call for you, and when you do come fly over in the long grass back there and then keep out of sight and walk over here under cover of the grass and weeds."

Bob promised he would do just as she had told him to, and to prove it he stole away through the long grass and did not take wing until he was far from the nest. Then he flew over beyond the dear Old Briar Path and whistled with all his might from sheer happiness. It wasn't long before there were fifteen beautiful white eggs in the nest in the weeds beside the Crooked Little Path, and then Bob's anxiety increased, you may be sure. Time and time again he saw Reddy Fox or Granny Fox or Jimmy Skunk trot down the Crooked Little Path and he knew that they were coming to look for his nest. But never once did they think of looking in that patch of weeds, for it never entered their heads that anyone would build so close to a path they used so much. But they hunted and hunted everywhere else.

And all the time little Mrs. Bob sat on those white eggs and the color of her cloak was so nearly the color of the brown grasses and leaves that even if they had looked straight at her it isn't at all likely that they would have seen her. Little by little Bob confessed to himself that Mrs. Bob was right. She had chosen the very safest place on the Green Meadows for their home. It was safest because it was the last place any one would look for it. Then Bob grew less anxious and spent all his spare time in fooling those who were looking for his home.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 7.)*

## STORY 1136. September 29, 1915.

### Bob White Fools his Neighbors

"All's fair in love and war," 'tis said.

Of course this isn't true.

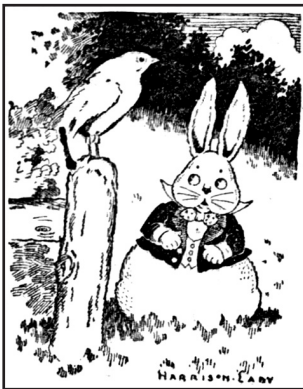
A lot is done that's most unfair

And no one ought to do.

Illustrations. September 20 to September 25, 1915.



**1128. A Cheerful Worker**  
A handsome little fellow is this whistler, dressed in brown, white and black.



**1129. Bob White has Visitors**  
“Good morning,” said Peter. “You seem to be very cheerful this morning.”



**1130. Bob White Decides to Build a Home**  
Spreading his wings, Bob White flew across to the dear Old Briar Patch.



**1131. Bob White Becomes Peter Rabbit's Neighbor**  
He often dropped in to have a chat with Peter.



**1132. Peter's Curiosity Too Much for Good Intentions**  
Bob White, sitting on a fence post, watching him and chuckled.



**1133. Others are Interested in Bob White**  
“Boo!” said Jimmy, and Peter nearly jumped out of his skin.

It is just so in this terrible, terrible war that is going on on the other side of the Great Ocean<sup>18</sup>. It is always so when hate rules, and the queer thing is it is also true sometimes when love rules. Love quite often does unfair things and then tries to excuse them. But Bob White didn't feel that there was anything unfair in trying to fool his neighbors. Not a bit of it. You see, he was doing it for love and war both. He was doing it for love of shy little Mrs. Bob and their home, and for the kind of war that is always going on in the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Of course, the little people who live there don't call it war, but you know how it is—the big people all the time trying to catch those smaller than themselves, and the little people all the time trying to get the best of the big people.

So Bob White felt that it was perfectly fair and right that he should fool those of his neighbors who were hunting for his home, and so it was. He would sit on a fence-post whistling as only he can whistle, and telling all the world that he, Bob White, was there. Presently he would see Reddy Fox trotting down the Crooked Little Path and pretending that he was just out for a stroll and not at all interested in Bob or his affairs. Then Bob would pretend to look all around as if to see that no danger was near. After that he would fly over to a certain place which looked to be just the kind of a place for a nest, and there he would hide in the grass.

Just as soon as he disappeared, Reddy Fox would grin in that sly way of his and say to himself, "So that's where your nest is! I think I'll have a look over there."

Then he would steal over to where he had seen Bob disappear and poke his sharp nose into every bunch of grass and peek under every little bush. Bob would wait until he heard those soft footsteps very near him, then he would fly up with a great noise of his swift little wings as if he were terribly frightened, and from a distant fence-post he would call in the most anxious sounding voice. Reddy would be sure then that he was near the nest and would hunt and hunt. All the time little Mrs. Bob would be sitting comfortably on those precious eggs in the nest in the weed-patch close beside the Crooked Little Path, chuckling to herself as she listened to Bob's voice. You see, she knew just what he was doing.

It was the same way with Jimmy Skunk and Granny Fox and even Peter Rabbit. All of them hunted and hunted for that nest and watched Bob White and were sure that they knew just where to look for his home, and afterward wondered why it was that they couldn't find it. Jimmy Skunk wanted some of those eggs. Reddy and Granny Fox wanted to catch Mrs. Bob or be ready to gobble up the babies when they should hatch out of those beautiful eggs.

As for Peter Rabbit, he wanted to know where that nest was just out of curiosity. He wouldn't have harmed Mrs. Bob or one of those eggs for the world. But Bob knew that if Peter knew where that nest was, he might visit it when someone was watching him, and something dreadful might happen as a result. So he thought it best to fool Peter just as he did the others, and I think it was. Don't you?

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 8, "Bob Fools His Neighbors.")*

---

18 See Burgess's "Personal Letter" Number 8.

## Peter Has Hard Work to Believe His Eyes

When with your eyes you see a thing  
Yet can't believe it so,  
Pray tell me what you can believe.  
I'd really like to know.

Things are that way sometimes. They are so surprising that it doesn't seem that they can be true. Just ask Peter Rabbit, or little Mrs. Peter. Either one will tell you that they have had hard work to believe what their eyes saw. You see, it was this way: Peter knew that somewhere near the dear Old Briar-patch was the home of Bob White. Anyway Bob had said that it was near there, and he himself was never very far away. So Peter didn't doubt that Bob had told him the truth. No one would stay around one place day after day in the beautiful springtime, when everybody was busy housekeeping, unless his home was very near.

But Peter had looked and looked for that home of Bob White's without ever getting so much as a glimpse of it. He had watched Bob White and had visited every place that he saw Bob go to, but Bob had managed to keep his secret and Peter was no wiser than before, though he was thinner from running about so much. Little Mrs. Peter had tried her best to make him see that it was no business of his. You see, she knew just how Mrs. Bob felt about wanting her home a secret, for little Mrs. Peter had had many anxious hours when her own babies were very small.

Finally Peter did give up, but it was because he had looked in every place he could think of and at last had made up his mind that if Bob White really had a nest in the Green Meadows it certainly wasn't near the dear Old Briar-patch. Then one morning a surprising thing happened. Peter was just getting ready to run over to the Laughing Brook when some one right in front of him there in the Old Briar Patch exclaimed.

"Be careful where you step, Peter Rabbit!"

Peter stopped short and looked to see who had spoken. There, under a tangle of brambles, was little Mrs. Bob White. Peter was surprised, for he had not seen her enter the dear Old Briar Patch.

"Oh!" said he. Then he bowed politely. "How do you do, Mrs. Bob White? I'm glad you've decided to make us a call. I hope Bob is very well. I haven't seen him for several days, but I've heard his whistle and it sounds as if he were feeling very fine."

"He is," replied little Mrs. Bob. Then she added anxiously, "Do please be very careful where you step, Peter."

"Why? What's the matter?" asked Peter, looking down at his feet in a puzzled way.

Just then Mrs. Peter, who had heard them talking, came hurrying up. Mrs. Bob White became more anxious than ever. "Oh, Mrs. Peter, do, do be careful where you step!" she cried.



Mrs. Peter looked as puzzled as Peter did. Just then little Mrs. Bob uttered the softest, sweetest little call, and all at once it seemed to Peter and Mrs. Peter as if the brown leaves which carpeted the dear Old Briar-patch suddenly came to life and started to run. Peter's eyes almost popped out of his head, and he rubbed them twice to make sure that he really saw what he thought he saw. What was it? Why, a whole family of the funniest little birds scurrying as fast as their small legs could take them to the shelter of Mrs. Bob's wings!

(*The Adventures of Bob White*, Chapter 9, "Peter Has Hard Work, Believing His Own Eyes")

## STORY 1138. October 1, 1915

### A New Family in the Dear Old Briar Patch

Who proves himself a neighbor kind  
Will find content and peace of mind.

"One, two, three, four—oh, dear, they run so fast I can't count them! Aren't they darlings? I'm so glad you brought them over for us to see, Mrs. Bob. How many are there?" cried little Mrs. Peter, as she and Peter watched the tiny little babies of Bob White scamper to the shelter of their mother's wings under the friendly brambles of the dear Old Briar Patch.

"There are 15," replied Mrs. Bob White proudly.

"My gracious, what a family!" exclaimed Peter. "I don't see how you keep track of all of them. I should think you would be worried to death."

"They are a great care," confessed little Mrs. Bob White. "That is why I have brought them over to the Old Briar-patch. I hope you and Mrs. Peter will not mind if we live here for a while. Until they can fly it is the safest place I know of."

"We'll be tickled to death to have you here," declared Peter. "We don't own the dear Old Briar Patch, though we've lived here so long we almost feel as if it belongs to us. But of course anyone who wants to is free to live here. I don't know of any one we would rather have here than you and your family. By the way, I don't see how you could travel far with such little babies. May I ask where you came from?"

Little Mrs. Bob's eyes twinkled. "Certainly," she replied. "We haven't traveled far. We came straight from our home here."

"But where was your home?" Peter asked the question eagerly, for you remember he had spent a great deal of time trying to find that home of the Bob Whites.

"Just over yonder in that little patch of weeds across the Crooked Little Path. You see it was very handy to the Old Briar-patch," replied Mrs. Bob.

"What?" Peter fairly shouted. "Do you mean to say that you have been living so near as all that?"

Mrs. Bob nodded. "I surely have," she replied. "I've been right where I could see

you every day as I sat on my eggs.”

“But how did you dare build in such a dangerous place? Why, Reddy and Granny Fox passed within a few feet of you every day! I never heard of such a crazy thing!” Peter looked as if he didn’t believe it even yet.

“It was the safest place on the Green Meadows,” retorted Mrs. Bob. “I should think that by this time you would have learned, Peter Rabbit, that the safest place to hide is the place where no one will look. The proof of it is right here in these babies of mine. Aren’t they darlings? I sat there day after day and watched you and Reddy and Granny Fox and Jimmy Skunk hunting for me and had many a good laugh all to myself. I knew that not one of you would dream that I would be so foolishly wise as to build my home where it could be so easily found, and therefore you wouldn’t look for it there. And I was right.”

Mrs. Peter chuckled. “You were just right, Mrs. Bob,” she declared. “It is the smartest thing I ever heard of, my dear. If Peter doesn’t feel foolish, he ought to. I told him that it was none of his business where your home was, but he was so curious that he would keep hunting for it. And to think that all the time it was close by! Don’t you feel foolish, Peter?”

“Yes, my dear, I certainly do,” replied Peter meekly. “But now that I know where it was I am satisfied. And I’m glad that Mrs. Bob has brought her family to live in the dear Old Briar Patch. I think it will be great fun watching those youngsters grow, and I can’t help thinking that this is a great deal safer for them than the home they have just left.”

“That’s why I’ve brought them here,” replied Mrs. Bob. “As long as they were only eggs that was the safest place, but now that they have hatched out and can run about, they wouldn’t be safe a minute over there. As it is, I expect it won’t be long before they will be wanting to get out in the Great World and then my worries will really begin. Bringing up a large family is a great responsibility.”

“It is so,” declared Mrs. Peter.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 10, “New Tenants for the Briar-Patch”)*

## STORY 1139. October 2, 1915

### Watch Your Step!

Watch your step! Be sure you know  
Exactly what lies just before,  
Because if you should careless be  
It might be you would step no more.

It wasn’t that way with Peter Rabbit. He wasn’t afraid that if he didn’t watch out, he would step no more, not in the Old Briar Patch anyway, but he was afraid, dreadfully afraid, that one of Bob White’s babies might step no more. It seemed to Peter that they were always just under foot. It made him nervous. Every time he moved

little Mrs. Bob or Mrs. Peter was sure to cry, "Watch your step, Peter!" or "Don't step on one of those darlings!"

So every time he moved Peter looked sharply to see that there wasn't a tiny brown bird hiding under a brown leaf. You know he wouldn't have stepped on one of them for the world. Really there wasn't half as much danger as their fond mother seemed to think, for little as they were those Bob White babies were very spry, and very smart too. But you know how it is with mothers; they seem to be always expecting something dreadful will happen to their babies. So 20 times a day Peter would hear that warning, "Watch your step!"

Still, in spite of this, he was glad that the Bob White family had moved over to the dear Old Briar Patch. It gave him a chance to learn more about the ways of Bob White and his children than he could possibly have learned in any other way. You know, Peter is always anxious to learn, especially about other people. It seemed to him that never had he seen babies grow as did the little Bob Whites. They were everywhere. There were 15 of them, and Peter often wondered how under the sun their mother kept track of all of them. But she did. One thing he noticed, and this was that they obeyed promptly whenever she called to them. If Redtail the Hawk came sailing lazily over the old Briar Patch, watching with sharp eyes to see if anything was going on down there that he didn't know about, little Mrs. Bob would give a warning, and every one of those youngsters would squat down right where he happened to be and not move until she told him he might. So old Redtail never once suspected that the Bob White family was there. When Mrs. Bob called them to her, they came running on the instant. Such obedience was beautiful to see.

Then, when they were all nestled under her wings, she would tell them about the Great World and all the dangers that they would have to watch out for when they were big enough to go out into it, and how each one was to be met. As they ran this way and that way in the Old Briar Patch, they picked up tiny seeds. Peter had not supposed that there were so many seeds as those little Bob Whites found. You know Peter does not eat tiny seeds, and so he never had noticed them before. Mrs. Bob led them about, showing them what seeds were best and what to leave alone. They didn't have to be shown but once. Often they varied their fare by picking tiny insects from the low-hanging leaves, and once in a while there would be a struggle between two or more for possession of a worm. Peter always liked to watch this. It was very funny.

In a few days there were no bugs or worms to be found in the Old Briar-patch, at least not on or near the ground. The Bob White family had eaten every one.

"I wish they would live here all the time," declared Mrs. Peter. "I don't like bugs and worms. They give me a crawly feeling every time I see them."

But a growing family must have plenty to eat, and at the end of a week Mrs. Bob led her youngsters forth to hunt bugs and worms and seeds on the Green Meadows, but never very far from the Old Briar-patch, so that in case of need they could run back to its friendly shelter. And every night she brought them back there to sleep under the friendly brambles. So after all, it was only for a little while that Peter had to watch his steps, and he was really sorry when he no longer heard that warning every time he

moved. You see, he had grown very fond of the little Bob Whites.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 11. )*

## STORY 1140. October 4, 1915

### The Little Bob Whites at School

Everybody goes to school;  
That's the universal rule.  
Mother Nature long ago  
Said it always should be so.

Of course there are all kinds of schools, but to one kind or another everybody has to go. A lot of people don't know they are going to school, but they are, just the same. If you should ask them what school they go to, they would tell you they don't go to any. But they do just the same. They go to the hardest school of all, the school of ex-peri-ence. That is the school in which we all learn how to live and take care of ourselves. It is just the same with the little meadow and forest people. You remember that the four babies of Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck went to school in the Old Orchard just as soon as they were big enough to run around<sup>19</sup>, and that it was the same with the children of Peter Rabbit in the dear Old Briar Patch<sup>20</sup>, and the youngsters of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse on the Green Meadows<sup>21</sup> and Unc' Billy Possum's lively family in the Green Forest<sup>22</sup>, and Little Joe Otter's two hopefuls in the Laughing Brook<sup>23</sup>. So of course all the Little Bob Whites started in to go to school almost as soon as they were out of their shells.

The very first thing they learned was to mind their parents, which is the very first lesson all little folks must learn. "You see, my dears," explained Mrs. Bob, as they nestled under her wings, "the Great World is full of dangers, especially for little Bob Whites, and so if you want to live to grow up to be as handsome and smart as your father, you must mind instantly when we speak to you."

So as every one of the 15 little Bob Whites wanted to five to grow up to be as handsome and smart as their father, each one took the greatest care to mind the very second Bob or Mrs. Bob spoke. While they were in the dear Old Briar Patch they were quite safe, but just the same every little while Mrs. Bob would give the danger signal, which meant to squat and keep perfectly still, or another call that meant to come running to her as fast as ever they could. It wasn't until she was sure that they had learned to mind instantly that she led them out on to the Green Meadows among the grasses and the weeds.

There was always real danger as she took great pains to tell them. There was danger from the air where old Redtail the Hawk sailed round and round, watching

---

19 STORY 365, 1913.

20 STORY 486, 1913

21 STORY 750, 1914

22 STORY 1018

23 STORY 1030

below for heedless and careless little birds. There was danger from Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote, prowling about with sharp eyes and keen ears and wonderful noses, all the time hunting for heedless little people. And there was danger from Mr. Blacksnake and some of his cousins, slipping silently through the grass.

So the little Bob Whites learned to be always on the watch as they ran this way and that way, hunting for bugs and worms and seeds. At the least little unknown sound they squatted and waited for Mrs. Bob's signal that all was well. She taught them to know Ol' Mistah Buzzard, who wouldn't hurt a feather of them, from old Redtail the Hawk by the way he sailed and sailed without flapping his wings. Just as soon as they could fly a little, she taught them to make sure just where the nearest bushes or trees were so that they could fly to them in case of sudden danger on the ground. She taught them how to find the safest places in which to spend the night. Oh, there was a great deal for those little Bob Whites to learn! Yes, indeed. And it didn't do to forget a single thing. Forgetting just once might mean a dreadful thing. So they didn't forget. Bob White himself taught them many things, for Bob is wise in the ways of the Great World, and he is the best of fathers. So the little Bob Whites grew and grew until they were too big to nestle under the wings of Mrs. Bob and could fly on swift strong wings. And all the time they were at school without knowing it.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 12)*

## STORY 1141. October 5, 1915

### Reddy Fox Finds the Bob Whites<sup>24</sup>

Reddy and Granny Fox knew by this time that Bob White had fooled them about his home, and that it was no longer of the least use to hunt for it, for this time the family would have left it. So instead of hunting for Bob's home they hunted for the family. Old Granny Fox is very wise in the ways of those about her. Reddy thinks he is just as wise and perhaps a little wiser than she is, but he isn't. It is the way with the young to think that they know more than their elders. So Reddy, didn't half heed what Granny told him about looking for the Bob White family, It is just as well for the little Bob Whites that he didn't. If it had been Granny who found them it might have been a different story.

But it wasn't Granny, and I for one am glad that it wasn't. It was Reddy, and he found them just when he least expected to. It was this way: He had been hunting most of the night in the Green Forest and the Old Pasture. He had almost but not quite caught Old Jed Thumper, the father of little Mrs. Peter Rabbit, who, you know, was Miss Fuzzytail. Not catching Old Jed Thumper when he had come so near, It had put Reddy in a very bad temper. Yes, sir, it certainly had. Now a bad temper is a bad thing at any time, but especially when you are hunting. You know a good hunter must fix his attention wholly on his hunting. But a bad temper demands attention. Unless it is given attention, a great deal of attention, it dies. No one can think of other things and keep in a bad temper.

---

24 This story and the following six not included in *The Adventures of Bob White*.

So just after jolly round bright Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, Reddy Fox came trotting across the Green Meadows muttering angrily to himself. He was quite sure that no one else ever had such bad luck as he did. He was hungry and tried, and he blamed both of these things to luck, quite forgetting that luck really is nothing less than the result of what we do or don't do ourselves. Now only the day before he had hunted all over that particular part of the Green Meadows without finding so much as a trace of the Bob Whites, so he was quite sure in his own mind that they didn't visit that part at all, although Granny Fox had warned him that it was in the place he didn't expect to find them that he would find them.

So he trotted along muttering to himself and paying no particular attention to anything. He was walking softly, for he has done that so much that it has become a habit with him. He does it without knowing it. But his nose and his eyes and his ears were not attending to business. How could they be when his mind was so full of his own troubles and anger? Suddenly from right under his very nose there was a startling whirr of swift little wings and the air was full of brown birds.

Reddy was so startled that he actually jumped backward instead of forward. Then he started stupidly after Bob White and Mrs. Bob and 15 little Bobs as they sped straight across the Green Meadows to the dear Old Brier Patch. He had found the Bob White family only to lose them again. In fact, he had almost stepped on one of them before he knew they were there, or they knew he was near, and if he had been attending to business he might have had one and perhaps two. Instead of that he must go hungry unless he filled up on grasshoppers, all because he had let his temper get the better of him. And now his temper was worse than ever, and it didn't improve it a bit to hear Bob White whistle cheerfully from the heart of the dear Old Brier Patch.

## STORY 1142. October 6, 1915

### How the Bob Whites Went to Bed

When you go to bed at night and are all tucked in you shut your eyes and go to sleep knowing that you are safe from all harm and that unless you have a bad dream or tummy ache you will not wake until the Jolly Little Sunbeams come creeping in at the window in the morning. But it is different with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, especially the little feather folk. Those who sleep at night never close their eyes feeling sure that they may not be awakened at any hour to fly for their lives. So going to bed is with them a very important matter.

Bob White and Mrs. Bob took the greatest care to teach the 15 little Bob Whites how very important this is. When they were very small Mrs. Bob gathered them under her wings, and you may be sure she slept very lightly. But when they had grown too big for this and had learned to fly, she taught them another way of sleeping.

"My dears," said she as they all gathered about her late one afternoon, "you have learned something of the dangers which are all about us during the day and how to watch out for them. But there is greater danger at night, for then we are asleep, and besides we cannot see as in the daytime. Reddy and Granny Fox can see in the night



## Illustrations. September 27 to October 2, 1915.



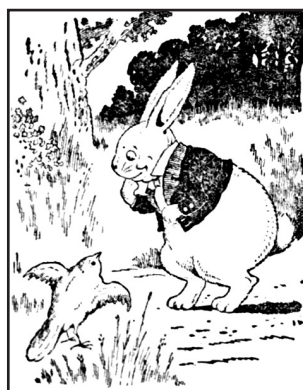
**1134. The Cunning of Mr. and Mrs. Bob White**  
Bob hastened to say that he wasn't afraid.



**1135. Bob White Finds that Mrs. Bob is Right**  
Time and time again he saw Reddy Fox or Granny Fox or Jimmy Skunk trot down the Crooked Little Path.



**1136. Bob White Fools his Neighbors**  
After that he would fly over to a certain place which looked to be just the kind of a place for a nest.



**1137. Peter Has Hard Work to Believe His Eyes**  
"Be careful where you step, Peter Rabbit"



**1138. A New Family in the Dear Old Brier Patch**  
"My gracious, what a family!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit.



**1139. Watch Your Step!**  
Peter always liked to watch this. It was very funny.



quite as well as in the day, and they do a great deal of hunting then because they know that many of those they seek are fast asleep. Then there is Hooty the Owl who does all his hunting at night, and Shadow the Weasel.”

Mrs. Bob shuddered just a wee bit when she mentioned Shadow the Weasel, for, as you know, no one is more feared than he.

“Not even the dear Old Brier Patch, where we have spent so many comfortable sights is safe from Shadow, and so we are not going to sleep there any more now that you have learned to fly. Your wings, my dears, were given you for safety quite as much as for getting about. So hereafter we are going to sleep right out in the grass of the Green Meadows.”

“But I should think that would be very dangerous, because we will have nothing under which to hide,” piped up a timid little fellow.

“We have the grass to hide under, and that is enough,” replied Mrs. Bob, “Reddy Fox and Shadow the Weasel are all the time prowling around in the thickets, because it is there that most of the little people hide. Supposing Shadow should surprise us in the Old Brier Patch. You know he is so slim that he can slip under the friendly brambles with the greatest ease. What would you do then?”

“Fly,” answered one of the smartest of the youngsters.

“How?” demanded Mrs. Bob. “It would be bad enough to try to fly out of there in the daytime, but in the dark you could never in the world get through those brambles. Now, out here in the open at the first hint of danger you can spring into the air with nothing in the way of your wings. Now I am going to show you just how to go to bed.”

She made them squat down close together.. “That is to keep each other warm,” she explained. “And you must always be in a circle with your tails in the middle and your heads pointed out.”

“I don’t see why. What difference does it make?” piped up one who always wanted a reason for everything.

“I’ll show you,” replied their mother, “if only you’ll be patient.”

When she had got them all placed to suit her, every tail pointing to the middle of the circle and every head pointing out, she told them to tuck their heads under their wings. “Now your father is going to give the danger signal, and the very instant you hear it you are to fly, making as much noise with your wings as you can. I want to see how quickly you can fly.”

So the little Bob Whites, with their heads under their wings, waited for the signal. When it came they sprang into the air, and because each was facing in different direction from the others, each flew in a different direction, so that In a jiffy they were widely scattered.

“Now you see,” said Mrs. Bob, when she had called them together again, “how easy it would be to puzzle an enemy. He wouldn’t know which one to follow. Now I think we’ll really go to bed. Your father will stay outside the circle to keep guard.”

## A Double Scare

Fast asleep in a circle, crowded together, but each one facing out, was Mrs. Bob White and the 15 little Bob Whites, who really were almost as big as she by this time. Just outside the circle was Bob White himself as a sort of guard. He slept more lightly than the others, and the least sound would bring his head from under his wing. But Bob is wise in the dangers of the great world, and in the ways of life. He knows just how bad it is to give a false alarm. It makes folks nervous to be frightened, and a false alarm frightens just as much as a real alarm. It is a very bad thing to be nervous. In fact, it is those who are most nervous who usually come to grief. When Hooty the Owl gives his fierce hunting call it is the little bird who is nervous, and so fidgets a little, who furnishes Hooty with a supper.

Bob knows all this. No one knows it better. He had made up his mind that his children should not have their nerves ruined while they were young. So whenever he was wakened by a noise he made sure whether or not it was real danger before wakening the others. He knew that if he should waken them several times for nothing that their nerves would get so jumpy that they wouldn't be able to sleep at all well, and good sleep is very important, you know. So that first night that they all slept out in the grass of the Green Meadows it happened that Bob was wakened several times, but each time he waited, and each time he found that there was no real danger. So Mrs. Bob and the 15 little Bobs slept peacefully.

Now, no one knew just where the Bob Whites had gone to bed for the night, least of all Peter Rabbit. In fact Peter didn't care. He had other things on his mind. You know Peter dearly loves to be out at night. On this particular night he had taken it into his head to visit the Old Pasture after having spent some hours in the Green Forest, and because he was in a hurry, he took the shortest if not the safest way there, which was across the Green Meadows. Because it was not the safest way Peter ran as hard as ever he could, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

Of course it was just chance that the Bob Whites had gone to bed right in the course Peter was taking for the Old Pasture. Lipperty-lipperty-lip, lipperty-lipperty-lip ran Peter, with just one thought in his head—to get to the Old Pasture before Hooty the Owl should discover him. Suddenly there was a roar right under his very nose. It was almost like the roar of the terrible gun of Farmer Brown's Boy. Never in all his life had Peter been more frightened. He tried to stop short, but he was going so fast that he actually tumbled over his own feet. Very, very much scared was Peter Rabbit, so scared that he was sure his heart was right up in his throat.

When he was half way to the dear Old Brier Patch, he stopped to listen. There was no sound of anyone following him. Then he heard a soft whistle and presently from all directions answering whistles, very soft and low. Peter knew those whistles. One he knew to be the whistle of Bob White calling his family together and the others were the answers of the 15 little Bobs. "Now I wonder if that terrible noise frightened them, too," muttered Peter to himself as he hurried home to the dear Old Brier Patch. "I must

ask Bob tomorrow.”

Meanwhile Bob White was gathering his frightened family about him. “It was nothing,” said he. “Only with one more jump that stupid Peter Rabbit would have landed right on you. I heard him coming, and I knew who it was. I wouldn’t have given the alarm but that I saw he was going to jump right into the middle of you. He’s a terribly heedless fellow. He’s old enough to have learned to look where he is going. I am sorry you have had this fright, but I am glad to see that you know what to do. Now you see why it is that your mother taught you to sleep in a circle, each facing out. You didn’t get in the way of each other, and if it had been Reddy Fox instead of Peter Rabbit, he wouldn’t have known which one to try to catch. Nobody but the Bob Whites has ever thought of such a simple and safe plan to escape in the night.” Bob said this rather -proudly. “Now, my dears, you can go to sleep again. I don’t think you will get another fright tonight.”

## STORY 1144. October 8, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Tells a Wonderful Story

A little story grows and grows  
With every time repeated  
‘Till it becomes a great big tale,  
And Truth is sadly cheated.

It’s funny about that. Usually no one means to cheat in telling a story. No, indeed. But all too often a simple, harmless little story grows and grows as it is repeated until the one who first told it would hardly know it. It is like a windbag that grows bigger and rounder with every breath you blow into it. This is why gossip is such a bad thing and so often makes Truth hide her head in shame.

When Peter Rabbit got back to the dear Old Brier Patch after his fright in the night when he had almost jumped on Bob White’s family sleeping in the grass of the Green Meadows he told Mrs. Peter a wonderful story. Mrs. Peter listened in round-eyed wonder.

“You see it was this way, my dear,” said Peter. “I was hurrying along on my way to the Old Pasture when without any warning at all there was a terrible roar right under my very nose. It was almost like the roar of the terrible gun which Farmer Brown’s Boy used to carry. Things rushed through the air in all directions, some of them so close to me that I could feel the wind from them. It’s a wonder and a mercy that I was not hit by one of them. I never was more frightened in all my life. If I had not run with all my might I am sure something very awful would have happened to me. I doubt if you would ever have seen me again.”

Little Mrs. Peter shivered and snuggled up close to Peter. “O, Peter,” she murmured, “I couldn’t live if anything happened to you. Why will you be so reckless? If you would stay in the dear Old Brier Patch such dreadful things couldn’t happen to you.”

Peter took no notice of this last. "I haven't the least idea in the world what it was," said he, "but I think it must have been some new kind of thing put there by hunters to kill us all without warning, just as terrible guns do."

"Was there fire and smoke like the guns have?" asked Mrs. Peter.

Peter scratched his head and looked thoughtful. "I can't exactly remember," said he. "You see, I had to jump so quickly that I didn't have time to see. But if there was such a noise, I suppose there must have been fire and smoke. It wakened Bob White and his family, for I heard them calling just afterward. I am going to hunt him up and find out what he thinks of it."

Off Peter started to call on Bob White, who was whistling from a fence post not far away. On the way he met Jimmy Skunk and told him about the terrible fright he had had in the night, and this time he said that there was fire just as from a gun. He didn't mean to tell an untruth. He just wanted to make his story sound as big as possible. You know he dearly loves to be the bearer of news. Besides, he had really begun to believe that there must have been fire and smoke where there was so much noise. Jimmy Skunk went his way and told Johnny Chuck. Johnny Chuck told Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Chatterer told Sammy Jay. Sammy told everybody he met, and soon it was known all over the Green Meadows, and through the Green Forest, that Peter Rabbit had found a terrible new danger which made a great noise and sent things whirling through the air. As each one added a little to the story, it grew until Peter Rabbit was the hero of a most wonderful and terrible adventure. One only of all who heard it turned aside his head to hide a smile. It was Reddy Fox.

"I think," he muttered to himself, "that I will hunt on the Green Meadows instead of in the brush of the Old Pasture and the edge of the Green Forest. It is very clear to me that Bob White and his family have changed their bedroom."

## STORY 1145. October 9, 1915.

### Bob White Plays a Little Joke

"Bob! O, Bob White!" Bob, who had just lifted his wings to fly to a distant part of the Green Meadows, settled back on the fencepost where he had been whistling for an hour. Hurrying toward him, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could was Peter Rabbit. When at last Peter reached the fencepost he was quite out of breath. "I was afraid you would go before I could get here," he panted.

"Well, what if I did?" demanded Bob good naturedly. "You would live just as long, wouldn't you?"

Peter made a good-natured face at Bob. "Did you hear that terrible noise in the night?" he asked.

Bob looked puzzled. "I don't remember any terrible noise," said he. "Tell me about it."

So Peter told how he had been hurrying across the Green Meadows on his way

to the Old Pasture when there had been a terrible roar right under his very nose, a roar almost like the terrible gun of Farmer Brown's Boy, and how he had heard things whistling through the air all about him. "I thought you must have heard it, because just afterward I heard you and your children calling back and forth, and so I knew you and your family had been wakened," concluded Peter.

Bob White turned and pretended to be looking over the Green Meadows, but really it was to hide a smile. When he once more looked down at Peter his face was very sober. "Yes, Peter," said he, "I heard that noise. Did it frighten you?"

"Frighten me!" exclaimed Peter. "I should say it did." I never was more frightened in all my life. Even now I have the cold shivers when I think of what a narrow escape I had. What do you suppose it was, Bob?"

Instead of replying, Bob White began to call, and almost at once he was answered from all directions. Presently appeared Mrs. Bob and the 15 children, hurrying to find out why Bob had called them. "Peter," said Bob White, slyly winking at Mrs. Bob, "would you like to see how my family goes to sleep for the night?"

"Certainly," replied Peter politely, though he couldn't see what this had to do with the matter which interested him most just then.

So Mrs. Bob and all the young Bobs formed a circle right in front of Peter, their tails all pointing to the center and their heads all pointing out. Crouched close to the ground, with their heads tucked under their wings, they looked for all the world like a little round mat of feathers and nothing more.

"Now, Peter, I want you to do something for me," said Bob. "I want you to close your eyes tight for just a minute."

Peter promptly closed his eyes, wondering what it all meant. Bob gave a sharp little signal and instantly there I was that same roar and the sound of things speeding through the air which had so frightened Peter in the night. He was just as badly frightened now, so frightened that he tumbled over backward. As he scrambled to his feet and started to run Bob White called to him, "What's the matter, Peter? I don't see anything to be afraid of," said he.

Peter paused and looked back. There sat Bob White on the fencepost, and he didn't look in the least frightened. Peter looked for the rest of the family, but not one was to be seen. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. There wasn't a sign of one of them anywhere. "Wha— what—" he began, and stopped to look at Bob suspiciously. Bob was chuckling. In a minute he began to call, and right away he was answered from all directions. Gradually Peter began to understand. That terrible roar had been made by stout little wings beating the air all together, and the sound of things speeding through the air had been made by little brown birds flying with almost the speed of bullets. Suddenly Peter looked very foolish, quite as foolish as he felt.

"Please don't tell anyone," he begged.

"I won't," replied Bob White laughing. "And Peter," he added, "please watch where you are going in the night. You almost jumped into the middle of my family last

night and frightened them as badly as they frightened you.”

## STORY 1146. October 11, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Becomes a False Hero

More precious than all else to me  
My self-respect must always be.

You see if I cannot respect myself I cannot expect others to respect me. And if I am dishonest, but hide it so that my neighbors do not suspect it and still continue to respect me, I am not only cheating them, but am trying to cheat myself. And if I try to cheat myself I certainly cannot respect myself, for no one ever tries to cheat those whom they respect. Just ask Peter Rabbit what he thinks about it.

You see, Peter had become a hero overnight. Anyone who has a great adventure and comes through it safely is sure to be a hero in the eyes of his neighbors. It was so with Peter. Hadn't Peter discovered a new and terrible danger on the Green Meadows? You see, the story of the thing which had gone off with a roar like the roar of Farmer Brown's Boy's terrible gun right under Peter's nose, as he was running across the Green Meadows in the night, had spread all over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest. With every time repeated the story had grown until it had made Peter a hero, who had escaped death by the skin of his teeth, and had then hurried to warn his neighbors of the new and awful danger.

So it was when Peter returned from his call on Bob White he found that everybody looked on him with the greatest respect, and all his neighbors wanted to hear the story from his own lips. At first Peter felt very much flattered. He dearly loves to be admired. It is very nice to be regarded as a hero. But down in his heart he knew that it was all false. You see he had found out that that terrible roar, which had so frightened him, was nothing terrible at all, but merely the sound of the strong little wings of Bob White's family, all beating the air at once.

So Peter knew that instead of a real hero of real adventure he was just the opposite. He had run away in terrible fright from something which was wholly harmless. "Anyway, Bob White has promised not to tell," thought Peter, "and I certainly am not going to tell, myself. Why, everybody would laugh at me instead of respecting me as they do now!"

"But do you respect yourself?" asked a small voice inside of him. Peter hung his head. He just couldn't bring himself to answer that question. "You are stealing," continued the small voice.

Peter sat up. "No such thing!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, you are," said the small voice. "You are taking something which doesn't belong to you. You are accepting the admiration of all your neighbors when it doesn't belong to you. You know that that story has grown and grown until it isn't a bit like the truth would have been, even if everything had been as you thought at first. You know

that they wouldn't think you a hero at all if they knew the truth."

"But they don't know, and they won't know, for Bob White has promised not to tell!" cried Peter triumphantly.

But one day was all Peter could stand of that sort of thing. You see, while all his neighbors treated him with so much respect, he couldn't respect himself. Little by little he realized that the loss of his self-respect was greater than the loss of the respect of his neighbors could possibly be. Besides, down deep in his heart, he knew that if he should tell the truth his neighbors would really respect him more. They wouldn't admire him anymore, and they would laugh at him for being fooled so, but when they came to think it all over they would respect him for his honesty. Peter took a long breath, and let it out in a long sigh.

"I've got to do it," said he. "I've got to tell."

## STORY 1147. October 12, 1915

### Why Peter Didn't Tell

You'll scarce believe it can be true,  
The thing I'm going to tell to you,  
But if you really want to know  
Ask Peter if it isn't so.

Peter Rabbit didn't tell the truth about that great fright he had had in the night, as he had fully made up his mind to do, and he kept on being a false hero, which, you know, is being considered a hero when you really are not a hero at all. Peter didn't like it at all. No, sir, he didn't like it one bit. That is, he didn't like it after he had discovered that he could no longer respect himself. But what could he do about it?

You see it was this way: When he had thought the matter all over he made up his mind that self-respect was more to be desired than the admiration of his neighbors; that he could get along without the latter, but couldn't get along without the former. He had just a got to respect himself in order to live comfortably. So he decided that the only thing for him to do was to tell the truth—that he wasn't the hero of a terrible adventure at all, but had been frightened almost out of his wits by little Bob White and his family.

"I've got to tell," said he, when he finally made up his mind, and, as is something of a habit with him, he said it out loud.

Now, it just happened that Bob White himself was hunting grasshoppers close by at the time. "What's that I you've got to tell?" he asked.

Peter gave a little start of surprise. "I've got to tell the truth about the scare you gave me the other night," he explained. "You must have heard the wonderful stories which have grown out of that little affair, and how all my neighbors have made me the hero of a terrible adventure. It must be very nice to be a real hero, but to be made so much of when I know that if my neighbors knew the truth, they would all be laughing at me instead is more than I can stand. So I am going to tell them all about it. I can



stand their laughter better than I can stand losing my self-respect.”

“But you especially asked me not to tell,” protested Bob White.

“I know I did,” replied Peter, “but that was before I realized how mean it feels to accept something which doesn’t belong to me.”

“And I promised I wouldn’t tell, didn’t I?” continued Bob White.

“Yes, and it was very good of you,” replied Peter.

“So now, in return, I am going to ask you not to tell,” Bob went on.

“What?” cried Peter. “What difference does it make to you?”

“All the difference in the world,” replied Bob White. “You see, that story of yours has grown until nearly everybody thinks there is a new and terrible danger on the Green Meadows, and I want them to keep on thinking so. It means just so much more safety for me and my family. If one of our enemies happens to stumble on us in the night the way you did, and we get up with a great noise of wings, they will think right away that it is the same thing which frightened you so. Besides, they don’t know that we are sleeping out on the Meadows now, and so they are not likely to look for us there. So I am going to ask you to promise not to say a word about it. Will you?”

“Y—e—s,” replied Peter slowly. “I suppose that’s the least can do. But”—Peter paused.

“But what?” prompted Bob White.

“I’m going to be terribly uncomfortable listening to all this talk about my terrible adventure, when I know it wasn’t anything of the kind,” replied Peter.

“I’m sorry,” returned Bob. Then he added slyly, “Perhaps next time you will be a little more careful in telling a thing until you really know all about it.”

“I most certainly shall!” declared Peter.

And this is how it came about that for a long time Peter avoided his neighbors whenever he could, and that, to this day, the story of his terrible adventure is told on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest.

## STORY 1148. October 13, 1915

### Farmer Brown’s Boy Becomes Thoughtful

For everything that happens  
You’ve but to look to find  
There’s bound to be a reason;  
So keep that fact in mind.

Son,” said Farmer Brown one morning at the breakfast table, “we’ve got the finest looking garden anywhere around. I don’t remember ever having a garden with so little harm done by bugs and worms. All our neighbors are complaining that bugs and worms

Illustrations. October 4 to October 9, 1915.



**1140. The Little Bob Whites at School**  
It wasn't until she was sure they had learned to mind instantly that she led them out into the Green Meadow.



**1141. Reddy Fox Finds the Bob Whites**  
And now his temper was worse than ever.



**1142. How the Bob Whites Went to Bed**  
"Your wings, my dears, were given you for safety quite as much as for getting about."



**1143. A Double Scare**  
Mrs. Peter listened in round-eyed wonder.



**1144. Peter Rabbit Tells a Wonderful Story**  
Hurrying toward him, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could, was Peter Rabbit.



**1145. Bob White Plays a Little Joke**  
Just outside the circle was Bob White himself, as a sort of guard.

are the worst ever this year, and that their gardens are being eaten up in spite of all that they can do. I'm proud of the way in which you've taken care of ours."

Farmer Brown's boy flushed with pleasure. He had worked hard in that garden ever since the seeds were planted. He had fought the weeds and the bugs and worms. But so had some of his neighbors, and yet, in spite of this, their gardens were nearly ruined. They had worked just as hard as he had, but the worms and the bugs had been too much for them. He couldn't understand why he had succeeded when they had failed. There must be a reason. There is a reason for everything.

After breakfast he put on his old straw hat and started down to the garden to look it over, still puzzling over the reason why his garden was so much better than others. Just on the edge of the garden was an old board. He lifted one end of it and peeped under. Old Mr. Toad looked up at him and blinked sleepily, but in the most friendly way. Mr. Toad's waistcoat was filled out until it looked too tight for comfort. Farmer Brown's boy smiled as he put the board down gently. He knew what made that waistcoat so tight. It was filled with bugs and worms. "There's a part of the reason," muttered Farmer Brown's boy.

A little farther on he discovered Little Friend the Song Sparrow very busy among the berry bushes. "There's another part of the reason," chuckled Farmer Brown's boy. At the end of a long row, he sat down to think it over. There was no doubt that he owed a great deal to Old Mr. Toad and Little Friend and a lot of the feathered folk of the Old Orchard for his fine-looking garden, but he had had their help in other years when his garden had not looked half as well, and yet, when there had not been nearly as many bugs and worms as this year. Their help and his own hard work accounted for part of the reason for his fine-looking garden, but he couldn't help but feel that there must be something else he didn't know about.

He was thinking so hard that he sat perfectly still. Presently a pair of bright eyes peeped out at him from under a berry bush. Then right out in front of him stepped a smart, trim little fellow dressed in brown, gray and white with black trimmings. It was Bob White. He called softly and out ran Mrs. Bob and 15 children! At a word from Bob they scattered and went to work among the plants. Farmer Brown's boy held his breath as he watched. They didn't pay the least attention to him because, you know, he sat perfectly still. Some scratched the ground just like the hens at home, and then picked up things so small that he couldn't see what they were. But he knew. He knew that they were tiny seeds. And because all the seeds which he and Farmer Brown had planted were now great strong plants, he knew that these were seeds of weeds.

Bob himself was very busy among the potato vines. He was near enough for Farmer Brown's boy to see what he was doing. He was eating those striped beetles which Farmer Brown's boy had fought so long and which he had come to hate. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven," counted Farmer Brown's boy, and then Bob moved on to where he couldn't be seen. Among the squash vines he could see Mrs. Bob, and she was picking off bugs as fast as Bob was taking the potato beetles. What the others were doing he didn't know, but he could guess.

"There's the rest of the reason," he suddenly exclaimed in triumph, and, without

thinking, he spoke aloud. In a twinkling, there wasn't a Bob White to be seen.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 13.)*

## STORY 1149. October 14, 1915.

### A Little Lesson in Arithmetic

Don't say you "hate arithmetic"  
And find it dull and dry.  
You'll find it most astonishing  
If you sincerely try.

Farmer Brown's boy used to feel that way, but he doesn't any more. He never could see any use in puzzling over sums in school. He said that there wasn't anything interesting in it; nothing but hard work. He used to complain about it at home. Farmer Brown would listen awhile, then he would say, "If you live long enough, my son, you will find that figures talk and that they tell the most wonderful things." There was always a twinkle in his eyes when he said this.

Now, of course, Farmer Brown's boy knew that his father didn't mean that figures could speak right out. Of course not. But he never could understand just what he did mean, and he wasn't interested enough to try to find out. So he would continue to scowl over his arithmetic and wish the teacher wouldn't give such hard lessons. And when the long summer vacation began, he just forgot all about figures and sums until after he discovered Bob White and his family helping to rid the garden of bugs and worms and seeds of weeds. After he discovered them, he went down to the garden every day to watch them. They soon found out that he wouldn't hurt them, and after that they just paid no attention to him at all, but went right on with their business all about him, and that business was the filling of their stomachs with seeds and worms and bugs. One day Bob White ate twelve caterpillars while Farmer Brown's boy was watching him. He got out a stubby pencil and a scrap of paper.

"If every one of those Bob Whites eats twelve of those horrid worms at one meal that would be—let me see." He wrinkled his brows. "There are Bob and Mrs. Bob and 15 young Bobs and that makes 17. Now if each eats 12, that will make 12 times 17." He put down the figures on his bit of paper and worked over them for a few minutes. "That makes 204 caterpillars for one meal," he muttered, "and in one month of thirty days they would eat 6120 if they only ate one meal a day. But they eat ever so many meals a day and that means—" He stopped to stare at the figures on the bit of paper with eyes round with wonder. Then he whistled a little low whistle of sheer astonishment. "No wonder I've got a good garden when those fellows are at work in it!" he exclaimed.

Then he sat down to watch Mrs. Bob catching cabbage butterflies which he knew were laying the eggs which would hatch out into the worms that spoiled the cabbages. He counted the number she caught while she was in sight. He did the same thing with another of the Bob Whites who was catching cucumber beetles, and with another who

was hunting grasshoppers. Then he did some more figuring on that bit of paper. When he had finished, he got up and went straight down to the cornfield where Farmer Brown was at work.

“I know now what you meant when you used to tell me that figures talk,” said he. “Why, they’ve told me more than I ever dreamed! They’ve told me that the Bob Whites are the best friends we’ve got, and that the reason that we’ve got the best garden anywhere around is just because they have made it so. Why, those little brown birds are actually making money for us, and we never guessed it!”

*The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 14.*

## STORY 1150. October 15, 1915

### Farmer Brown’s Boy Grows Indignant

To be indignant is to be angry in a good cause. If you lose your temper and give way to anger because things do not suit you, you are not indignant; you are simply angry. But if anger wells up in your heart because of harm or injustice which is done to someone else, or even to yourself, then you become indignant.

Farmer Brown’s boy had spent all his spare time down in the garden watching Bob White and his family. In fact, he had been there so much that all the Bob Whites had come to look on him as harmless if not actually a friend. They just didn’t pay him any attention at all, but went about their business as if he were nowhere about. And their business was ridding that garden of bugs and worms and seeds of weeds in order to fill their stomachs. What tickled Farmer Brown’s boy was that the bugs and worms of which they seemed the most fond, were the very ones which did the most harm to the growing plants.

Over beyond the garden was a field of wheat. You know from wheat comes the flour of which your bread is made. Now there is a certain little bug called the chinch-bug which is such a hungry rascal that when he and a lot of his kind get into a field of wheat, they often spoil the whole crop. They suck the juices from the plants so that they wilt and die. Farmer Brown’s boy had heard his neighbors complaining that chinch bugs were very bad that year, and he knew that they must be by the looks of the wheat on the farms of his neighbors. But Farmer Brown’s wheat looked as fine as wheat could look. It was very plain that there were no chinch bugs there, and he often had wondered why, when they were so bad in the fields of his neighbors.

Farmer Brown’s boy noticed that Bob White and his family spent a great deal of time in the wheat field. One day he noticed Bob picking something from a stem of wheat. He went over to see what it might be. Of course Bob scurried away, but when Farmer Brown’s boy looked at that wheat plant he found some chinch bugs on it. Then he knew what Bob had been doing. He had been picking off and eating those dreadful little bugs. And he knew, too, why it was that their wheat field was the best for miles around. It was because Bob White and his family hunted for and ate those bugs as fast as they appeared.

“Hurrah for you! You’re the greatest little helpers a farmer ever had!” cried Farmer Brown’s boy, and hurried off to tell Farmer Brown what he had found out.

So the summer passed, and the cool crisp days of autumn came. The wheat had been harvested and the vegetables gathered and stored away. Jack Frost had begun to paint the maple trees red and yellow, the garden was bare, and the stubble in the wheat-field a golden brown. The little feathered people who do not like cold weather had flown away to the sunny Southland, led by Ol’ Mistah Buzzard. Striped Chipmunk, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, were busy from morning till night storing away seeds and nuts on which to live through the long cold winter. These were glorious days, and Bob White whistled from pure joy in living.<sup>25</sup>

Farmer Brown stood in the doorway of his house one morning, listening to Bob’s cheery whistle. “Son,” said he, “those Bob Whites must be fat with the good living they have had. Seeing that we have fed them off the farm all summer, don’t you think that it is their turn to feed us? I think broiled Bob White on toast would taste pretty good. The shooting season begins next week, so I suppose you will get out your gun and shoot a few of those Bob Whites for us.” There was a twinkle, a kindly twinkle in his eyes as he spoke.

But Farmer Brown’s boy didn’t see that twinkle. His face grew red. A hot anger filled his heart. He was indignant. He was very indignant to think that his father should ever hint at such a thing. But he didn’t forget to be respectful.

“No, sir!” said he. “I wouldn’t shoot one of them for anything in the world! They don’t owe us anything. We owe them. If it hadn’t been for them, we wouldn’t have had half a crop of wheat, and our garden would have been just as poor as those of our neighbors. I’m not going to shoot ‘em, and I’m not going to let any one else shoot ‘em if I can help it; so there!”

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 15)*

## STORY 1151. October 16, 1915

### Farmer Brown’s Boy Talks Things Over

There’s nothing to compare with  
In earth or sea or up above.

If love prevailed everywhere there would be no terrible wars, no prisons, no dreadful poverty, no bitter quarrels between those who work and those for whom they work. And on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest there would be no fear of man and no frightful suffering from traps and terrible guns. Love, that wonderful great thing which is contained in one little word of four letters, could and would bring joy and happiness to every heart for all time if only we would give it a chance.

---

It was love in the heart of Farmer Brown’s boy which made him indignant when

<sup>25</sup> Bobwhite quail only whistle their trademark song during breeding season, though they still sing a different “covey song” in the fall. The book version of these stories downplays the role of the “bob-white” call.



Farmer Brown hinted that he might take his gun and shoot Bob White and his family. You see, he had made friends with the Bob Whites and learned to love them, and no one can bear the thought of hurting those they love. He had replied to his father respectfully, but his face had flushed red and in his voice, there had been the ring of indignation, which is a certain kind of anger. Farmer Brown actually chuckled when he heard it. Then he turned and held out his big hand.

“Shake hands, son,” said he. “I was just trying you out to see what you would say. You know you used to be very fond of hunting, and I was just wondering if your love of killing, or trying to kill, was stronger than your sense of right and justice. Now I know that it isn’t, and I’m ever so glad. So you think the Bob Whites have earned our protection?”

Farmer Brown’s boy’s face flushed again, but this time it was with pleasure.

“Oh, Dad, I’m so glad you don’t want them killed to eat!” he cried. “I ought to have known that you were just testing me. I did like to hunt with my gun once, but that was when I didn’t know as much as I do now. It was exciting to try to find the birds and then see if I could hit them. I just thought of them as wild things good to eat and so smart that I had to be a little bit smarter to get them. I never thought of them as having any feelings. But now I know that they love, and fear, and suffer pain, and work, and play, and are glad and sad, just like people. I know because I’ve watched them. So I don’t want to hurt them or allow them to be hurt any more than I would real people. Why I love ‘em! I wouldn’t have anything happen to them for the world. I’m dreadfully afraid something will happen to some of them when the hunting season begins. Can’t we do anything for them?”

“We can put up some signs warning all hunters to keep off of our farm and forbidding all shooting,” replied Farmer Brown. “Then if Bob White and his family are smart enough to stay on our land, I guess they will be safe, but if they go on the land of other people, they are likely to be shot unless—” he paused.

“Unless I can get other people who own land near us to put up signs and keep the hunters off and promise not to shoot the Bob Whites themselves!” exclaimed Farmer Brown’s boy eagerly.

Farmer Brown smiled. “Exactly, my son,” said he. “It is your chance to get even; to do something for the little friends who have done so much for you. Tomorrow is Saturday, and there will be no school. You may have all day in which to see what you can do with the neighbors to save Bob White and his family from the hunters. Listen! There is Bob whistling now. He would be a blessing if for nothing but his message of good cheer. But added to the cheer he puts into the world is the daily help he gives. The man who kills Bob White kills one of our best friends and helpers, and his shot hurts us more than it does poor little Bob. Now let’s go over to the barn and see about making those signs.”

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 16.)*



## Farmer Brown's Boy Warns Bob White<sup>26</sup>

Gentle thoughts and kindly deeds  
Sprout and grow like precious seeds,  
Plant and tend them day by day;  
Soon they'll beautify the way.

It was too bad that Bob White couldn't understand Farmer Brown's boy. It certainly was too bad. If he could have understood he might have been saved a lot of worry and fright. But he couldn't because Farmer Brown's boy couldn't speak his language and he couldn't speak the language of Farmer Brown's boy. Did you ever think what an important thing language is. By means of it we make each other understand our thoughts. I am sure that if we could understand the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, they never would have to fear terrible guns and traps.

Farmer Brown's boy did his best to make Bob White understand. He talked to Bob just as if Bob could understand, and Bob sat on a fencepost and listened with his head cocked on one side and his bright eyes fixed on Farmer Brown's boy as if he were trying very hard to understand.

"You see, Bob," said Farmer Brown's boy, "beginning tomorrow and for a whole month you and your family will be in great danger. Of course you don't know what law is. It is a rule made by those to whom we have given the power to make rules and we human folks must obey these rules which we call laws. Now there is a law which forbids us to hunt or harm you during 11 months of the year, but for one month it will allow whoever wants to take a terrible gun and try to kill you. The law protects you all through the time you are working so hard to help us and then repays you by letting anyone who wants to try to kill you. Did you ever hear of anything more cruel and unjust?"

"Bob White! Bob White!" whistled the little brown bird on the fence-post quite as if he understood though of course he didn't.

"Those lawmakers haven't got plain ordinary common sense," continued Farmer Brown's boy. "They spend great sums of money to help us farmers fight the bugs that would destroy our crops and then turn right around and let people who don't know anything about farming kill you little feathered people who do a thousand times more to kill the bugs and worms than their big sums of money do, or ever can do. It's just as if I milked old Bossy and then turned around and kicked the pail over and spilled all the milk. Did you ever hear of anything so stupid? And it's so cruel besides. When I'm a man I'm going to do something to have this stupid cruel law changed.

"But that isn't going to help you now. Now this is what I've come out here to tell you. As long as you stay on our farm you will be safe. Do you see those signs? They

<sup>26</sup> This story, the most explicitly political story in this series, was not included in the book.

forbid anybody to hunt on this farm. I've been around to all the neighbors and asked them to put up signs too, and some of them have. But old Jones over there can't see beyond his nose. No, sir, he can't. He says hunters will pay him to be allowed to hunt on his farm and he wants the money. I just couldn't make him see that if he would protect you his crops would be so much more money than the little those hunters will pay him. Now you take my advice and don't go over on his farm, or allow any of your family to go there, for a whole month. Better still, stay right on this farm because I am going to see that no one, sneaks on to it with a gun."

"Bob White! Bob White!" replied Bob cheerily, quite as if he understood. But he didn't, and that was a pity<sup>27</sup>.

## STORY 1153. October 19, 1915

### A Beautiful Day Made Dreadful

A pity 'tis, aye, 'tis a shame  
That rests on all mankind,  
That human beings in cruelty  
Can sport and pleasure find.

There never was a more beautiful day than that crisp October one. It was one of those days when you just feel all over how good it is to be alive. Bob White felt it. He tingled all over with the joy of living just as soon as he opened his eyes very early that morning. He whistled for very joy. He loved all the Great World, and he felt that all the Great World loved him. He just had to whistle to tell the Great World so. The very sound of that whistle made all who heard it feel glad. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind, tumbling out of the big bag in which she had brought them down from the Purple Hills to play all day long on the Green Meadows, danced over to tell him so.

It made Peter Rabbit, sitting in the dear Old Brier Patch, feel glad. It made Sammy Jay feel glad, so glad that he tried to whistle, too. And it made a certain man tramping along the road toward the home of Farmer Jones feel glad, but his gladness was of a different sort. "I guess we are going to have some sport, old fellow," said he to the dog trotting at his heels, and shifted a terrible gun from one shoulder to the other.

Now if Bob White had understood the warning given him by Farmer Brown's boy he never, never would have done what he did do. But he didn't understand that warning, and so when he took it into his pretty little head that he wanted to try his wings, he led his family straight over to the land of Farmer Jones. He often had been there before and he saw no reason why he shouldn't go there as often as he pleased. No harm had come from these previous visits. So straight over to the stubble of Farmer Jones' wheat field he led the way, and soon he and his family were very busy picking up scattered grains of wheat and were happy as you or I would be over a good breakfast.

---

<sup>27</sup> The bobwhite was one of the birds targeted for protection in Burgess's Green Meadow Bird Sanctuary campaign in the *People's Home Journal*, starting in 1917.

Right in the midst of it Bob's quick ears heard footsteps. He stretched his neck to peep over the stubble, and suddenly all the gladness and brightness of the day was blotted out. What he saw was a dog with his nose to the ground and he was following the scent that one of Bob's children made as he ran about picking up wheat. Suddenly the dog stopped and stood perfectly still, with one foreleg and nose pointing straight at a certain spot. Bob knew that right at that spot one of his children was squatting close to the ground. As still as a statue stood the dog. From behind him came a man walking slowly and carefully and with a terrible gun held in readiness. When he reached the dog, he sent him on. There was nothing for the Bob White squatting there to do but fly. Up into the air he shot on swift wings.

"Bang!" went the terrible gun, and down dropped that little brown bird. At the sound of the terrible gun up jumped all the rest of Bob White's children in terrible fright, for never before had they heard such a dreadful noise. "Bang!" went the gun again, but this time only a few brown feathers floated to the ground. Bob and Mrs. Bob waited until after the second bang before they too took to the air, for they had had experience and knew that after the second bang they were likely to be safe for a while.

The Bob Whites had scattered in all directions as they had been taught to do when in danger. Bob flew straight over to Farmer Brown's wheat field, and there presently he began to call. One after another of his family answered, all but the one who had fallen at the first shot.

"Got one, anyway," said the hunter, as he loaded his terrible gun, and actually looked happy as he went over to help his dog hunt for the Bob White who had fallen at the first terrible bang.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 17.)*

## STORY 1154. October 20, 1915

### The Disappointed Hunter

It never does to count upon  
A thing until you're sure.  
It's often less than you expect,  
But very seldom more.

The hunter who had shot one of the birds gleefully went forward to pick up the poor little brown bird. He was having what he called sport. It never entered his head to think of how the Bob Whites must feel. He probably didn't think that they had any feelings. He was pleased that he had made a successful shot, and he was pleased to think that he was to have that little brown bird to eat, though of course he didn't need it the least bit in the world, having plenty of other things to eat.

But when he reached the place where he had seen the little Bob White fall, there was no little brown bird there. No, sir, there was not a sign of that little bird save a few feathers. You see, he hadn't killed the little Bob White as he had supposed, but had broken a wing so that it could not fly. But there was nothing the matter with its legs,

Illustrations. October 11 to October 16, 1915.



**1146. Peter Rabbit Becomes a False Hero**  
 "I've got to do it," said he. "I've got to tell."



**1147. Why Peter Didn't Tell**  
 "What's that you've got to tell?" he asked.



**1148. Farmer Brown's Boy Becomes Thoughtful**  
 He was eating those striped beetles which Farmer Brown's Boy had fought so long and had come to hate.



**1149. A Little Lesson in Arithmetic**  
 "No wonder I've got a good garden when those fellows are at work in it!" he exclaimed.



**1150. Farmer Brown's Boy Grows Indignant**  
 Farmer Brown's Boy noticed that Bob White and his family spent a great deal of time in the wheat field.



**1151. Farmer Brown's Boy Talks Things Over**  
 Farmer Brown actually chuckled when he heard it.

and no sooner had it hit the ground than it had run as fast as ever it could through the stubble. So the little Bob White wasn't where the hunter was looking for it at all.

Of course his dog helped him hunt, and with that wonderful nose of his he soon found the scent of that little Bob White and eagerly followed it. It just happened that in that field near where the little Bob White fell was an old home of Johnny Chuck's, and all around the entrance to it the sand had been spread out. Now sand does not hold scent. The little Bob White knew nothing about that, for he had not lived long enough to learn all that a Bob White has to learn, but he did see the open doorway. Across the yellow sand he ran and into the doorway and just a little way down the hall, where he hid under some dry, brown leaves which had blown in there. He was almost the color of them himself as he squatted close to the ground and drew his feathers as close to his body as possible. In doing this he was doing a very wise thing, though he didn't know it at the time. You see his feathers drawn tightly against his body that way prevented the scent which might have told the keen nose of that dog where he was.

As it was, the dog lost the scent at the edge of the sand, and neither he nor the hunter once thought to look in that old hole. So while they hunted and hunted, the little Bob White squatted perfectly still, though his broken wing hurt him dreadfully, and the ache of it made his eyes fill with tears. At last the hunter gave up the search. He was too impatient to kill more.

"Must be I just wounded him," said he, without one thought of how dreadful it must be to be wounded. "Probably a fox will get him. Bet I kill the next one!"

With that he sent his dog on to try to find the little Bob White's brothers and sisters, his terrible gun held ready to shoot the instant he should see one of them. He was having great sport, was that hunter, while in the hall of Johnny Chuck's old house lay a little brown Bob White faint with suffering and dreadful fright.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 18)*

## STORY 1155. October 21, 1915

### Frightened, Wounded and Alone

Oh, cruel is the thoughtless deed  
That wounds another without need.

Squatting under the brown dead leaves which had blown into the doorway of the old house made long ago in the wheat field of Farmer Jones by Johnny Chuck was that poor little Bob White. Tears filled his eyes, tears of fright and pain. He tried to wink them back and to think what he should do next, but he was too bewildered to think. To be bewildered is to be so upset that you cannot understand what has happened or is happening. It was just so with this little Bob White.

With his brothers and sisters, he had been happily picking up his breakfast that beautiful October morning. Without the least warning a great dog had threatened to catch him, and he had taken to his swift, strong, little wings. As he did so he had seen

a great two-legged creature pointing a stick at him, but he had not feared. All summer long he had seen two-legged creatures like this one, and they had not harmed him. Indeed, he had come to look on them as his friends, for had not Farmer Brown's boy watched him and his brothers and sisters day after day, and not once offered even to frighten them? So he had no fear of this one.

Then from the end of that stick pointed at him had leaped fire and smoke, and there had been a terrible noise. Something had struck him, something that stung, and burned and tore his tender flesh, and one of his swift, strong, little wings had become useless, so that he fell heavily to the ground. Then he had run swiftly until he found this hiding place, and, with his little heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat with terror, had squatted close under the friendly brown leaves while the great dog and the two-legged creature had looked for him. Now they had given him up and gone away. At least, he could not hear them.

What did it all mean? Why had this dreadful thing happened to him? What had he done that the two-legged creature should try to kill him with the terrible fire stick? Outside the day was as beautiful as ever, but all the joy of it was gone. Instead, it was filled with terror. What should he do now? What COULD he do? Where were his father and mother and brothers and sisters? Were such dreadful things happening to them as had happened to him? Would he ever see them again?

Presently he heard a far-away whistle, a sad, anxious whistle. It was the whistle of his father, Bob White. He was calling his family together. Then he heard answering whistles, and he knew that the others were safe and would soon join Bob White. But he did not dare answer himself. He crawled to the doorway and peeped out. He could see the great dog and the cruel two-legged creature with the terrible fire-stick far away on the other side of the field. He tried to leap into the air and fly as he had been used to doing, but only flopped helplessly. One wing was useless and dragged on the ground. It hurt so that the pain made him faint.

He closed his eyes and lay still for a few minutes, panting. Then a new thought filled him with another terrible fear. If Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Redtail the Hawk should happen along, how could he escape without the use of his wings? If only he were not alone! If only he could reach his father and mother perhaps they could help him. He struggled to his feet and began to walk towards that distant whistle. It was slow work. He was weak and faint, and the drooping wing dragged through the stiff stubble and hurt so that it seemed as if he could not stand it. Often he squatted down and panted with weariness and pain and fright. Then he would go on again. He was terribly thirsty, but there was no water to drink. So at last he crawled under a fence, and then suddenly, right in front of him, was one of those two-legged creatures! Right then and there the little Bob White gave up all hope.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 19.)*

STORY 1156. October 22, 1915

Farmer Brown's Boy Speaks His Mind



You cannot always surely tell  
If things be ill or things be well.

When the poor suffering, wounded little Bob White crawled under the fence he didn't know it, but he had crawled on to the land of Farmer Brown, where a sign warned all hunters to keep off—that no shooting would be allowed there. And when he looked up and saw right in front of him one of those two-legged creatures like the one with the terrible fire-stick, and at once had given up all hope, he had been too sick at heart and suffering too much to recognize Farmer Brown's boy.

But that is just who it was. You see, Farmer Brown's boy had been so anxious for fear that some hunter would come over on his father's land in spite of the signs, that he had gone down on the Green Meadows just as soon as he had eaten his breakfast. He had seen the hunter on the land of Farmer Jones and had heard him shoot. With all his heart Farmer Brown's boy had hoped that the hunter had missed. Now as he looked down and saw the poor little suffering bird he knew that the hunter had not missed, and fierce anger swelled his heart. He quite forgot that he himself used to hunt with a terrible gun before he had learned to know and to love the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. He stooped and very tenderly lifted the little Bob White, who closed his eyes and was sure that now all would soon be over.

"You poor little thing! You poor, poor little thing!" said Farmer Brown's boy as he looked at the torn and broken wing. Then he looked across at the hunter and scowled savagely. Just then the hunter saw him and at once started towards him. You see, the hunter thought that perhaps if he offered Farmer Brown's boy money, he would allow him to hunt on Farmer Brown's land. He knew that was where Bob White and all his family had flown to. When he reached the fence, he saw the little Bob White in the hands of Farmer Brown's boy.

"Hello!" exclaimed the hunter in surprise, "I guess that's my bird!"

"I guess it's nothing of the sort!" retorted Farmer Brown's boy.

"Oh, yes, it is," replied the hunter. "I shot it a little while ago, but it got away from me. I'll thank you to hand it over to me, young man."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Farmer Brown's boy. "It may be the bird you shot, more shame to you, but it isn't yours; it's mine. I found it on our land, and it belongs to me if it belongs to any one."

Now the hunter was tempted to reply sharply, but remembering that he wanted to get this boy's permission to hunt on Farmer Brown's land, he bit the angry reply off short and said instead, "Why don't you wring its neck? If you'll get your father to let me shoot on your land, I'll kill another for you, and then you will have a fine dinner."

Farmer Brown's boy grew red in the face. "Don't you dare put your foot on this side of the fence!" he cried. "I'd have you to know that these Bob Whites are my very best friends. They've worked for me all summer long, and do you suppose I'm going to let any harm come to them now if I can help it? Not much! Look how this poor little thing is suffering. And you call it sport. Bah! The law lets you hunt them, but it's a bad



law. If they did any harm it would be different. But instead of doing harm they work for us all summer long, and then when the crops which they have helped us save are harvested, we turn around and allow them to be shot! But they can't be shot on this land, and the sooner you get away the better I'll like it."

Instead of getting angry the hunter laughed good-naturedly. "All right, I'll keep off your land, sonny," said he. "But you needn't get so excited. They're only birds, and were made to be shot."

"No more than you were!" retorted Farmer Brown's boy. "And they've got feelings just as you have. This poor little thing is trembling like a leaf in my hand. I'm not going to wring its neck. I'm going to try to cure it." With this Farmer Brown's boy turned his back on the hunter and started for home. And the poor little Bob White, not understanding, had no more hope than before.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 20)*

## STORY 1157. October 23, 1915

### What Happened to the Little Bob White

With his eyes tightly closed because of the terror in his heart, the little Bob White was being carried by Farmer Brown's boy. Very tender was the way in which he was handled, and after a while he began to take a little comfort in the warmth of the hand which held him. Once in a while Farmer Brown's boy would gently smooth the feathers of the little head and say, "Poor little chap."

Straight home went Farmer Brown's boy. Very, very gently he bathed the wounds of the little Bob White. Then, as gently as he could, he put the broken bones of the wing back in place and bound them there with little strips of thin wood to keep them from slipping. It hurt dreadfully, and the little Bob White didn't know what it all meant. But he had suffered so much already that a little more suffering didn't matter much and he bravely winked back the tears and he didn't so much as peep.

When it was all over, he was put into a box with a bed of soft clean hay, a little dish of water which he could reach by just stretching out his head, and a handful of wheat, and then he was left alone. He was too sick and weary to want to do anything but squat down in that bed of hay and rest. He was still afraid of what might happen to him, but it was not such a great fear as before, for there had been something comforting in the gentle touch of Farmer Brown's boy. He didn't understand at all what those strange wrappings about his body meant, but a lot of the ache and pain had gone from the broken wing, and perhaps they had something to do with this.

So gratefully he drank of the water, for he had been burning with thirst, and then settled himself as comfortably as possible and in no time at all was asleep. Yes, sir, he was asleep! You see, he was so worn out with fright and pain that he couldn't keep his eyes open. Ever so many times during the day Farmer Brown's boy came to see how he was getting along, and was so very gentle and whistled to him so softly that his little heart no longer went pita-pat with fear.

The next morning the little Bob White felt so much better that he was up bright and early and had made a good breakfast of the wheat by the time Farmer Brown's boy came down stairs. But it seemed very queer not to be able to move his wings. He couldn't lift them even the teeniest, weeniest bit because, you see, Farmer Brown's boy had bound them to his sides with strips of cloth so that he couldn't even try to fly. This was so that that broken wing might get well and strong again.

Now of course the little Bob White had lived out of doors all his life, and Farmer Brown's boy knew that he never could be quite happy in the house. So he made a wire pen in the henyard, and in one end he made the nicest little shelter of pine boughs under which the little Bob White could hide. He put a little dish of clean water in the pen and scattered wheat on the ground, and then he put the little Bob White in there.

As soon as he was left quite alone the little Bob White ran all about to see what his new home was like. You see, there was nothing the matter with his legs.

"I can't get out," thought he, when he had been all around the pen, "but neither can anyone get in, so I am safe and that is something to be thankful for. This two-legged creature is not at all like the one with the terrible fire-stick, and I am beginning to like him. I haven't got to fear Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Redtail the Hawk. I guess that really I am a lot better off than if I were out on the Green Meadows, unable to fly. Perhaps, when my wing gets well, I will be allowed to go. I wonder where my father and mother and brothers and sisters are and if any of them were hurt by that terrible fire-stick."

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 21)*

## STORY 1158. October 25, 1915

### Bob White and Mrs. Bob Count Noses<sup>28</sup>

One, two, three, four—  
See, there come a couple more!  
Five, six, seven, eight—  
Hurry! hurry! you are late!

When Bob White and Mrs. Bob flew over to Farmer Brown's land after the terrible gun of the hunter had banged twice on the land of Farmer Jones where they and their children had been getting their breakfast their hearts were heavy. You see, they knew what those terrible bangs meant, but they knew that their children did not. And so a terrible fear clutched at their hearts, fear that never again were they to all gather together happily.

"The terrible hunting season has begun," moaned Mrs. Bob, "and my darlings do not know how terrible is the danger. Oh, Bob, do you suppose that some of them have been killed already?"

"I hope not," replied Bob. "Perhaps that hunter could not shoot straight. You know, my dear, we have been shot at many times and not hit." Bob said this to make Mrs. Bob

28 This and the next four stories were not included in *The Adventures of Bob White*.

feel better, but in his own heart he had little hope. You know, he had been watching and had seen one of the young Bob Whites fall at the first bang of that terrible gun. "I think we are safe here for the present," he continued, "and I will call the children to us."

So Bob began to whistle, not the cheery "Bob White! Bob White!" which is a message of gladness to all who hear it, but what the hunters call the scatter call, an anxious note calling his scattered family together. One by one the young Bob Whites answered and the answers came from many directions. Bob continued to call that they might know just where he was, and presently the youngsters began to arrive, very much frightened and not at all understanding what it all meant. Bob and Mrs. Bob anxiously counted noses. Perhaps I should say they counted bills. Fourteen they counted and then counted all over again. But 14 was all they could make, and then they knew that one was missing. Bob's heart sank. One was surely missing, and remembering how he had seen that one struck down in the air he had little doubt that they never would see him again. Still he would not give up hope and all that long morning he continued to call without once getting a single reply.

Peter Rabbit, sitting in the dear Old Brier Patch, had heard that distant bang! bang! of the terrible gun and later had listened to Bob calling. As a deeper and deeper note of sadness crept into Bob's whistle Peter knew that something dreadful had happened and his own heart grew sad, for Peter is very sympathetic.

"Something has happened to one or more of Bob White's family," said he to timid little Mrs. Peter. "The hunting season has begun again. Bob ought to bring his family over here to the dear Old Brier Patch. It is the only safe place I know of."

Meanwhile little Mrs. Bob had been going about from one to another of her children anxiously inquiring if any of them had been hurt. One she found who had lost a few feathers at that second bang of the terrible gun, and this one felt rather sick, for hot, stinging shot had torn the tender flesh. But he was not badly hurt, and Mrs. Bob told him that he would soon be feeling all right again.

"Now," said she, "we will stay right where we are while your father keeps watch. If that hunter comes over here fly straight to the Old Brier Patch where Peter Rabbit lives and crawl under the thickest brambles you can find. That dog cannot find you there, for he thinks too much of his precious skin to have it torn by the brambles. You have learned how to meet all other dangers, but this is the greatest danger of all. Whenever you see a man with a gun lie perfectly still. If he finds you, fly as swiftly and as far as you can, each in a different direction and wait until you hear your father call. This is the one dreadful time of all the year for us. It is DREADFUL. I never could and never can understand it."

## STORY 1159. October 26, 1915.

### The Wisdom of Bob White

Wisdom is the knowledge gained  
And then to daily life applied.

He wisest is who learneth most  
And from the truth ne'er turns aside.

Peter Rabbit never is accounted very wise and probably never will be. This is because Peter is very apt to forget what he has once learned. He is heedless, and heedlessness and wisdom never go together. Now Bob White is different. There is a great deal of wisdom in that pretty little head of his. He doesn't need to learn a thing but once.

"One lesson is enough for me," says Bob. "Life is too short to spend time learning the same thing over again. No one will get a chance to shoot at me more than once if I can help it."

So as soon as he had made sure that all his children but the one whom he had seen fall when the hunter fired his terrible gun were safe, he called them about him to give them some advice.

"You all heard the terrible noise over there in the wheat field where we were getting our breakfast, and I have no doubt that every one of you are dreadfully frightened. One of you was hurt and I fear that your missing brother was killed." Bob's voice was very sad as he said this, and little Mrs. Bob's eyes filled with tears. "That noise was made by a firestick, called a gun, in the hands of one of those two-legged creatures called men. He was trying to kill us, though why he should I haven't the least idea. It is a kind of madness that breaks out among men at this time of year and lasts for a few weeks. Not all men have it, I am thankful to say, but enough have it to make this danger of the firesticks greater than all other dangers together. You see the firestick, which is called a gun, kills while yet a long way off. So remember that whenever you see a man with a gun you must on no account let him know where you are. Hide and keep perfectly still as I have already told you to do. If he does find you and you get safely away as you did this morning, never go back to the place where he found you until this season of madness is over. No matter how hungry you are and how plentiful the food may be there, don't go. He is sure to come back again and again to look for you. It is better to suffer hunger than to suffer from torn flesh and broken bones, or perhaps be killed.

"Now that hunter found us over in that wheat field this morning, so we will not go over there again for many weeks. We will stay right in this field where we are unless a hunter comes here. If one does, we will fly to the Old Pasture, where the bushes are thick. The food is not so good there, but the bushes will protect us from the terrible gun. On no account go over to that other field or like your poor lost brother you may never return again. In this terrible season when you have found a safe place stay in it. Why that hunter has not come over here I don't know, but he hasn't and so we are safe here for the present. I saw that boy of whom we saw so much in the garden this Summer over here this morning and he had no terrible gun. I begin to think that he is really our friend and has not got the hunting madness. Perhaps he has had something to do with keeping that hunter away from here. I hope so. I rather like him and I should hate dreadfully to see him with the hunting madness, especially after all we did for him in his garden this Summer. I would like to trust him, but I have learned that few

of those men creatures are to be trusted at this time of the year. Now run along and fill your stomachs, but don't go beyond that fence. I am going to whistle some more so that in case your poor brother is still alive he may find us."

So the young Bob Whites scattered to hunt their delayed breakfast and once more Bob White began to call.

## STORY 1160. October 27, 1915

### Bob White Has a Thrill

Do you know what a thrill is? It is an unexpected feeling that makes you tingle all over. There are different kinds of thrills, some very nice, and some not nice at all. There are thrills of joy and gladness. There are thrills of fear. There are thrills of excitement. When you hear the clang of the fire engine as it rushes down the street don't you just shiver all over with excitement? Those delicious little shivers are thrills.

When Bob White heard the bang! bang! of the hunter's terrible gun that morning when one of his children was shot, he felt a sudden thrill, but it was a thrill of fear. All the other Bob Whites felt the same kind of a thrill. Peter Rabbit knows all about such thrills. So does Danny Meadow Mouse. They have had them when they have had narrow escapes from Reddy Fox and Hooty the Owl and Old Man Coyote and Redtail the Hawk. Such thrills are very unpleasant and no one wants them. But thrills of joy and gladness are among the most beautiful things in life.

Bob White and Mrs. Bob had given up all hope of ever seeing again their baby, who had been shot by the hunter. They always spoke of him as a baby, although he was quite as big as his mother. It is a way that mothers and fathers have. For a whole day Bob had called and called without ever getting a reply. So they felt sure that he had been killed, and because they didn't want their sadness to make the others sad, they tried to be as cheerful as of old. Every morning Bob White whistled from a fence post on the edge of Farmer Brown's wheat field. It was clear, sweet and far reaching, was that whistle, carrying a message of cheer to all the world.

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob—Bob White!" he called, and the green meadows and green forests rejoiced to hear him.

It was 10 days after that dreadful day when the hunter found Bob White's family and shot one. Bob White was whistling his early morning greeting to the great world as usual. Suddenly he nearly lost his balance and he quite lost his breath so that he broke a whistle right short off in the middle. His keen ears had caught a sound that sent a thrill all over him, a thrill of great joy and gladness. It was so unexpected that he couldn't believe it at first. He thought he must have been mistaken. So he listened with his head cocked on one side and as he listened he shook all over with excitement.

Mrs. Bob had noticed how he had cut that whistle short and she came hurrying over to find out what it meant.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously. "Have you discovered some new danger?"

Illustrations. October 18 to October 23, 1915.



**1152. Farmer Brown's Boy Warns Bob White**  
"Bob White! Bob White!" whistled the little brown bird on the fence post.



**1153. A Beautiful Day Made Dreadful**  
Suddenly the dog stopped and stood perfectly still.



**1154. The Disappointed Hunter**  
"Must be I just wounded him," said he.



**1155. Frightened, Wounded and Alone**  
The wing was useless and dragged on the ground.



**1156. Farmer Brown's Boy Speaks His Mind**  
"Hello!" exclaimed the hunter in surprise. "I guess that's my bird."



**1157. What happened to the Little Bob White**  
"I guess that really I am a lot better off then if I were out in the Green Meadows unable to fly."



“Be still, and listen with all your might,” commanded Bob. Then he drew a long breath and whistled with all his might, “Bob—Bob White!”

Almost like an echo there came from far away, faint but clear, an answer, “Bob White! Bob White!”

Mrs. Bob was so excited she flew right up beside Bob. “It’s our lost darling!” she cried. “I’d know his voice anywhere. He’s alive! He’s alive!”

And then Bob whistled as he never had whistled before, for his heart thrilled with joy, such joy as he could find no other way of expressing. Every one within hearing noticed it. Peter Rabbit, over in the dear Old Briar Patch, pricked up his ears.

My dear,” said he to little Mrs. Peter, “Bob White must have heard some glad news. I’m going right over to find out what it is. I never have heard him whistle like that before.”

## STORY 1161. October 28, 1915

### Love Makes Bob White Bold

So wonderful a thing is love,  
It overcometh even fear;  
It dares all things and gladly gives  
Up life itself for those held dear.

When Bob White so unexpectedly heard that far away whistle and knew that it was the whistle of one of his children, the one whom they had all given up as dead, supposing him to have been killed many days before by the hunter, his joy knew no bounds.

“You stay here to watch after the others while I go to find him,” said he to Mrs. Bob.

Mrs. Bob wanted to go, too, but she knew that it was best that only one should go. “Be very careful,” she begged.

Bob promised that he would, and spreading his wings started in the direction of that distant whistle. Every little while he stopped to whistle in return. At first, he thought that the whistle came from the Old Orchard and he headed straight for it. He had been there before and he had no great fear of it. The nearer he drew to the Old Orchard the louder grew the replies. “That is just where the scamp is,” thought Bob. “I wonder why he doesn’t come to meet me instead of calling for me to come to him.”

But when he reached the edge of the Old Orchard and stopped to whistle, he knew by the sound of the answering whistle that it came from beyond the Old Orchard. It came from right over close to Farmer Brown’s house. Bob began to look doubtful. He never had been over there. In fact, he did not think it at all safe for a Bob White to go over there. “Where are you?” he called. “Why don’t you come to meet me?”

“I’m over in the henyard and can’t come because I can’t fly and I couldn’t get out



if I could. You'll have to come to me," was the reply.

"Now what under the shining sun is a henyard and why can't he run if he can't fly?" muttered Bob. "There is something queer about this. I don't like it. This is the hunting season, and it is dangerous enough for us out on the Green Meadows. I'm afraid to go any nearer to the place where men live. I don't know what terrible dangers there may be there."

"Bob White! Bob White!" came the call. It sounded both anxious and hopeful.

"He's in trouble of some kind and he needs me," thought Bob. "I don't care how dangerous it may be, I'm going. I've got to. I just can't help it."

"Coming!" he whistled cheerfully, though to tell the truth he didn't feel cheerful a bit, but very, very much afraid.

He flew up in an apple tree where he could look over to Farmer Brown's dooryard. He could see Farmer Brown's house, and the big barn, and the corn crib, and a little house, which, though he didn't know it, was a henhouse. It was from near this that that plaintive whistle seemed to come. Close by this little house was a tall tree. Bob looked this way and that way for danger. On the doorstep of Farmer Brown's house, he saw Black Pussy washing her face. Over in front of a very small house he saw Bowser the Hound taking a nap. He wasn't afraid of them. Nowhere could he see any other danger. There were none of those two-legged creatures called men, for it happened that Farmer Brown and his boy were eating breakfast.

With another hasty look to make sure that the way was clear, Bob flew over to the tall tree near the little house, his heart beating high with hope and excitement.

## STORY 1162. October 29, 1915

### Bob White Sees Many Strange Things

Looking down from the tall tree close by Farmer Brown's henhouse, Bob White saw many strange things. At least they were strange to him. In the first place there were a great many big birds, something like Mrs. Grouse, only a great deal bigger, some brown, some white, some black and white, some speckled. They were in a yard made of that queer stuff that fences are often made of—wire. Some of them seemed to want to get out and Bob couldn't understand why they didn't fly out. He thought them very stupid. Some were walking in or out of the house, and that seemed queer to Bob, who never had been in any kind of a house in all his life.

One or two inside the house were making a great fuss about something, crying "Cut, cut, cut, ca-da-cut!" over and over again. Bob thought them very noisy creatures. If he had known that they were making all that noise because they had laid some eggs he would have thought them sillier than he did. No bird in her senses on the Green Meadows, or in the Green Forest, would ever even hint that she had laid an egg. Such things are not told there. It isn't safe, and a bird who did tell would be thought crazy.

But the strangest thing Bob looked down on was—guess what! It was a little

brown bird who looked just like himself only different. It was his lost darling, the one whom he had last seen falling to the ground after the bang of the hunter's terrible gun, and whom he had thought killed. Bob knew him right away. Of course. And yet he looked strangely different. This was because there were strips of cloth bound around his body to keep that broken wing in place so that it could and would mend. Of course, Bob had never seen anything like that before and he didn't know just what to make of it.

But he didn't waste any time thinking about it. With a glad cry he flew down into the henyard. Then he discovered why his lost baby (he wasn't a baby any longer, but Bob thought of him as such) hadn't come to him instead of calling him way over there. He hadn't come because he couldn't. He was a prisoner in a wire pen. There was a wire over the top as well as around the sides. The little Bob White couldn't get out. Neither could Bob get in. Yes, sir, that little Bob White was a prisoner.

At first Bob thought this terrible, but there is a great deal of shrewdness and wisdom in that handsome little head of his, and after he had been told of the things that had happened to the little Bob White—how he had been picked up by Farmer Brown's boy and tenderly cared for, and given plenty of food and water—he began to understand that being a prisoner probably had saved the young Bob's life. He couldn't get out of his prison, but neither could Reddy Fox, or Redtail the Hawk, or any of his enemies get in. Outside of that pen and unable to fly he might have been caught by some of his enemies, but inside that pen he was perfectly safe. "Who did you say did this for you?" inquired Bob as they touched bills through the wire netting.

"The boy who watched us so much in the garden last Summer," was the reply. "Here he comes now. I wouldn't wonder if he is bringing me something nice to eat."

Bob White looked up hastily. There was Farmer Brown's boy just entering the henyard. Bob flew up to the top of the tall tree. He felt safe there, for his quick eyes had seen that there was no terrible gun. When he looked down what do you think he saw? Why, the young Bob White feeding from Farmer Brown's boy's hand!

## STORY 1163. October 30, 1915.

### A Joyous Day for the Bob Whites

Thrice blessed be the girl or boy  
Who fills another's heart with joy.

Bob White flew up in a tree in the Green Meadows where little Mrs. Bob was anxiously waiting for him, and his heart was light. Mrs. Bob was watching for him and flew to meet him. "It's all right!" cried Bob. "I found him over in Farmer Brown's henyard."

Of course, "him" meant the young Bob White who had been given up as killed.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Bob. "What is a henyard, and what is he doing there?"

"A henyard is a place where Farmer Brown keeps a lot of big foolish birds,"

explained Bob, “and little Bob is a prisoner there.”

“How dreadful!” cried Mrs. Bob. “If he’s a prisoner, how can you say it’s all right?”

“Because it is,” replied Bob. “He’s perfectly safe there, and he wouldn’t be if he were here with us. You see, he can’t fly. One of his wings was broken by the shot from that terrible gun. Farmer Brown’s boy found him and has been very kind to him. He fixed that wing so that I believe it is going to get quite as well as ever. You know quite as well as I do how much chance little Bob would have had over here with a broken wing. Reddy Fox or Redtail the Hawk or someone else would have been sure to get him sooner or later. But up there they can’t, because he is in a wire pen. He can’t get out, but neither can they get in, and so he is safe. He and Farmer Brown’s boy are great friends. With my own eyes I saw him feed from the hand of Farmer Brown’s boy. Do you know, I believe that boy is really and truly our friend and can be trusted.”

“That is what Peter Rabbit is always saying, but after all we’ve suffered from them, I can’t quite make up my mind that any of those great two-legged creatures are to be trusted,” said little Mrs. Bob. “I’ve got to see for myself.”

“You shall,” declared Bob. “Tomorrow morning you shall go up there and I’ll stay here to look after the rest of the youngsters. I am afraid if we left them alone some of them would be careless or foolish enough to go where the hunters with terrible guns would find them.”

So the next morning Mrs. Bob went up to visit young Bob, who was a prisoner in Farmer Brown’s henyard, and she saw all that Bob had seen the day before. She returned with a great load off her mind. She knew that Bob was right, and that Farmer Brown’s boy had proved himself a true friend from whom there was nothing to fear. The next day Bob and Mrs. Bob took the whole family up there, for Farmer Brown’s boy had scattered food for them just outside the henyard where the biddies could not get it, and Bob was smart enough to know that no hunter would dare look for them so close to Farmer Brown’s house. Morning after morning they went up there to get their breakfast, and they didn’t even fly when Farmer Brown’s boy and Farmer Brown himself came out to watch them eat.

Then one morning a wonderful thing happened. Farmer Brown’s boy took young Bob out of his pen in the henyard. Young Bob looked quite himself by this time, for the strips of cloth which had bound his broken wing in place had been taken off, and his wing was as good as ever. Farmer Brown’s boy took him outside the henyard and gently put him down on the ground.

“There you are! Now go and join your family and in the future keep out of the way of hunters,” said he, and laughed to see young Bob scamper over to join his brothers and sisters.

Such a fuss as they made over him! Suddenly Bob White flew up to the top of a post, threw back his head and whistled with all his might, “Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!” You see, he just had to tell all the Great World of the joy in his heart<sup>29</sup>.

29 The book version adds, “although this was not the time of year in which he usually

After that the Bob Whites flew back to the Green Meadows, young Bob with them, and all day long they whistled from sheer happiness.

And this is how it happened that Bob White and his whole family came regularly to Farmer Brown's for their breakfasts, and no hunter ever had another chance to carry fright and suffering and sorrow into their midst.

*(The Adventures of Bob White, Chapter 22. )*

## STORY 1164. November 1, 1915

### The Red Terror

There's a servant of man who if kept within bounds  
Is all we can ask that a servant should be,  
But once let him loose and give him his way  
A roaring red terror and frightful is he.

Peter Rabbit was uneasy. He didn't know just why, but he was. There was something in the air that made him so. He went to the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch and looked across the Green Meadows to the Green Forest. It looked just as it always did. He looked across the Green Meadows to the old Pasture.

"Ha!" exclaimed Peter, and sat up very straight that he might see better. Way off over the Old Pasture was a strange little cloud. "That's queer," said Peter, and looked all around in the blue, blue sky, but not another cloud was to be seen.

"What's queer?" asked Mrs. Peter, coming out to see what Peter was looking at.

"That cloud," replied Peter. "It's growing bigger and bigger, and it seems to be going up from the ground to the sky instead of coming from the sky down to the ground the way clouds usually do. I don't like the looks of it, either. It doesn't look as a cloud ought to look."

Little Mrs. Peter was working her wobbly little nose up and down. "What's that queer smell, Peter? I don't like it. It gives me a funny afraid kind of feeling," said she.

Peter worked his wobbly little nose up and down and sniffed. He caught the queer smell, and it gave him a still more uneasy feeling. "It smells like the smoke that comes out of the chimney of Farmer Brown's house," said he, "but what would smoke be doing up there in the Old Pasture. See, there are Farmer Brown and his boy running toward the Old Pasture, and they've got shovels with them."

Just then little Mrs. Peter cried, "Look, look, Peter! See those little red things jumping up and down near the bottom of that cloud! See how pretty they are!"

Peter looked, and all in a second he knew what it all meant. He shivered, and it was not because he was cold. "Oh, Fuzzy," he cried. "I know what it is. It is the Red Terror! It is the fire that man makes and uses, but which is the most terrible thing in the world if it gets away from him. Those red things you see are not pretty at all. They are whistles."

---

terrible! They eat up everything in their way and leave the ground all black and hot. That is what they are doing up there in the Old Pasture now, and they are making that ugly cloud. It is smoke. Oh, I do hope the Red Terror will not come down on the Green Meadows or over in the Green Forest! Water is the only thing the Red Terror fears. When things are wet it cannot eat them. But everything is dry now. You know it hasn't rained for ever so long. If the Red Terror gets down here, we will have to run for our lives."

"Wouldn't the dear Old Brier Patch be safe then?" asked little Peter, her eyes wide with fright.

"No," replied Peter. "The Red Terror would eat up every bush and bramble in it and us, too, if we stayed here. If it comes, there is only one place for us to go to, and that is the Smiling Pool. There we will be safe, for water kills fire."

Just then little Mrs. Peter remembered something and her eyes grew round with horror. "Peter," she whispered. "What do you suppose those who live in the Old Pasture are doing. What do you suppose my father, Old Jed Thumper, is doing? Do you suppose the Red Terror will catch him?"

## STORY 1165. November 2, 1915

### Peter and Mrs. Peter See a Strange Sight

The Red Terror, which, as you know, is fire, was sweeping over the Old Pasture. A careless hunter had dropped a lighted match there, and so set the Red Terror loose. Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter, watching with frightened hearts from the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch down on the Green Meadows, saw the great smoke cloud grow and grow and the little red flames leap and dance as they ate up everything in their way. The Green Meadows were not green now, for the grass was brown and dry. It had not rained for a long time. Peter knew something of the Red Terror. He knew that when things are wet the Red Terror is powerless and soon dies, but that when all is dry, as it now was, the Red Terror sweeps all before it.

What if it should reach the Green Meadows? Then they would have to run for their lives.

But tender-hearted little Mrs. Peter was thinking more of others just then. What of the little people living in the Old Pasture. What of Old Jed Thumper, the big gray rabbit who was her father? You know it was in the Old Pasture that Peter had found little Miss Fuzzytail and made her Mrs. Peter. What of Old Man Coyote, whose home was at in the Old Pasture? Much as little Mr. Peter feared Old Man Coyote, the couldn't bear to think of anything so terrible happening to him as being caught by the Red Terror. That was dreadful!

All in a flash Peter remembered something. "Why didn't I think of it before" he cried, kicking his heels together joyfully.

"What?" cried little Mrs. Peter.

“Why, we’re safe, Fuzzy! We’re perfectly safe right here in the dear Old Brier Patch,” replied Peter. “The Old Pasture is on the other side of the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook and even if the Red Terror does get on to the Green Meadows, it will have to stop when it reaches the water. Let’s go over to the Smiling Pool. We can see better there and it is perfectly safe.” Peter was so excited he couldn’t sit still.

Mrs. Peter, who is very timid, a very timid person indeed, was afraid to go, but when Peter declared he was going anyway, she was still more afraid to be left behind. So they hurried over to the bank of the Smiling Pool, and there they found many other little meadow and forest people, all very much excited and, if the truth be known, all very much afraid, for they could plainly see that the Red Terror was spreading all over the Old Pasture. Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow were up in the Big Hickory Tree. They could see better there. Suddenly Sammy began to scream even more excitedly than he had been screaming before.

Look! Look!” he cried, “Here comes Reddy Fox, and see who’s with him!” Everybody got up on tiptoes to look. Sure enough, down from the Old Pasture came Reddy Fox running as no one ever had seen him run before, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and right by his side was running someone else. At first Mrs. Peter could not make out who it was, but as they drew nearer her heart gave a great bound. It was Old Jed Thumper, the gray old rabbit who was her father! And he was running close to Reddy as if he feared him not at all.

“And here comes Old Man Coyote and Jumper the Hare!” screamed Sammy Jay.

It was true. There they came running side by side as if they were the very dearest of friends. It was a strange sight.

“I wouldn’t have believed it if I had been told and not seen it for myself,” declared Peter Rabbit as he watched the runners coming straight for the Smiling Pool.

## STORY 1166. November 3, 1915

### How Universal Fear Draws All Together

Uni-ver-sal means something which is possessed by everybody. When everybody is afraid, then fear is uni-ver-sal. And when a thing becomes uni-ver-sal it often happens that everything is changed. Thus, if quite suddenly love should become uni-ver-sal, this whole world would be changed. The terrible war on the other side of the ocean would end as suddenly as it began, for men do not seek to kill those whom they love<sup>30</sup>. A great many other wonderful and beautiful things would come to pass also. In the same way, when fear takes possession of all, many strange things happen.

Now there is one thing of which all little people of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Old Orchard, the Old Pasture, and the Great Woods are afraid, and not only the little people but the big people as well, even the strongest and fiercest. That one thing is fire, the Red Terror. The very smell of smoke, even from a little fire, makes them uneasy and awakens fear in their hearts. And when the Red Terror breaks away

---

30 See “Personal Letter” Number 8.



Illustrations. October 25 to October 30, 1915.



**1158. Bob White and Mrs. Bob Count Noses**  
“The terrible hunting season has begun,” warned Mrs. Bob.



**1159. The Wisdom of Bob White**  
“That noise was made by a fire-stick called a gun.”



**1160. Bob White Has a Thrill**  
Then he drew a long breath and whistled with all his might, “Bob White!”



**1161. Love Makes Bob White Bold**  
He could see Farmer Brown’s house, and the big barn, and the corn crib, and a little house.



**1162. Bob White Sees Many Strange Things**  
“Who did you say did this for you?” inquired Bob.



**1163. A Joyous Day for the Bob Whites**  
“How dreadful!” cried Mrs. Bob.



from the only one who can control it—man—and sweeps through the fields and the woods, there is not one but runs before it in fear.

Now you remember that Old Jed Thumper, the gray old rabbit who was the father of little Mrs. Peter, lived in the Old Pasture, and it was not far from his bramble castle that the Red Terror started that morning when the careless hunter dropped a lighted match. The smell of the smoke was the first warning Old Jed Thumper received. He sniffed and worked his wabby nose up and down uneasily. The smoke drifted in where he was and made him choke and gasp. Then he saw the Red Terror running toward his bramble castle, dancing among the dead dry leaves and leaping up in the bushes. Old Jed Thumper waited to see no more. He leaped forth from his castle. He ran without knowing where he was going. He didn't care, so long as he got away from the Red Terror. That was all he cared about just then.

As he ran some one leaped out of the bushes close beside him. Old Jed Thumper glanced at him. It was Reddy Fox—Reddy Fox, who had tried so often to catch him! But one look in Reddy's eyes told Old Jed Thumper that there was nothing to fear from him. Instead of the crafty, cruel, hungry look usually there Reddy's eyes were wide with just fear—fear of the Red Terror behind.

"We must get to the Smiling Pool in the Laughing Brook," he panted. "There, and only there, will we be safe. I was taking a nap up here when the smoke choked me. Listen! The Red Terror is beginning to roar."

It was true. The fire was beginning to roar as in great fury it devoured trees and bushes and sticks and leaves—everything in its path. The air grew hot and it was hard work to breathe.

"Isn't it awful?" panted Reddy. "You keep close to me, and I'll show you the shortest way to the Smiling Pool. There comes Old Man Coyote and Jumper the Hare. I guess, they are heading for the Smiling Pool, too."

And so it was that Old Jed Thumper and Jumper the Hare ran with Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote, for the Red Terror at their heels had drawn them together in a common fear. And so it was that Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow, watching from the bank of the Smiling Pool, shrieked to them at the top of their lungs, urging them to hurry. And so it was also that Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter and even little Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse hoped with all their hearts that Reddy and Old Man Coyote, as well as Old Jed Thumper and Jumper the Hare, would reach the Smiling Pool before the Red Terror should catch them.

So sometimes you'll find my dear.  
Good is wrought be common clay.

1167. November 4, 1915

## The Merry Little Breezes Do Their Best

No matter what may be the task

Do your best. "Tis all we ask.

It is all any one can ask. My best may not be as good as your best, but it is all I can offer, and it is all that can be asked of me. Now when the Red Terror swept through the Old Pasture there was nothing the little people who live there on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest could do to stop it. All they could do was to run or fly before it. Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy and some of their neighbors hastened to fight the fire as soon as they discovered it, but the Red Terror was too much for them. When they got it beaten in one place it broke forth in another.

"It's working toward the Green Forest," panted Farmer Brown as he beat the flames with his shovel, "and if it gets in there nothing but rain or a change of wind can stop it. There isn't much hope of rain, for there isn't a cloud in the sky. I am afraid we are going to lose the Green Forest this time." Now down on the Green Meadows, Old Mother West Wind had turned her children, the Merry Little Breezes, out of the big bag in which she had brought them down from the Purple Hills very early that morning, and had left them there while she went about her day's work. When they saw smoke rising in a great cloud from the Old Pasture they hurried over to the Smiling Pool, where the little forest and meadow people were gathering. They were not afraid of the Red Terror themselves, but they saw the fear in the eyes of all the other little people. They saw Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Old Jed Thumper and Jumper the Hare racing down from the Old Pasture together, as if they were the best of friends.

They saw them join the other little people huddled together on the bank of the Smiling Pool watching the Red Terror, and they saw that in the terrible fear of the Red Terror the littlest people no longer feared the bigger people, and the bigger people no longer desired to harm the littlest people. They saw Buster Bear peering anxiously from the edge of the Green Forest. They saw, too, that the Red Terror was working steadily toward the Green Forest in spite of all that Farmer Brown and his neighbors could do to stop it. They heard Whitefoot the Wood Mouse sob: "We won't have any place to live." You know Whitefoot lives in the Green Forest.

"O, dear, can't we do something?" cried one of the Merry Little Breezes. "It would be terrible to have no Green Forest! And what would our friends who live there do? They would have no homes, no hiding places and nothing to eat. I wish we could do something."

"We can!" cried another, to whom a happy idea had come. "Some of us can go hunt for a rain cloud; some of us can try to blow the fire away from the Green Forest, and some of us can go for Old Mother West Wind. She will know what to do. It may do no good, but at least we will know that we have tried and have done the best we can."

No sooner had the Merry Little Breezes spoken than away they all raced as they never had raced before. Some went to hunt a rain cloud; some went to look for Old Mother West Wind, and all the rest hurried over to meet the Red Terror and try to blow it back. They were not very hopeful, but they felt that they were at least trying to do something. They were doing the best they could.

## Old Mother West Wind and the Merry Little Breezes Save the Green Forest

The smoke from the Red Terror swept down from the old pasture across the green meadows. The eyes of the little meadow and forest people huddled together in fear on the bank of the Smiling Pool smarted. Their throats smarted, and as the smoke, grew thicker they choked and coughed. Only those who live in the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook, Billy Mink, Jerry Muskrat, Little Joe Otter, Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle, did not fear for themselves. Billy and Jerry and Little Joe knew that if the Red Terror, did sweep down to the Smiling Pool all they had to do to be safe was to dive and swim to certain holes in the bank with the entrances under water, and in those holes they would be safe. Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle would bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool and there they would be safe.

So these five did not fear for themselves, but they did fear for some of their friends. They didn't believe the Red Terror would be able to jump across the Smiling Pool and the Laughing Brook, but if it should—well, if it should some might lose their lives and all of them would be homeless. So a great fear, a terrible fear lay over all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest.

Steadily the Red Terror ate its way through the Old Pasture toward the Green Forest. Gasping for breath, blackened with smoke, Farmer Brown, Farmer Brown's Boy, and some of their neighbors fought the Red Terror and tried to beat it back. In spite of all they could do the Red Terror ate its way on and on. In a very few minutes now it would reach the edge of the Green Forest and once there, there would be no stopping it. Farmer Brown felt a little puff of air on one cheek.

"I believe the wind is going to rise, and it is from the right direction," he panted, and worked harder than ever. He didn't know it, but it was one of the Merry Little Breezes trying to help. He felt another and another, and a little hope sprang up in his heart. Then suddenly there was a stronger puff and then a steady wind began wind began to blow stronger and stronger. Old Mother West Wind had arrived. Harder she blew and harder, and the Merry Little Breezes joined her and blew, too. Little by little they drove the Red Terror back. The Red Terror roared and struggled angrily, but Old Mother West Wind and the Merry Little Breezes drove it back, and Farmer Brown and his boy and their neighbors beat it out, and at last it had to give up and just smoke and snap and sputter.

"I don't know where that wind came from so suddenly," said Farmer Brown as he mopped his brow with a handkerchief, "but it came just in time. It is all that saved the Green Forest. Now, son, you stay here and keep watch. The rest of us can go home, I guess."

"I won't have to keep watch long," replied Farmer Brown's boy, pointing to the sky. The others looked and there was a black rain cloud being hurried along by some of the Merry Little Breezes. Pretty soon raindrops began to hiss on the hot ground where

the Red Terror had been. Then the rain poured down, and when it was over the Red Terror was gone. Only the blackened sticks and the whitened ashes of the Old Pasture showed that it ever had been.

Old Mother West Wind gathered her children into the big bag and swung it over her shoulder and started for the Purple Hills, although it was not yet night.

“I’ve blown myself out,” said she, “and I can do no more work today.”

“You’ve done enough,” muttered Peter Rabbit under his breath, for he had overheard her. “Yes, indeed, you’ve done enough for one day, and I shall love you always.”

And this is how Old Mother West Wind and her Merry Little Breezes saved the Green Forest.

## STORY 1169. November 6, 1915

### The Little People Seek Their Homes

From a safe distance on the bank of the Smiling Pool the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest had watched the Red Terror in the Old Pasture, and a great fear had filled every heart and had drawn all together. Reddy Fox had no desire to harm Danny Meadow Mouse, and Danny knew it, and sat right at Reddy’s feet. Old Man Coyote had not thought of touching Peter Rabbit, and Peter knew it, and hopped about excitedly right in front of Old Man Coyote. It was just the same way with all the little people. Fear of one another was wholly forgotten in the greater and common fear of the Red Terror.

So they watched Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown’s Boy and other men fighting the Red Terror and hoped with a great hope that they would be able to beat it out before it should reach the Green Forest. They saw the fire sweep on and on toward the Green Forest, and their hearts sank, for if the Red Terror should destroy the Green Forest as it was destroying the Old Pasture many of them would be homeless, and then what should they do? Where could they go?

The Red Terror had almost reached the edge of the Green Forest when they saw Old Mother West Wind hurrying as fast as ever she could. They watched her blow with all her might, and they saw that she was blowing the Red Terror back. They heard the ugly growl and snarl of the Red Terror as it vainly tried to reach the Green Forest, and then they saw it sullenly and slowly retreat into the blackened and smoking Old Pasture, and they knew that Old Mother West Wind had saved the Green Forest.

Then, as the way with most of us, the moment they knew that there was nothing more to fear from the Red Terror they straightaway forgot their great fright and began to think of other things.

“I believe I’m hungry,” said Reddy Fox, and looked at Danny Meadow Mouse with such longing in his eyes that Danny suddenly felt a cold chill.

“There comes a rain cloud! That will make an end of the Red Terror!” cried Danny.

Reddy looked up in the sky. Sure enough, there was a black rain cloud being hurried along by some of the Merry Little Breezes. When he looked down again Danny Meadow Mouse was nowhere to be seen.

Peter Rabbit, happening to look at Old Man Coyote, saw Old Man Coyote’s mouth water, and suddenly decided that it was high time that he and little Mrs. Peter were back in the dear Old Brier Patch.

“There comes Farmer Brown. That means that there is nothing more to fear from the Red Terror,” cried Peter.

Old Man Coyote turned to look toward the Old Pasture. Sure enough, Farmer Brown and the men with him were coming, leaving only Farmer Brown’s Boy to keep watch. Peter was right; there was nothing more to fear from the Red Terror.

“I believe I could eat a fat rabbit,” muttered Old Man Coyote to himself and turned to look for Peter. But Peter and little Mrs. Peter and Old Jed Thumper, the gray old rabbit who was Mrs. Peter’s father, were already half-way to the dear Old Brier Patch.

It was the same way with all the other little people. The instant the great common fear was removed, the bigger people began to think of their stomachs and the littlest people knew that they were no longer safe until they reached their homes.

“It’s too bad,” muttered Peter as he led the way to the dear Old Brier Patch, “that we can’t trust each other all the time as we did when the great fear was upon us. It’s queer, too. I don’t quite understand it.”

But that is one of the things that wiser heads than Peter’s have puzzled over.

## STORY 1170. November 11, 1915

### A Voice From the Sky

Hark to the voice from the depths of the sky!  
There’s a message to heed in that clarion cry.

The Red Terror which had swept over the Old Pasture had become a thing of the past. The little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest had gone back to their usual life. That is most of them had. Old Jed Thumper, the gray old rabbit who had always lived in the Old Pasture, had decided to make his home in a bramble-tangle on the edge of the Green Forest. You see, he could not go back to his old home because his bramble castle in the Old Pasture had been burned by the fire. Worse still, there was nothing to eat there now. In fact, the Old Pasture was just a black and dreary waste.

Only Old Man Coyote had gone back there to live. He had a den hidden among the rocks there, and of course fire couldn’t burn the rocks. So Old Man Coyote still lived in his den in the Old Pasture. Of course, he couldn’t hunt there because there was no one to hunt, but then he did most of his hunting on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, anyway, so he didn’t mind that. By this time most of the feathered folks who

spend the Winter in the sunny Southland had left on their long journey. Johnny Chuck had grown almost too fat to waddle, and his neighbors expected to learn any day that he had gone to sleep for the Winter.

Paddy the Beaver and Jerry Muskrat were very busy putting the finishing touches on their houses and laying up supplies. Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk were scurrying about as if they would run their legs off. They were storing away fat acorns and plump hickory nuts and brown chestnuts and corn. Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were hiding away stores of seeds in secret places on the Green Meadows, and their pretty cousin, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse, was doing the same thing in the Green Forest. You see they all knew that almost any day now Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were likely to come to stay, and they meant to be ready.

It seemed to Peter Rabbit that his neighbors, some of them anyway, made a terrible fuss about the coming of Winter. Peter didn't worry about cold weather. Not he. So long as he had a new warm coat, he cared not how soon Jack Frost arrived. As for the coat, he had it already. Old Mother Nature always looks out for him in the matter of a new coat. So Peter watched the others work, and in his heart he was glad that he didn't have to. You see Peter never has learned how blessed it is to work. He is happy-go-lucky and lazy. When he was not watching the others work Peter was busy listening. It is surprising how busy some people can keep just listening. It is that way with Peter. That is one reason he has such long ears.

But this time Peter wasn't listening to things that were none of his business. He was listening for a certain sound. He was listening for the voice of the messenger whom Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind always send ahead of them when they are coming down from the frozen Northland to stay for the Winter. Peter never really believed that they had started until he heard the voice of that messenger. It was unusually late this year. He had almost begun to think that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were not coming at all. Then late one afternoon down from the very depths of the sky there floated the sound Peter had listened for so long.

"Honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk!"

Peter looked up in the blue sky, and there he saw Honker the Goose at the head of his flock. So high they were that they seemed mere specks, but clear, and carrying with it a strange thrill, came Honker's voice out of the sky. He was the messenger for whom Peter had been listening, and Peter knew then that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were not far behind.

## STORY 1171. November 9, 1915

### Honker the Goose Finds Old Friends

No greater joy can come to you  
Than finding friends both tried and true.

True friends are among life's greatest blessings. This would be a very dull world

indeed if we had no friends. If it should sometime happen that you are far from home and perhaps a little lonely and meet unexpectedly with an old friend you will know just how Honker the Goose felt that day when he reached the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, bringing the message that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind on their way from the frozen lands of the Far North.

All day from very early in the morning Honker, on great strong wings, had led his tribe high up in the blue, blue sky straight down from the North. All day long he had cried his message.

“Honk, honk, k’honk, honk, k’honk, k’honk!” that all the people on the earth far below might know that it was indeed time to make ready for Winter. By the time he reached the Green Meadows, where Peter Rabbit was watching and listening for him, as he had been doing for many days, Honker was very, very tired. It was late in the afternoon, and he had flown a great distance. Looking down he could see spread out under him the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. He could see the Smiling Pool, the Laughing Brook, and in the distance the Great River.

He was so tired that he felt that he must find a place to spend the night, a place where he and his followers would be safe from all harm. At first he thought he would lead the way down to the broad bosom of the Great River, but he could see boats going back and forth on it, and so he gave this up. Then his keen eyes spied a glimpse of water deep in the Great Forest. All around it for a long way in every direction the trees of the Green Forest grew close together so that the little pond, for that is what it was, was shut in by the Green Forest. It was a lonesome looking place. That is, it would have looked lonesome to you or to me. But to Honker it did not look lonesome at all. It looked just quiet and safe—a place where there would be no danger from hunters with terrible guns.

Honker turned and led his followers down, down from high up in the blue, blue sky until they were just above the tops of the trees of the Green Forest. Twice over the little pond he led them, his keen eyes searching along the shores for hidden danger. Then, sure that all was safe, he led them down until with splash after splash they had landed on the water in the very middle of the little pond. There they sat for a time, not going near the shore until Honker was absolutely sure that all was well and safe.

Presently Honker’s eyes brightened and he swam straight toward a great mound of sticks and turf and mud well out in the water. It was the house of Paddy the Beaver, for this was Paddy’s own pond, the one he had made by building a dam across the Laughing Brook.

“Welcome, Honker!” cried a voice. It was the voice of Paddy himself, and he was swimming out to meet Honker.

“Well, well, well!” exclaimed Honker delightedly. “What under the sun are you doing here, Paddy. You are the last person in the world I expected to find here.”

“O,” replied Paddy, “I started out to see the Great World, and came down here from the Great Woods. I liked it so well that I made this pond. What do you think of it?”



“Splendid! Splendid!” exclaimed Honker. “Are any other of my old friends around here?”

“I’m here,” grunted a voice. Honker looked over to the edge of the pond. There on an old log sat Prickly Porky the Porcupine grinning as pleasantly as he knew how.

“And I’m here,” cried a great grumbly-rumbly voice. It was the voice of Buster Bear, who had just come out on the end of Paddy’s dam.

“Just to think that I should find three old friends from the Great Woods here where I didn’t expect to find any one!” exclaimed Honker happily. “I’m so glad I happened to spy your little pond, Paddy.”

“So am I,” replied Paddy.

## STORY 1172. November 10, 1915

### Honker Tells the News

Honker the Goose was very, very tired when late that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon he flew down into the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest to rest and spend the night. But when he found some of his old friends there, friends he had known long before in the Great Woods, he forgot that he was tired. There was Buster Bear, sitting on one end of Paddy’s big dam. There was Prickly Porky grunting a welcome from an old log on the bank of Paddy’s pond. There was Paddy himself sitting on the roof of his house. And Honker had no more than given them greeting than out from the bushes, quite out of breath with running, popped Jumper the Hare.

“I saw you way up in the blue, blue sky, and I watched you turn and head this way. I guessed right away where you were coming, and so I hurried as fast as ever I could. It does my eyes good to see you once more, Honker,” panted Jumper. “I’m just aching to hear the news from the Great Woods away up north.”

“So am I,” confessed Buster Bear in his great grumbly rumbly voice. “How are Tufty the Lynx and Howler the Wolf, and Slim Jim the Fisher and King Eagle and Flathorns the Moose, and Glutton the Wolverine, and—”

“Honk, honk, k’honk! Hold on!” cried Honker laughing.

“And the rest of my friends up there,” concluded Buster Bear, just as if he hadn’t been interrupted.

“Shall I begin with the first one?” asked Honker.

“I don’t care where you begin, but tell us the news. Begin in the middle and tell both ways at once if you want to,” retorted Buster Bear. “How is the weather up there?”

“Cold,” replied Honker. “What a foolish question! Do you suppose I’d be down here if things were not all frozen up there? Now to begin with Tufty the Lynx. He’s got his Winter coat, and it’s handsome, I can tell you. It is the handsomest one he ever had. He is very proud of it, but it makes him a little nervous. He says that if one of those hunters or trappers up there once catches sight of it, he’ll have no peace at all they’ll

## Illustrations. November 1 to November 6, 1915.



**1164. The Red Terrors**  
"What's Queer?" asked Mrs. Peter.



**1165. Peter and Mrs. Peter See a Strange Sight**  
So they hurried over to the bank of the Smiling Pool, and there they found many other little meadow and forest people.



**1166. How Universal Fear Draws All Together**  
"We must get to the Smiling Pool in the Laughing Brook," he panted.



**1167. The Merry Little Breezes Do Their Best**  
They saw Buster Bear peering anxiously from the edge of the Green Forest.



**1168. Old Mother West Wind and the Merry Little Breezes Save the Green Forest**  
Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle would bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool.



**1169. The Little People Seek Their Homes**  
"I believe I'm hungry," said Reddy Fox.

try so hard to get it. He's just as soft-footed and sly as ever. I suspect he was trying to surprise and catch me when I saw him, although he pretended that such a thing had never entered his head. But it will take someone smarter than Tufty to catch me.

"Howler the Wolf has five children, and from all I hear they are making things pretty lively for the little people up there."

Jumper the Hare shivered. "I'm glad I moved down here," said he.

"Slim Jim the Fisher is as lively as usual," continued Honker. "The last time I saw King Eagle to speak to, he tried to catch one of my youngsters, but had the trouble for nothing. I gave him a piece of my mind, but that was all the good it did. He flew off laughing. Flathorns, the Moose, has got the finest set of horns I've ever seen. He was having his troubles when I left. The hunters were after him, and he was thinking of leaving all his favorite places until the hunting season is over. As for Glutton the Wolverine, the less said about him the better. Now if the hunters should get him no one would be sorry. But they won't. He's too smart for the best of them. What do you suppose I saw him doing?"

"What?" demanded Buster Bear and Paddy the Beaver together.

## STORY 1173. November 11, 1915

### Glutton the Wolverine

A glutton is a greedy chap,  
Whose stomach is his only thought  
Of manners it is very clear  
He never has at all been taught.

Buster Bear, Jumper the Hare, Paddy the Beaver and Prickly Porky the Porcupine all demanded together what it was that Honker the Goose had seen Glutton the Wolverine doing up in the Great Woods of the Far North from which he had just come. He had just opened his mouth to tell them when who should come hurrying out of the bushes but Peter Rabbit. Peter was quite out of breath with running. You see he had seen Honker sail down from high up in the blue, blue sky and disappear in the Green Forest. He had guessed right away that Honker had planned to spend the night in the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and right away he had started for Paddy's Pond, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as ever he could run. It was a long way from the Green Meadows, and Peter was breathing very hard when he got there. But he had breath enough left to cry "Wait a minute! I want to hear!"

So Honker good naturedly waited while Peter scampered around the edge of the pond so as to get nearer.

"Who is Glutton the Wolverine," demanded Peter.

"A cousin of Jimmy Skunk who lives up in the Great Woods where I came from, and is the meanest critter alive," growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice. "He thinks more of his stomach than you do of yours, Peter, and he is so mean

that when he has found more than he can eat he stuffs himself until he cannot eat another mouthful (that's why he is called Glutton) and then spoils the rest so that no one else can eat it. He's the biggest and strongest of his family and has the meanest disposition, worse even than that of Shadow the Weasel. He's smart. Everybody has to admit that. You think Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote are smart—"

"O, I don't know," interrupted Peter. "They haven't caught ME yet!"

The others laughed, all but Buster Bear, who frowned at Peter and then went on just as if he hadn't been interrupted at all. "But the two together haven't got half the brains of Glutton the Wolverine. I guess that's why everybody in the Great Woods hates him. You see he's so smart that nobody can fool him."

"I'd just like to try once," Peter interrupted again.

"Once is all the chance you ever would have, because after you had tried it that once there wouldn't be any Peter Rabbit," growled Buster. "Peter, I am afraid that you are getting to think too much of yourself. It is a mighty good thing for you that Glutton doesn't live in the Green Forest. He's so smart that he isn't afraid of anybody or anything. He just laughs at the hunters and trappers of whom everybody else is afraid, and they hate him even more than the rest of us do. I don't believe he's got a friend in the world. By the way, Honker, what was it you were going to tell us about him?"

## STORY 1174. November 12, 1915

### What Glutton the Wolverine Did

A wolverine is very smart,  
A fact which no one can deny,  
A pity 'tis his nimble wits  
In better ways he does not try.

It is always a pity when nimble wits are used in wrong ways. But they often are. It is so with Glutton the Wolverine, and it is a lucky thing for the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest that he lives only in the Great Woods of the Far North. Otherwise they would have far more troubles than they do now, and goodness knows they have enough as it is.

As Buster Bear said, Glutton is very smart, and Buster's eyes twinkled as he prepared to listen to what Honker the Goose had, to tell him about Glutton. You know Honker had stopped just for the night in the pond of Paddy the Beaver, deep in the Green Forest, and was full of news from the Far North, from which he had just come on his way to the Sunny South to spend the Winter.

"You know those trappers who are forever trying to catch you people who wear fur coats," began Honker.

"I should say I do!" growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice "I never could understand why these men folks can't be content with their own coats instead of trying to steal ours."

Honker chuckled. "I've always said that a coat of feathers was better than a coat of fur. They never try to trap me."

"No, but they try to shoot you to eat, and that is just as bad," growled Buster.

Honker stopped chuckling. "That's true," he admitted. "I've been wondering if it is quite safe for me here."

"Perfectly safe for tonight anyway, growled Buster. "Now what was it you saw Glutton do?"

"Well," began Honker once more, "a little while before I left my Summer home in the Far North one of those trapper-men came to live on the shore of the lake where I lived and built a queer little house there. He made it out of logs and put a roof of bark on it. When he had finished that he took a lot of traps in his canoe all around the shore of that lake and back in the woods and along the brooks that flowed into the lake. He had ever and ever so many traps, and it took him days and days to set all of them. I could see him when he was at work close to the shore of the lake, but I never could find any of the traps after he had set them, though I went straight over to the places where he had been at work just as soon as he had left. Sometimes I found the food he had left there to tempt the little people for whom he had set the traps, but I never could see the traps themselves. He was very smart, was that trapper.

"Of course, I told everybody whom I met, but you see I sleep at night, so I didn't see many. Every once in a while, that trapper would go all around to look at his traps and kill the poor little people who were caught if they were not already dead. Then he would set the traps again and put more food there. It was dreadful."

"Traps always are dreadful," growled Buster.

"One morning I happened to look over to the shore, and there was Glutton the Wolverine. I swam over to tell him about those traps, but he just laughed at me.

"You can't tell me anything about them," said he in that ugly way of his. 'I know more about them than you'll ever learn.' Guess he did, too, for what do you think he was doing?"

"What?" cried Peter Rabbit, who was listening with all his might.

"He was following that trapper all around, eating up the food at each trap and then, pulling up the trap, leaving it where everybody could see it. There wasn't one of those traps hidden so that he couldn't find it and pull it out without getting caught in it."

Buster chuckled. "Didn't I tell you that Glutton is smart?" said he. "I'd like to have seen that trapper when he came around the next time."

"I did," replied Honker.

STORY 1175. November 13, 1915

## Glutton the Wolverine and the Trapper

Peter Rabbit couldn't sit still. You know how full of curiosity he is, and how dearly he loves a story. He had listened quite breathlessly while Honker the Goose told how Glutton the Wolverine had found all the traps of the trapper up there in the Far North where Honker had spent the Summer and early Fall. "What did the trapper do when he found that all his traps had been pulled out in plain sight and all the bait taken?" asked Peter eagerly.

Honker chuckled. It was a deep, throaty chuckle. "He lost his temper," said he. "I've seen Buster Bear lose his temper." Honker looked over at Buster, and Buster looked foolish. "But Buster is nothing to what that man was when he lost his temper. He talked to himself in a very loud voice. Of course, I don't know what he said, but I can guess. He went from one trap to another, and the farther he got the angrier he grew. But getting angry didn't do him any good. It never does anyone any good. So at last he stopped getting angry. Anyway, he stopped showing his anger, and went to work to set the traps over again, and this time he took more care than ever to set them. Then he got a big piece of meat, and around it he hid a lot of stout traps. I guess that was just for Glutton. I suppose he thought that if Glutton found one there he would think that that was all, and might step into one of the others while he was eating the meat.

"I just hung around where I could watch. The very next day along came Glutton. My, but that fellow is smart! I just had to laugh. The first thing he did was to hunt for a trap. When he found it, he pulled it out. Then what do you think he did?"

"Gobbled up that meat and stepped in one of the other traps and was caught!" cried Peter, excitedly.

"Nothing of the kind," replied Honker. "He didn't even look at that meat. He went right on hunting for traps until he had found every one. It was just as if he had seen that hunter set those traps, but he hadn't. When he had found the last one, he just walked over to that piece of meat and ate every scrap of it. Then he went on pulling it out the traps which had been set for other little people just as before, and when he had eaten so much that he couldn't eat another mouthful he just spoiled the rest of the baits so that no one else would eat them."

"When that trapper found that Glutton had played that trick on him again he didn't set his traps again right away, but spent a lot of time with his terrible gun looking for Glutton. While he was off looking for him Glutton came to his house and with his stout claws tore a hole in the roof and got inside. Of course I don't know what he did in there, but I have an idea that when that trapper came back he didn't find any food fit to eat there. Anyway, the next day he took his canoe and went away, and I did not see him again until the day before I left, when he came back with a lot more things, food, I guess.

"I'm just wondering if Glutton will get those things or if he will get Glutton, or if Glutton has gone somewhere else. Served the man right for trying to trap the little people who wear fur. I don't like Glutton. No one does. But I certainly was glad to see him smarter than the trapper."

## Peter Speaks a Good Word for Glutton

Peter Rabbit every day,  
Tries some kindly word to say.

That is where Peter is not only nice, but smart as well. Kind words always make friends and never make enemies. And the more friends one has the better. But it isn't with any such selfish purpose that Peter does it. Peter says kind things because he thinks kind things.

Now as he sat on the edge of the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest and listened to the news from the Great Woods in the Far North, as told by Honker the Goose, who had just stopped over for the night on his way to the Sunny Southland for the Winter, Peter was hearing for the first time of Glutton the Wolverine. Buster Bear and Prickly Porky and Paddy the Beaver and Jumper the Hare and Honker the Goose knew him well, and they knew no good of him. Buster had said that everybody hated Glutton; that he was so selfish that when he found more food than he could eat he spoiled what was left so that no one else could have any; that he was so smart in a bad way that no one could hide anything from him, and that he was so strong and savage that most of the people who live in the Great Woods were afraid of him. In fact, Buster had said that there was no good in him.

Then Honker the Goose had told how he had watched Glutton follow a trapper and find and pull up all the traps, no matter how cunningly they were hidden, so that no one would be caught in them, at the same time stealing all the food which the trapper had put out as bait to lead little fur-coated people into the traps. He told how Glutton had broken into the little log house of the trapper while the latter was away, and had stolen or ruined all his supplies, so that the trapper had been forced to go away to get more. Of course while he was away the little people in fur had nothing to fear from the traps.

Peter had listened with ears wide open. When Honker had finished Peter spoke.

"Did I understand you to say that Glutton is all bad and that everyone hates him?" he asked.

"You certainly did," growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice. He hasn't a friend in the world."

"That's funny," replied Peter, pulling his whiskers thoughtfully. "What's the matter with you people of the Great Woods?"

"Nothing's the matter with us," growled Buster. "The matter is all with Glutton."

"O, I don't know," returned Peter. "It may be you don't owe Glutton anything, Buster, but it seems to me that some others up there in the Great Woods owe him a great deal."

Buster turned and stared at Peter very hard. "Peter," said he slowly, "you are the



first one I ever knew who could find a good word to say for that ugly robber of honest folks.”

“Perhaps no one ever has tried to find a good thing to say,” retorted Peter. “I never have found any one yet who doesn’t do some good for others once in a while, not even Reddy Fox. Now who are you people who live in the Great Woods most afraid of?”

“Hunters and trappers,” replied Buster promptly.

“Then it seems to me that anyone who can and does get the best of them and actually drives one of them away is doing something good, very good indeed, for the rest of you. Glutton may be a robber and may kill the smaller people when he can catch them, but when he pulls up all the traps so well hidden that no one else can find them and leaves them in plain sight so that no one will get caught in them, it seems to me that he has done a splendid thing for his neighbors and that they have no right to say that he is all bad. Just think of how many lives might have been lost in those dreadful traps but for him.”

“That’s so,” grumbled Buster Bear, scratching his head thoughtfully. “I never thought of that.”

## STORY 1177. November 16, 1915

### The Troubles of Flathorns the Moose

“Did I understand you to say that Flathorns the Moose is having troubles?” asked Buster Bear of Honker the Goose, who had just come down from the Great Woods of the North to the pond of Paddy the Beaver in the Green Forest.

Honker nodded. “I see your ears are just as good as ever they were,” said he. “That is what I said. Flathorns is having troubles a-plenty. At least he was when I left on my way here. It seems queer that such a big fellow as he should have anything to worry about, but when I last saw him, he was so worried that he was thinking of leaving all his favorite places because he didn’t feel that they were safe any longer.”

“Why not?” demanded Peter Rabbit, his eyes round with curiosity and his long ears standing straight up with interest. “Is he afraid of traps?”

Buster Bear, Honker, Paddy the Beaver, Prickly Porky and Jumper the Hare laughed right out. “What do you think Flathorns is like?” asked Honker.

“I haven’t the least idea,” replied Peter quite frankly. “You said he is big, but so is Buster, and he is afraid of traps. I don’t see anything to laugh at.”

“There isn’t,” replied Buster kindly. “It just struck us funny to think of any, one setting traps for old Flathorns, but as you’ve never seen him, of course you wouldn’t understand. He’s bigger than I. He’s the biggest of all the people who live in the Great Woods.”

Peter’s eyes opened wider than ever.

“Are you afraid of him?” he asked innocently, staring very hard at Buster being

afraid of any one excepting a hunter with a terrible gun.

“Well,” replied Buster, slowly, with a funny look on his face, “I—I—that is, Flathorns and I never have quarreled.”

Prickly Porky chuckled. “Come, Buster,” said he, “own up that you always have kept out of the way of old Flathorns. You know perfectly well that he isn’t afraid of you, and that you wouldn’t face those big horns of his, and those sharp-edged hoofs of his for anything in the world.

“Flathorns and I never interfere with each other,” replied Buster, with a great deal of dignity.

Peter had listened to all this with a puzzled look in his face. “But this isn’t telling me what Flathorns is like,” he interrupted. “He must be very big, indeed, if Buster Bear is afraid—mean respects him so much.”

“He is,” spoke up Jumper the Hare. “You have seen the horse that Farmer Brown’s Boy drives in the cornfield.”

Peter nodded. “Is he as big as that?” he asked, looking as if he couldn’t quite believe such a thing.

Jumper nodded in his turn. “And on his head, he has the biggest horns you ever saw,” said he. “You see, Flathorns is cousin to Lightfoot the Deer, only ever and ever so much bigger. He is the biggest of all the family, and his horns are flattened instead of being round like Lightfoot’s.”

“If he is so big as all that I don’t see what troubles he can have,” declared Peter.

“Hunters,” declared Honker. “They hunt for those big horns of his, though what they want of them I can’t understand. They hide at the places where old Flathorns goes to drink and try to shoot him. They steal along behind him through the woods. They imitate the voice of Mrs. Flathorns, and try to call him to where they are hiding so that they can shoot him, just as they imitate the calls of my friends and try to kill me. It seems to me that this is the meanest of all mean ways. None but men folks ever do anything so unfair as that. O, yes, big as he is, old Flathorns has his troubles at this time of year. He doesn’t feel safe a minute. But once in a while he gets even. He did a few days before I left to come south.”

“Tell us about it!” cried Peter.

## STORY 1178. November 17, 1915

### How Flathorns the Moose Got Even

Getting even, you’ll agree,  
Isn’t just what ought to be.

Of course that is another way of saying that if someone wrongs us we shouldn’t try to wrong them in return. But there are times when it seems as if the only way to teach some people a lesson so that they will not forget it is to treat them as they treat others.

## Illustrations. November 8 to November 13, 1915.



**1170. A Voice From the Sky**  
Peter looked up and saw Honker the Goose at the head of his flock.



**1171. Honker the Goose Finds Old Friends**  
"I'm so glad I happened to spy your little pond, Paddy."



**1172. Honker Tells the News**  
"Honk, honk, K'honk! Hold on!" cried Honker laughing.



**1173. Glutton the Wolverine**  
"Who is Glutton the Wolverine?" demanded Peter.



**1174. What Glutton the Wolverine Did**  
"You know these trappers who are forever trying to catch you people who wear fur coats," began Honker.



**1175. Glutton the Wolverine and the Trapper**  
He went right on hunting for traps until he found every one.

It was something like this with Flathorns the Moose when he did the thing about which Honker the Goose told Buster Bear and Peter Rabbit and the others sitting on the shore of the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest.

"It was this way," began Honker. "Old Flathorns had been hunted and hunted by men with terrible guns until he was so uneasy and worried that he couldn't eat or sleep. The rustling of a leaf falling from a tree would make him jump and shake all over. It was dreadful. He didn't dare go to any of the places or use any of the paths which had been perfectly safe all Summer. Once in a while he would steal down to the lake where I was, and while he got his breath between drinks, he would tell me about his troubles.

" 'If these men things would fight fairly, I wouldn't be afraid,' said he. But they don't. What chance have I got against them when they kill or hurt with their terrible fire-sticks while yet a long way off? If they would meet me face to face and fight fairly, as any honest liver in the Great Woods does, I wouldn't be afraid. I've never harmed or bothered them. If I could just catch one of them without his terrible fire-stick I'd show who's afraid.' "

"Right while he was talking there was the bang of one of those terrible fire-sticks, and old Flathorns went right down on his knees with a grunt, and there was a red mark where something had hit him. But it didn't kill him. It just hurt him dreadfully and knocked him down. He closed his eyes for just a wee minute with the pain, and when he opened them again there was the hunter running toward him and shouting excitedly. I guess by the way he acted that he never had shot anybody like Flathorns before, or he would have known better than to run out that way. The minute old Flathorns saw him he forgot all about being afraid of the hunter. He forgot all about the pain from the hurt made by that terrible fire-stick. He just jumped to his feet, all the hair on the back of his neck standing on end with anger, and with a fierce-sounding snort he put his big horns down and rushed straight at that hunter. The fire-stick banged once more, but I guess the hunter was too frightened to shoot straight. Anyway the hunter dropped his fire-stick and started to climb a tree just the way you do, Buster.

"He got out of reach of Flathorns just in time. He was the worst scared hunter ever you saw. His eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head. When he reached the first branches he hung on for dear life, while old Flathorns butted the tree so hard that I didn't know but he would knock it down. It was all the hunter could do to hold on. How he did yell! It makes me laugh now just to think of it. Then old Flathorns stamped on that firestick and threw it about until I guess it wasn't good for much. After a while he grew tired and went off into the woods out of sight. The man waited a long time, and I guess finally he made up his mind that Flathorns really had gone away. He started to come down, but was only half way when out rushed Flathorns as angry as ever, and the hunter scrambled back as fast as ever he could. Flathorns kept him up in that tree all night, and it was a pretty cold night, too. He certainly was getting even for all the worry and trouble the hunters had made him, and I didn't blame him a bit. Do you?"

"Not a bit! Served that hunter right. Guess he knows now what it is like to be hunted," growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice, his little eyes twinkling. "Wish I could have seen him."

“Did the hunter get away?” asked Peter.

## STORY 1179. November 18, 1915.

### Flathorns the Moose is Smart

Peter Rabbit was so excited that he couldn't sit still as he listened to the story told by Honker the Goose of how Flathorns the Moose had got even with the hunter and had kept him in a tree all night. When Honker paused as if that were the end of the story, Peter's curiosity prompted him to ask a question right away.

“Did the hunter get away?” he asked breathlessly. “I guess that hunter would be there yet if it hadn't been for other hunters,” said he. “Every little while all night he would shout at the top of his lungs. Guess it made old Flathorns grin to hear him. Every time he shouted Flathorns would come out of hiding and snort and butt the tree. Just after day-break I heard an answering shout way off in the distance, and I knew then that some one was coming. I wondered if Flathorns heard or if he was so filled with rage that he had forgotten to watch out, or if he thought because he had frightened this hunter almost to death he could do the same to any other hunter. The one in the tree began to shout a great many things. I guess he was warning whoever was coming to look out for Flathorns.

“Flathorns rushed out and stamped and snorted just as he had been doing, but he was smart. He usually is. While he was doing everything he could to scare that hunter, he was watching out even if he didn't seem to be. By and by I saw another hunter with a terrible gun creeping up very slowly and carefully so as not to make a sound and get where he could shoot Flathorns. I had just opened my mouth to warn Flathorns when I saw him stop stamping and stand perfectly still looking and listening. I knew then that he knew that danger was near, so I held my tongue. I wanted to see if he would try to chase this other hunter up a tree, but he was too smart for that. He knew that this hunter would be ready with his firestick, so he just melted away. Yes, sir, that is what he did, just melted away. One minute he was there in plain sight, and the next he was nowhere to be seen. He had stolen off through the woods so quietly that he didn't make a sound. I don't know how such a big fellow as he is can do it, but he can. There wasn't a rustle of a leaf to tell where he had gone.

“When the other hunter came up there wasn't, a sign of Flathorns excepting the smashed fire-stick and the torn-up ground and the bark rubbed off the tree by his horns. The hunter in the tree scrambled down, and after a little the two of them went off, but the one who had been in the tree kept turning his head every other minute, and he looked scared to death. I guess he won't hunt Flathorns again in a hurry. I don't know how Flathorns knew when it was time to slip away, for after the first shout the second hunter made no sound, but he did. He seemed to know just how long he could safely stay and just when it was time to go. He's smart, Flathorns is.”

“He has to be in order to live,” growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice. “I wish he had chased that other hunter and taught him a lesson, too. If a few more hunters were hunted, I guess these men things would learn how it feels and then

we people of the Great Woods and the Green Forest might have a fair chance.”

Peter drew a long breath. “That was a splendid story,” said he. “I would like to see old Flathorns. Tell us some more about the Great Woods.”

“Not tonight,” replied Honker. “I came here to rest, for I’ve had a long journey, and I’m very tired.” With this Honker settled himself to sleep in the middle of the pond of Paddy the Beaver.

## STORY 1180. November 19, 1915

### Some Visitors to Paddy’s Pond

In the stillness of the night,  
Little stars are shining bright;  
Through the forest dark and still  
Padded feet seek good or ill.

When Honker the Goose dropped into the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest on his way to the Sunny Southland, other eyes than those of Peter Rabbit saw him. That clear “Honk, honk, k’honk, k’honk, honk,” with which he had shouted to the world below the message that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were coming, had been heard by many ears. It had reached way to the den of Old Man Coyote up in the Old Pasture, and he had hastily thrust his head out to look up in the sky. He had seen Honker turn and lead his followers down, down, and finally disappear in the Green Forest.

Old Man Coyote had licked his chops hungrily and grinned as he watched.

“They are tired and are going to spend the night in the pond of Paddy the Beaver,” thought he. Then he yawned and went back to finish his nap and dream pleasant dreams of a fat goose for dinner. You see he knew that it would be no use to go over to Paddy’s pond until after Honker and his followers had had time to go to sleep.

Reddy and Granny Fox had heard that message from the sky and they, too, had seen Honker lead the way down into the Green Forest and had guessed just where he had gone. Reddy was for going over there at once, but wise old Granny knew better than to do that.

“You think you know it all,” she said, sharply, but you’ve got a lot to learn yet, Reddy Fox. It isn’t every day that we have a chance to get a goose for dinner, and if it were left to you, we wouldn’t have any chance at all. Honker isn’t like those foolish geese in Farmer Brown’s yard. O, my, no! You’ve got to have all your wits about you when you try to catch Honker. In fact, I don’t expect that we are going to catch Honker at all, smart as we are. But I do think we may catch one of the youngsters of whom he is the leader, and that will be much better. Honker is old and tough. Perhaps we can catch two. But whatever you do, Reddy Fox, don’t go near the pond of Paddy the Beaver until I tell you it is time. Honker mustn’t even suspect that we know that he has come.”

Reddy promised to do just as old Granny Fox said, although he was so impatient that he just had to go down on the Green Meadows and hunt for Danny Meadow Mouse so as to keep from thinking of Honker the Goose and his followers. So it was that Honker and the other geese, of whom he was the leader, went to sleep without hearing or seeing a single thing to make them anxious or suspicious. And so it was that in the still small hours of the night, when those who sleep at night are usually deepest in dreamland, stealthy feet trotted softly through the Green Forest toward the pond of Paddy the Beaver, the feet of Old Man Coyote, coming from the Old Pasture and the feet of Granny and Reddy Fox coming from the Green Meadows.

## STORY 1181. November 20, 1915.

### What the Twinkling Little Stars Saw

High up in the darkened sky the little stars twinkled and twinkled as they looked down on the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, on the Old Pasture, the Old Orchard and the Smiling Pool. No sign was there of the little people who sleep at night, for they were hidden away in their secret places, trusting to their stillness and the Black Shadows to keep them safe from those who were hunting for them. But of the little people who see by night many were abroad. Over the Green Meadows and the Green Forest on noiseless wings, coming and going as silently as one of the Black Shadows themselves, was Hooty the Owl looking for a dinner. Just beyond the edge of the dear Old Brier Patch little Mrs. Peter Rabbit hunted for some clover leaves still green and sweet, ready to run back to the safety of the friendly brambles at the least sound.

Up the Crooked Little Path walked Jimmy Skunk. The little stars winked and twinkled more than ever. They knew where he was going. He was headed straight for Farmer Brown's henhouse. Down the Lone Little Path through the Green Forest came Unc' Billy Possum. Unc' Billy was very fat. On the edge of the Laughing Brook sat Bobby Coon very still and gazing very hard into a little pool. Bobby was fishing. In the Smiling Pool was Jerry Muskrat so busy putting the final touches on his house for the Winter that he could hardly take the time for a hasty lunch. You know Jerry is a great worker.

But the most interesting place on which the little stars looked down was the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest. All around the edges the Black Shadows lay, but out in the middle the pond was silvery in the starlight. Just where the Black Shadows and the silvery part met floated 12 queer looking things. The little stars twinkled harder than ever, for never before had they seen anything like these in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. They were Honker the Goose and his followers sleeping peacefully after their long, long journey from the Far North.

And the little stars saw more. They saw Paddy the Beaver as busy as Jerry Muskrat, his cousin, of the Smiling Pool. He also was laying in supplies for the Winter. At the same time Paddy was doing more. He was keeping watch for danger, not only for himself but for his visitors, for Paddy felt re-spon-sible for their safety. That is, he felt that he should prevent any harm coming to them. So he was very wide awake. His



ears and his nose were busy every minute, on guard for sounds and odors which might mean that enemies were coming. The little stars twinkled and twinkled as they watched, and presently they saw three forms creeping stealthily among the trees toward the pond of Paddy Beaver. One came from the direction of the Old Pasture. It was Old Man Coyote. The other two were together coming from the direction of the Green Meadows. They were Reddy and old Granny Fox.

The little stars have looked down on many exciting things that have happened in the night, just as jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun has looked down on many exciting things that have happened in the day time. This promised to be quite as exciting as anything they had seen for a long time, for it was very clear that Old Man Coyote and Granny and Reddy Fox were after a goose for dinner, and you know there are no hunters more clever than these three. As long as those sleeping geese were out in the middle of the pond, they were safe, quite safe, but the watching stars saw that several of them were drifting little by little toward the shore. Would they I wake up in time?

## STORY 1182. November 22, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Keeps Guard

Very wide awake and still,  
Long ears listening very hard;  
For himself and friends as well  
Peter Rabbit sits on guard.

Now there are some people who think only of themselves and in times of danger have no thought of others. But Peter Rabbit is not that kind. When Peter is frightened, he always tries to warn others who may be near. He does it by thumping the ground with those stout hind feet of his. Those thumps can be heard a long way by those whose ears are near the ground.

As Peter sat near the pond of Paddy the Beaver, deep in the Green Forest, thinking over all the things which Honker the Goose had told of the Great Woods of the Far North, and of those who live there, he didn't for a single little minute forget to keep his ears open. He knew that he would be safer in the dear Old Brier Patch, but he wanted to see more of Honker and perhaps in the morning, after a good night's rest, Honker would tell more stories. Now Honker was asleep out there in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Buster Bear had gone about his business for the night. So, had Prickly Porky. Jumper the Hare had gone also. Only Paddy was awake and he was too busy to talk.

So Peter sat as still as still can be, thinking over what he had heard about Glutton the Wolverine and Flathorns the Moose, and wondering what it would be like to be able to fly like Honker the Goose. He looked up through the tree-tops at the twinkling stars and then over at the pond where there seemed to be stars, too, twinkling in the water. Where the Black Shadows had stretched themselves across the water, he could just see what looked like 12 blacker shadows. He knew that they were Honker and his followers.

“It must be great to be a leader like Honker and have all the rest obey you,” thought Peter, who, you know, never has been a leader in his life. “He must feel very anxious when he picks out a place to spend the night when he is making these long journeys. It isn’t like stopping in places that you know all about. Now, he never has stopped here before, so how does he know what dangers there may be? Of course Buster Bear and Paddy have told him that he will be perfectly safe here for one night anyway, and of course sleeping out there on the water there isn’t anybody he fears. It isn’t like sleeping on shore where someone may creep up and surprise you.”

A long time Peter sat there. By and by he noticed that some of those sleeping geese were drifting nearer the shore. It troubled him, he didn’t know just why. Then quite suddenly into his head popped a thought. Suppose, just suppose, Old Man Coyote Granny or Reddy Fox should happen to come along and find one of them asleep close to shore! Peter all at once felt that he ought to keep guard, which means to watch for danger.

“If I were in a strange place,” thought he, “I surely would feel better if someone who knew all the dangers kept watch while I slept. Of course, Honker won’t know until he wakes up that I have kept watch, and perhaps I won’t tell him then. I’m not doing it for his thanks or so that he’ll think any the more of me, but because—because—well, because I like the feeling inside whenever I’ve done something for someone else. Hello! What is that moving over there?”

## STORY 1183. November 23, 1915

### A Thump and a Slap

A thump and a slap, a slap and a thump;  
Yet no one was hurt by so much as a bump.

It all sounds like a dreadful quarrel, doesn’t it? But there wasn’t any quarrel at all. You see it was this way, Peter Rabbit, sitting on guard near the pond of Paddy the Beaver, where Honker the Goose and his 11 followers were sleeping, saw something moving among the Black Shadows which filled the Green Forest. “Hello! “Hello! What is that moving over there?” thought Peter, but he was far too wise to think it out loud. He just thought it inside and kept stiller than ever, if that were possible. And all the time he looked very hard in the direction where he had seen, or thought he had seen, something moving.

Sure enough, in a minute or two, he saw it again. He saw it steal across from one Black Shadow to another, and he didn’t need to be told what that something was nor who it was. O, no, Peter didn’t need to be told. Peter had seen that shadowy form too often not to know it at the very first glimpse. It was Old Man Coyote. Peter felt little prickles of fear all over him.

“He knows I am over here and he’s hunting for me,” thought Peter. “O, dear, what shall I do? It is a long way to the nearest bramble-tangle and I don’t know a single hollow log or hole any nearer. I wish I’d stayed at home. That’s what I do—I wish I’d

stayed at home.”

He crouched down, making himself as small as possible under the thick branch of a low-growing hemlock tree, and stared out with eyes wide with fear. Nearer and nearer came Old Man Coyote. Peter sat tight. It was the safest thing to do. He just longed to run, but if he should do that Old Man Coyote would be after him in a flash and Peter knew how Old Man Coyote can run. So he sat tight, though it was the hardest kind of hard work. He held his breath. Old Man Coyote was so near that Peter was afraid he would hear the thumping of his heart. And then Peter gave a soft little sigh of relief. Old Man Coyote had passed without so much as a glance his way. In fact, Old Man Coyote was watching the pond of Paddy the Beaver, and his eyes fairly burned with eagerness. Silently, but swiftly, he stole along. He was making his way around to the other side of the pond. Then Peter understood. He was after one of those geese who, fast asleep, were drifting nearer and nearer to the other shore.

Peter was just trying to make up his mind what he ought to do when his wobbly little nose caught a familiar scent. Once more he sat tight and held his breath while Granny and Reddy Fox passed. They, too, were stealing along very softly, with their eyes fixed on the pond. They made their way around the other end of the pond from the one Old Man Coyote had gone around.

Peter’s heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat with excitement. What should he do? What ought he to do? If he should thump and try to waken Honker and the other geese, he would give himself away. Would he be able to reach the nearest bramble-tangle before Old Man Coyote or Reddy Fox could catch him? Perhaps those sleeping geese would not drift any nearer to shore and then they would be safe and he would not need to give warning. Perhaps they would not bear him even if he did thump and he would run all that dreadful risk for nothing. Anyway, there was no need of doing anything just yet.

So Peter watched. Little by little two or three of those sleeping forms drifted nearer and nearer to the other shore. By and by they were so near it that Peter knew that something must be done at once or it would be too late. Somewhere over there three pairs of hungry eyes were watching those geese just as he was. Peter made up his mind. He would thump, and then he would run with all his might.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Peter hit the ground with all his might and hoped it would waken Honker. Then without waiting to see he started for the nearest bramble tangle as fast as he could go.

Slap! That was the tail of Paddy the Beaver hitting the water. He had heard Peter’s thumps and knew what they meant. And at the sound of that slap Honker the Goose awoke.

## STORY 1184. November 24, 1915.

### Honker Sends His Thanks to Peter

The slap of Paddy the Beaver’s tail on the water, especially in the stillness of the night, is a very startling sound. It is no wonder that Honker the Goose awoke with a

start. The other geese did the same thing. “Honk, honk!” said Honker in a low voice, which was his way of asking Paddy the Beaver what the trouble was.

“I don’t know,” replied Paddy, “but Peter Rabbit thumped his danger signal and I passed it along by slapping the water with my tail. It seemed to me that some of your followers were drifting pretty close to the shore and if there is any danger about that is where it is, and there is danger or Peter Rabbit wouldn’t have thumped.”

Meanwhile the geese who had drifted so near shore were swimming out and all gathered around Honker in the middle of the pond to find out what the scare was, their long necks stretched as high as they could stretch them as they looked and listened suspiciously. Now Honker has the keenest of ears. You wouldn’t think so to look at him, but he has. They caught the sound of the tiniest rustle on the shore. You or I wouldn’t have heard it. Oh, my, no! But Honker did. It was the rustle made by Reddy Fox as he changed his position.

“There is someone over there,” said Honker, in a low voice. “I thought you said that there would be no danger here tonight, Paddy.”

“I didn’t think there would be,” replied Paddy. “It must be that someone saw you come here. Probably it is Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote. You wait and I’ll find out.”

Paddy dived and when he came up, he put only his nose out of water. He was very close to the shore where Reddy and Granny Fox were hiding, and the minute he put his nose out of water he smelled them. Then he grinned to himself and dived again, coming up where Honker was waiting. “Reddy and Granny Fox,” said he, briefly. “They are hiding right over there on the edge of the shore and I guess that if you hadn’t wakened you would have had one or two less to make the long journey south with you by this time. Two or three were pretty close to that very spot when I gave the alarm and were getting closer all the time.”

All the geese began to gabble at once, thanking Paddy for having waked them in time. “Don’t thank me,” said Paddy. “It was Peter Rabbit who discovered the danger. I only passed his signal along. I didn’t know where the danger was or what it was, when I slapped the water with my tail. But I did know that when Peter thumps the ground the way he did it is best for everybody to watch out, so I wakened you.” “

“Where is Peter?” asked Honker.

“I don’t know,” replied Paddy. “I heard him run away after he thumped. I guess he knew that it wasn’t safe to stay another minute because Reddy and Granny Fox would be likely to try to catch him to make up for spoiling their chance to dine on fat goose. There they are now!”

Sure enough, there were Reddy and Granny Fox in plain sight on the edge of the pond, looking over at Honker and his followers with hungry, longing eyes. You see, they knew that they had been found out and that it was of no use to hide there any longer, for having once been alarmed the geese would not again give them the least chance to catch them. Honker boldly swam toward them. Just out of reach he stopped and hissed angrily. Old Granny Fox drew back her lips and showed all her sharp teeth.

Illustrations. November 15 to November 20, 1915.



**1176. Peter Speaks a Good Word for Glutton**  
“Did I understand you to say that Glutton is all bad and that everybody hates him?” he asked.



**1177. The Troubles of Flathorns the Moose**  
“Are you afraid of him?” he asked, innocently.



**1178. How Flathorns the Moose Got Even**  
“If these men would fight fairly I wouldn’t be afraid,” said he.



**1179. Flathorns the Moose is Smart**  
“Did the hunter get away?” he asked, breathlessly.



**1180. Some Visitors to Paddy’s Pond**  
“You think you know it all,” she said sharply.



**1181. What the Twinkling Little Stars Saw**  
Paddy felt responsible for their safety.

“Hiss away,” she snarled. “If it hadn’t been for that meddlesome Peter Rabbit some of you never would have hissed again.” With that she and Reddy turned and disappeared in the Green Forest.

Honker swam back to where Paddy the Beaver was waiting. “Very early in the morning we will have to be on our way to the sunny southland,” said he, “and so we are not likely to see Peter Rabbit again. The next time you see him please thank him for us, and tell him that Honker the Goose never will forget what he has done for us this night. Will you?”

And Paddy promised that he would.

## STORY 1185. November 25, 1915.

### Peter Rabbit Has a Close Call

A close call means a narrow escape. That is what Peter Rabbit had the night he gave the warning that saved some of the geese in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter knew just how much risk he was running when he thumped that warning. He knew that just on the other side of the pond, hiding in the Black Shadows, were Old Man Coyote and Reddy and Old Granny Fox, and he knew, too, that they would be very, very angry because he had spoiled their chances of getting a fat goose for dinner. So the instant Peter had thumped his warning he started for the nearest bramble-tangle. It was a long way off, but it was the nearest safe hiding place he knew of.

Lipperty-lipperty-lip ran Peter, and as he ran, he listened with all his might for sounds of some one following him. “Perhaps,” thought Peter, hopefully, “they won’t try to catch me tonight.”

Now Peter never runs very far at a time without stopping to look and listen. He had run about a third of the way to the bramble-tangle when he stopped and sat up. With his ears standing straight up he listened with all his might. It was very still there in the Green Forest where he was, but back where he had come from, he could just hear the gabbling voices of the geese, and so he knew that they had been wakened in time. He knew perfectly well that the wisest thing for him to do was to hurry on, but his curiosity would not let him. Perhaps, after all, there was no real danger. He would stay where he was and then if no one followed him perhaps he could slip back to Paddy’s Pond and learn just what had happened after he had thumped. He wondered if Honker the Goose knew that it was he, Peter, who had given the alarm.

For some little time, Peter sat there listening and heard nothing but the distant sound of the voices of the geese. Then suddenly his heart gave a jump. What was that? He listened harder than ever. As surely as he was sitting there, he heard footsteps! They were very, very light footsteps, but they were coming straight toward him. He waited only long enough to make sure and then once more he started for the bramble-tangle, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and this time he didn’t intend to stop until he got there. Those light footsteps were made by Old Man Coyote! Peter knew them too well to be mistaken.



It was true. You see the instant Old Man Coyote, hiding there by the pond of Paddy the Beaver, had heard the thumps of Peter he had known that there wasn't the least chance in the world for him to catch one of those geese that night, and he had at once made up his mind that if he couldn't dine on fat goose, he would do his best to dine on Peter himself. He knew as well as Peter did that there was no safe hiding place for Peter nearer than the bramble-tangle and he made up his mind that that was just where Peter would start for. You see Old Man Coyote is very smart. Yes, indeed, Old Man Coyote is very smart. He knows all about Peter and his ways, and he felt sure that Peter would do just as he did do—stop to listen to what was going on back there at the pond.

So when Peter started the second time, Old Man Coyote was not far behind him and his nose was in Peter's tracks. Now Peter can run very fast for a short distance, but for a long distance, Old Man Coyote can run very much faster than Peter. That safe old bramble-tangle was still some distance away when Peter, looking back as he ran, saw Old Man Coyote almost at his heels. The sight of those grinning teeth seemed to give Peter more speed. Never had he run as he ran then. His heart was thumping so that it seemed as if it would burst. His breath was almost gone. The bramble-tangle was only three jumps away, but Old Man Coyote was so close that it seemed to Peter as if he could feel his hot breath. One jump! Two jumps! Three jumps! Peter felt the friendly old brambles brush against him and then there was a sharp pull at his tail. With a little scream of fear—Peter pulled with all his might and then—he was safe! He looked back. Just on the edge of the bramble-tangle stood Old Man Coyote and in his mouth was a little bunch of white hairs. Peter looked at his funny little tail. It looked funnier than ever. There was a hole in the middle where the hair had been pulled out.

## STORY 1186. November 26, 1915

### Old Man Coyote Warns Peter

Perhaps you think that that when Old Man Coyote just missed catching Peter Rabbit because Peter managed to reach the old bramble-tangle first, he first he lost his temper. That shows that you don't know Old Man Coyote. If Reddy Fox had been in his place, very likely Reddy would have lost his temper and finally gone off in a great rage. Old Man Coyote did nothing of the kind. No, sir, he did nothing of the kind. He just spat out the little tuft of white hair which he had pulled out of the middle of Peter's tail, so near to catching Peter had he been, and then peered in through the brambles and grinned at Peter. If he was disappointed, and of course he was, he didn't show it. And as for being angry, why, there wasn't the least trace of a temper.

"Almost got you, Peter, that time," said he, breathing very hard, for he had had a long run. "It's lucky for you you've kept your legs oiled up and haven't let them get rusty." He grinned again, and Peter, panting for breath there in the bramble-tangle, felt almost like grinning back in spite of the fact that he had been so terribly frightened and that he had lost that little bunch of hair right out of the middle of his none too big tail.

"Do you know, Peter, that it is bad business to meddle in the affairs of other folks?" continued Old Man Coyote. "Now tonight you meddled. You warned Honker



the Goose through Paddy the Beaver and so cheated me out of a good dinner. People who meddle generally get into trouble. You came pretty near furnishing me with that dinner you cheated me out of, Peter; pretty near. One jump more and I'd have had you. You wouldn't have made me as good a dinner as one of those geese, but you would have done very well."

Old Man Coyote licked his chops and Peter had a little shivery, crawly feeling all over.

"And now I am going to give you fair warning, Peter," went on Old Man Coyote, still grinning, "that unless you get me a goose, a fat one, mind you, to make up for the one you cheated me out of, you'll never get back to the dear Old Brier Patch. You see I'm giving you fair warning. I must have a goose or I will have you. Now don't you wish you hadn't meddled?"

"No," replied Peter, bravely enough, though inside his heart sank as he thought of how far away the dear, safe Old Brier Patch was. "I'm glad I did it. If that was meddling, it was a good kind of meddling, and I'm glad I had the chance and wasn't afraid to. Of course, I am sorry if you are hungry, but if you would learn to eat grass and clover and bark and berries as I do, you never would need to go hungry. But I'm glad, ever so glad, that I saved those geese, and I'd do it again if I had the chance. Perhaps it WAS bad business for me, but it was good business for them, and I'm glad I meddled."

"All right, Peter," replied Old Man Coyote, as he turned to trot away. "Remember what I said and get me a fat goose if you want to get back to the dear Old Brier Patch," and with a parting grin he disappeared.

"It's a queer world," sighed Peter. "It's certainly a queer world when helping others gets you into trouble yourself. But I'm glad I did it. I am so."

## STORY 1187. November 27, 1915

### Peter Thinks Things Over

Peter Rabbit sat looking over over his shoulder mournfully. He was looking at that funny little tail of his, which, since Old Man Coyote had pulled a tuft of hair out of the middle of it, looked funnier than ever. You know that tail always has worried Peter. If Peter ever is envious, it is when he sees someone with a beautiful tail. It was bad enough to have nothing but a little white bunch for a tail, and now to have that torn and ragged—oh, dear! Peter felt so badly that he almost forgot to be thankful that it was only his tail and not he himself that Old Man Coyote had got hold of.

But Peter isn't the kind to worry for very long over things that cannot be helped. "The hair will grow out again and then my tail, such as it is, will be as good as ever. Besides, when I am sitting on it no one can see it," thought he.

So he stopped worrying about his tail and began to think over the warning Old Man Coyote had given him.

“He says I’ve got to get him a fat goose to make up for the one I cheated him out of by waking Honker and his followers over there in the pond of Paddy the Beaver or else I never will get back to the dear Old Brier Patch,” thought Peter. “He knows very well that I couldn’t get him a fat goose if I would and that I wouldn’t if I could. It’s just his way of telling me that he is bound to get even with me and that he’s made up his mind to catch me. Probably he’s hiding somewhere along the way to the dear Old Brier Patch this very minute.

“Now if it were Reddy Fox I wouldn’t mind so much. But Old Man Coyote is so very smart and clever that I’ll have to use all my wits to keep out of his way. I could fool Reddy, but I’m not so sure about Old Man Coyote. He knows I can’t stay here forever. There isn’t enough to eat in this old bramble-tangle. And he knows, too, that I will want to get back to Mrs. Peter. She’ll be worried most to death. Peter, you’ve certainly got yourself into a peck of trouble this night. It won’t be safe for you to poke your nose outside of this bramble-tangle tonight, that’s sure. But you’re glad you saved those geese even if it did get you into a heap of trouble. Now you’ve got to think of some way to get out of it.”

So Peter made himself as comfortable as possible and settled down to do some hard thinking. The little stars looked down on him and winked and twinkled, which was their way of trying to tell him to keep his courage up. And so the night passed. The little stars winked themselves out and disappeared. The Black Shadows retreated deeper and deeper into the Green Forest until at last, the first Jolly Little Sunbeam came stealing along and crept into the old bramble-tangle and kissed Peter on the nose. Day had come and still he had thought of no plan to get safely back to the dear Old Brier Patch. It was time he was there now and little Mrs. Peter would begin to worry.

“Perhaps,” thought Peter, “Old Man Coyote was just trying to scare me. Usually, he spends the day in his house up in the Old Pasture. But you never can tell, what he’ll do. I wish I had wings and could fly. I wish—hello! What’s Sammy Jay making such a fuss about?”

Peter pricked up his ears and listened. Faintly there came to him the harsh voice of Sammy Jay. “Thief! Thief! Thief!” screamed Sammy, and his voice came from over near the edge of the Green Forest. Peter sighed.

“I guess there is nothing to do but to stay right there,” he muttered. “Sammy has found Old Man Coyote hiding over there. I know it just as well as if I were there and could see him with my own eyes. Sammy always screams that way when he sees Old Man Coyote. I guess he did mean what he said after all.”

## STORY 1188. November 29, 1915

### Bowser the Hound Finds Peter

Time was when Peter Rabbit looked on of Bowser the Hound as a very dangerous enemy. But that was when Peter was young and knew less of the Great World. Also it was in the days before Farmer Brown’s Boy had put away his terrible gun. Then the

sound of Bowser's great voice sent a chill of fear over Peter, for he knew that unless he could fool Bowser's keen nose Bowser would surely lead Farmer Brown's Boy to where he was, and then—well, then—there was that terrible gun.

But since Farmer Brown's Boy had put away his terrible gun and no longer hunted Peter and the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, the sound of Bowser's great a voice no longer sent shivers of fear chasing one another all over Peter. Truth to tell, Peter rather enjoyed an occasional run with Bowser. It kept him in good condition.

He felt that it was good for him. Peter especially enjoyed such runs in cold weather. They set his blood to racing and made him feel warm and full of high spirits. He would run in circles and use simple tricks to mix his trail up so that he could sit down and enjoy listening to Bowser's impatient yelps as he tried to get the trail straightened out. It was a kind of game which Peter enjoyed and which he knew that Bowser enjoyed. Then when Peter grew really tired, he would simply skip into the dear Old Brier Patch or the nearest bramble-tangle or a hollow log, where Bowser couldn't follow him, and not care the least bit that Bowser knew just where he was. No, Peter was no longer the least bit afraid of Bowser the Hound.

So, as he sat in the bramble tangle the morning after his narrow escape from Old Man Coyote, trying to think of some way to get back to the dear Old Brier Patch without giving Old Man Coyote a chance to catch him, he was not in the least bit frightened or troubled when he heard a rustling of feet among dead leaves, and peeping out saw Bowser himself sniffing and snuffing as he tried to find the scent of someone to chase. He knew by the way Bowser acted that his wonderful nose had found just enough scent to tell him that someone had been along that way, but not enough for him to be just sure which way they had gone, for after a few hours scent disappears. Hunters say that it grows cold. So the scent left by Peter and Old Man Coyote in the night had grown cold. There was just enough of it left in damp spots to tell Bowser that they had been there, but not enough for him to get really excited about.

Now Bowser is very patient, and he ran this way and that way, sniffing and snuffing, hoping that he would be able to find a trail fresh enough for him to follow, for Bowser was feeling just like a good run that morning. So presently he came to the old bramble-tangle where Peter was hiding, and then a wandering Little Breeze brought him the scent of Peter fresh and strong. Instantly Bowser knew that Peter was somewhere in there, and right away he became very much excited. His tail began to wag as if he would wag it off, a way he has of doing when he is hunting. Peter almost laughed aloud as he watched.

All around the edge of the old bramble-tangle went Bowser, sniffing, snuffing, and whining as he looked in among the brambles trying to see Peter. And at last, he did see him sitting right in the middle. "Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser fiercely and tried to crawl in through the old brambles. But the old brambles scratched Bowser's tender ears and made him yelp, so that he was glad to back out and try another place.

"Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser again. "Come out and run, or I will come in and get you!" and he made himself look as fierce as he could.

But Peter sat right where he was and chuckled. He knew that Bowser never could catch him in that old bramble-tangle, and he wasn't the least bit frightened. In fact, he enjoyed seeing Bowser try so hard to frighten him. Besides, it took his mind off of the worry of how he was going to get back to the dear Old Briar Patch without falling into the clutches of Old Man Coyote, who, he knew, was hiding somewhere along the way there. You see, he told Peter that he never would get back there again.

## STORY 1189. November 30, 1915.

### Unc' Billy Possum Thinks Peter Crazy

If it may hap with other folks  
You cannot quite agree,  
Pray do not be in haste to judge,  
But wait a while and see.

Sometimes folks do things which seem very, very foolish when really they are not foolish at all. So it never does to judge too hastily. That was what Unc' Billy Possum did. You see it just happened that Unc' Billy was on his way home to his hollow tree in the Green Forest the morning that Bowser the Hound found Peter Rabbit hiding in the old bramble-tangle, wondering how he was ever to get back to the dear Old Briar Patch without falling into the clutches of Old Man Coyote. Where Unc' Billy had spent the night or what mischief he had been into I don't know.

Of course he ought to have been home long before jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, but he wasn't. No, sir, he wasn't. More than one Jolly Little Sunbeam had peeped in at the door of Unc' Billy's home before he came pattering along through the Green Forest.

He was right near the old bramble-tangle when he saw Bowser coming. Unc' Billy promptly climbed a tree. He had fooled Bowser once by playing dead, but he didn't intend to try it again unless he was in such a tight place that he had to. So now he climbed a tree to wait until Bowser should go, and the way home be clear and safe. So it happened that he was where he could look right down and see all that happened in the old bramble-tangle. He saw Bowser go sniffing and snuffing this way and other way, and finally discover Peter in the middle of the bramble-tangle. He chuckled as he listened to Bowser's great voice and watched him try to frighten Peter into running out of the bramble-tangle.

"Brer Rabbit cert'nly done got a wise haid on his shoulders," muttered Unc' Billy as he saw that Peter didn't move, "He knows when he is well off, and Ah reckons Brer Bowser done gwine to bark his haid off befo' Brer Rabbit gwine to so much as shake a leg."

At just that very minute Unc' Billy got a surprise, such a surprise that he nearly tumbled out of the tree he was in. "Fo the lan's sake!" exclaimed Unc' Billy. "Ah reckons Brer Rabbit done gone crazy! Yes, sah, that's what Ah reckons. Ah takes back all Ah said about him havin' a wise haid on his shoulders. He's crazy! Po' Brer Rabbit!

Ah cert'nly am sorry fo' him. He's plumb foolish in his haid and no mistake." Unc' Billy shook his own head mournfully.

And this is what had happened to cause Unc' Billy to so suddenly change his opinion of Peter Rabbit; Peter had hopped out of the old bramble-tangle almost under Bowser's nose! Yes, sir, he had done just that. It had surprised Bowser quite so much as it had Unc' Billy. He had been so surprised that for a minute he just stared. Then with a roar of his great voice he started for Peter and off Peter went through the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip, with Bowser at his heels. Do you wonder that Unc' Billy thought him crazy? Probably you or I would have thought the same thing. But Peter wasn't crazy. O, my, no! He wasn't the least bit crazy, as you shall see.

## STORY 1190. December 1, 1915.

### Bowser Wonders What Ails Peter

"Bow, wow, wow Here is where I get you!

"Thump, thump, thump! I will never let you"

If Unc' Billy Possum thought Peter Rabbit crazy when he ran out from the safety of the bramble-tangle in the Green Forest right under the very nose of Bowser the Hound, you may be sure that Bowser thought the same thing. He had tried his very best to frighten Peter, and Peter had merely sat there and laughed at him. Then Peter suddenly hopped out right in front of him and Bowser was so surprised that for a minute he quite lost his voice and simply stared in the most stupid way. Peter hopped along a few steps and then thumped the ground, which was his way of saying "Catch me if you can!"

"Of course I'll catch you!" roared Bowser. He didn't really believe he would, for he had chased Peter often enough to know that Peter was full of smart tricks, but he wanted to scare Peter, and then perhaps he liked to boast a little too. Pretty soon he began to think that he really might catch Peter this time. You see, usually Peter kept so far ahead of him that he only got a glimpse of him now and then and followed him by keeping his wonderful nose in Peter's tracks, but this time Peter kept only a little way ahead and in plain sight all the time, so that Bowser could follow him without depending on his nose at all. Sometimes Peter would let him get so close that it seemed as if he would surely catch him with the next jump, but somehow he never did.

Bowser was puzzled. There was no doubt about that. Peter wasn't doing any of the things he usually did. He didn't run in a single circle. He didn't once try to mix his trail. He didn't take a single long side jump to break his trail and make Bowser waste time in hunting for it. In fact he didn't play the game at all the way he usually did. You see Bowser had become so used to hunting Peter and never catching him that he had come to look at it as a game, and he knew that Peter looked at it the same way. Right down in his heart Bowser didn't want to catch Peter so much as he tried to make himself think he did. You see if he should catch Peter why that would put an end to these games.

But this time it began to look as if he really might catch him. Peter was running

Illustrations. November 22 to November 27, 1915.



**1182. Peter Rabbit Keeps Guard**  
He could just see what looked like twelve blacker shadows.



**1183. A Thump and a Slap**  
Once more he sat tight and held his breath while Granny and Reddy Fox passed.



**1184. Honker Sends His Thanks to Peter**  
Honker boldly swam toward them.



**1185. Peter Rabbit Has a Close Call**  
Old Man Coyote was so close it seemed to Peter he could feel his hot breath.



**1186. Old Man Coyote Warns Peter**  
“Do you know, Peter, that it’s bad business to meddle in the affairs of other folks” continued Old Man Coyote.



**1187. Peter Thinks Things Over**  
The little stars looked down on him and winked and twinkled.



as if he were lame. "Something is the matter with him," thought Bowser. "As sure as I can wag my tail something ails Peter Rabbit. He isn't running right. What under the sun made him come out of that bramble-tangle when he knew that he was perfectly safe there? And why didn't he run into that hollow log we just passed? I couldn't have got him there and he knows it. He must have lost his senses. He must be crazy. Well, if he doesn't know enough to take care of himself it is no fault of mine. It is everyone for himself in the Green Forest and Peter can't expect me to let him go after the way he has teased me and fooled me and made fun of me in the past."

So Bowser ran harder than ever, and the Green Forest rang with his great voice, so that everybody within hearing knew that there was an exciting chase going on. Sammy Jay and Blacky and the Crow hurried over to watch it, and when they saw how close to Peter Bowser was, and that Peter wasn't trying a single trick, but seemed to be having the hardest work to keep out of Bowser's reach, they, too, were sure that something was the matter with Peter.

"He's trying to reach the Old Brier Patch, and he'll never get there in the world!" cried Sammy Jay. "He's all out of breath now, and he hasn't reached the edge of the Green Forest yet. I never expected to see the day when Bowser the Hound would catch Peter Rabbit, but he's going to do it this time or my name isn't Sammy Jay."

## STORY 1191. December 2, 1915.

### Mrs. Peter's Heart Nearly Stops Beating

Little Mrs. Peter Rabbit sat in the dear Old Brier Patch anxiously looking over to the Green Forest. It was high time for Peter to be home. Already jolly bright Mr. Sun had begun his dally climb up in the blue, blue sky, and all the little people who are abroad by day were about their business. Roughleg the Hawk was sitting in the top of the big hickory tree where he could see all over the Green Meadows.

"O, dear," sighed little Mrs. Peter. "Peter should have been here a whole hour ago. Why will he be so careless and take such risks? If he knew how I worry I don't believe he would."

Just then she heard a sound that made her hop out to the very edge of the dear Old Briar Patch and look more anxiously than ever toward the Green Forest. It was the great voice of Bowser the Hound. The mere sound of it always made her shiver. She never could understand how Peter could think it fun to be chased by Bowser. He was so big and had such a great mouth and his voice sounded so dreadful that she never felt wholly safe even in the Old Brier Patch.

Now Bowser's voice sounded as if he were very much excited. She knew by the steady roar of it that he was chasing somebody and that whoever it was I could not be very far ahead of him. "I do hope it isn't Peter!" she kept saying over and over and over to herself. "O, I do hope it isn't Peter!"

Whoever it was was running straight toward that edge of the Green Forest nearest to the Old Brier Patch. She knew this by the sound of Bowser's voice. It was louder



every minute, and of course that meant that he was coming nearer and nearer. Now it was at the very edge of the Green Forest and—little Mrs. Peter’s heart almost stopped beating! There was Peter running as if almost tired to death and only a few feet behind him was Bowser the Hound! Peter was headed straight for the Old Brier Patch, and that meant that he had a long, open stretch to cross with no chance to hide or play tricks. He had just got to run faster than Bowser could or he never, never would get there.

And Peter wasn’t running as he usually did. O. my, no! He was running as if something were the matter with him. It seemed as if every jump would be the last one.

“Run, Peter! O, run!” cried little Mrs. Peter, just as if Peter could not hear. But Peter couldn’t hear her, and he didn’t run any faster. What could be the matter with him? Bowser seemed to be at his very heels! Little Mrs. Peter shut her eyes. She couldn’t bear to see the dreadful thing she felt sure was going to happen. She kept them shut just as long as she could, and then she just had to open them to see if Peter was still alive and running. Just as she looked a surprising thing happened. Peter, who by this time was half way to the Old Brier Patch, suddenly kicked up his heels and then he did run! Liperty- liperty-lip, liperty-liperty-lip, came Peter, and with every jump he left Bowser father behind.

In a few minutes he had reached the dear Old Brier Patch and had entered one of his private little paths under the friendly old brambles where Bowser could not follow him.

“O, Peter,” cried little Mrs. Peter, hurrying to rub noses with him. “What was the matter? What happened? Are you almost dead? Do tell me quick!”

Peter grinned. “I was just fooling Old Man Coyote,” said he.

## STORY 1192. December 3, 1915.

### Peter Tells Mrs. Peter All About It

When things look dark, pray, do not quit;  
Get busy then and use your wit.

It is by doing just this that Peter Rabbit has succeeded in getting out of all kinds of scrapes. If Peter was the kind to give up easily, he long ago would have made a good dinner for Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote, or Hooty the Owl or Roughleg the Hawk, or some other of those who have a fondness for rabbit.

When Peter told Mrs. Peter that in letting Bowser the Hound keep close to his heels all the way through the Green Forest and half way across the Green Meadows to the dear Old Brier Patch he had been fooling Old Man Coyote, she didn’t know what to think.

“What did Old Man Coyote have to do with it?” she demanded just a wee bit crossly, for she had been terribly frightened as she watched Peter seemingly having such hard work to keep out of the clutches of Bowser the Hound. “I didn’t see him anywhere.”

Peter chuckled. "It was this way, my dear," he began. "I was sitting near the pond of Paddy the Beaver over in the Green Forest last night, where Honker the Goose and 11 of his followers were fast asleep, when I saw Old Man Coyote and Reddy and Granny Fox hide close to the edge of the pond. By and by I saw that some of those sleeping geese were drifting in right toward them. I waited until I didn't dare wait another minute, and then I thumped the danger signal to waken them. Paddy the Beaver heard me and slapped the water with his tail, and that made them open their eyes in a hurry.

The instant I had thumped I ran, for I knew that the nearest hiding-place was an old bramble-tangle, and that was a long way off, and I felt sure that Old Man Coyote would try to get even with me for spoiling his chance of getting a fat goose. Half-way there I stopped to listen, which was a very foolish thing to do. Old Man Coyote almost caught me there.

"He's smart, is Old Man Coyote. I never realized until last night how smart he is. You see he knew that the nearest place of safety for me was that old bramble-tangle, and he guessed that I would do just what I did do—stop before I got there. So the instant I thumped he started for the bramble-tangle to try to catch me, and he nearly did it, too. Just look at my tail. Did you ever see such a looking tail?" Peter twisted around and looked mournfully at the ragged little white bunch which he called a tail.

"He so nearly caught me that he pulled a bunch of hair out of my tail just as I reached the bramble-tangle. I never before had such a narrow escape in all my life. Then he told me that I never would get back to the dear Old Brier Patch unless I got him a fat goose to make up for the one I had cheated him out of by waking Honker and the others, and I knew by the way he said it that he meant it. Of course, he knew that I couldn't, and wouldn't if I could, get him a goose. It was his way of telling me that he meant to catch me. Then he trotted away, and I knew perfectly well that he had gone to hide somewhere along the way I would have to go to get home.

"I kept trying and trying to think of some way to get here, for I knew how worried you would be, my dear, but I couldn't think of a single plan until Bowser the Hound come nosing along this morning and found me there in the bramble-tangle. Then all in a flash it came to me how I could get home. I hopped right out in front of Bowser and pretended that something was the matter with me. Of course he started for me and I ran, keeping just out of his reach, and all the time pretending that I couldn't run any faster. Right on the edge of the Green Forest, hiding behind a pile of brush, was Old Man Coyote, just as I had suspected he would be. I wish you could have seen him when I went past almost under his nose.

"You see he didn't dare jump out because Bowser was right at my heels. When it was safe to do so I showed Bowser how I can run when I want to and here I am. I'd give another bunch of hair out of my tail to know what Old Man Coyote said when I skipped past. Ha, ha, ha! There's nothing like a little wit, my dear, to get you out of trouble."

Little Mrs. Peter drew a long breath and her eyes were shining with pride and admiration. "My, how smart you are, Peter!" she cried. "Still, I do wish that you would

stay at home and not take such dreadful risks,” she added.

## STORY 1193. December 4, 1915

### Brother North Wind and Jack Frost Arrive

Honker the Goose had not been many days ahead of Rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost. He seldom is. All the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows know this and so, when they heard his message “Honk, honk, honk, honk,” those who still had work to do worked harder than ever.

Paddy the Beaver went all over his house very carefully putting on fresh mud wherever it was needed so that when Jack Frost did arrive he would find it all ready to be frozen hard. Jerry Muskrat hurried to get in the last of his supplies.

Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, scampered about faster than ever to get all the nuts possible before they should be hidden under the snow. Bobby Coon, Unc’ Billy Possum and Buster Bear did their best to burst their coats by stuffing themselves with everything they could find. They were so fat they could hardly waddle. You see they make storehouses of their own skins. Yes, indeed, those were busy days.

Then one night when all was still Jack Frost arrived. He came silently and only “those who were awake knew that he had come. They knew because he slyly pinched them just by way of warning. Unc’ Billy Possum was one of these and he didn’t wait to be pinched twice.

He promptly turned back to his home in a hollow tree and curled himself up in his warm bed for a long, long sleep. Bobby Coon did the same thing. Buster Bear felt sleepy, but he wasn’t quite ready to go to bed for the Winter, so he decided to wait until the first heavy snow. Paddy the Beaver watched the mud harden on the roof of his house as Jack Frost touched it, and then he dived and with a sigh of great content slipped in at his secret door under water and scrambled up into his nice, warm, dry bedroom to rest, for he had worked long and hard, and he knew that, the time had come when he could work no more, because by morning his pond would be covered with ice.

But those who were asleep for the night knew nothing about the coming of Jack Frost until the morning. Then they shivered a little as they started forth, and those who run ran fast to keep warm, and those who fly flew fast for the same reason. Later in the day Rough Brother North Wind arrived. There was nothing silent about the way he came. He whooped and howled across the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest. He caught up the dead leaves and whirled them far and wide. He shouted that all might hear:

I am the North Wind stout and bold!  
I come from the land of ice and cold!  
Who braves my strength to him I give  
A greater power to work and live.

Peter Rabbit listened and shivered just a wee bit in spite of his warm coat. “Now, what does he mean by that?” said he.

“I suppose,” replied little Mrs. Peter, “that he means that those who are not afraid to face hard times and do their very best are really stronger for doing it. He certainly is rough and strong, but I’ve noticed that we always feel well when he comes.”

“That is quite true,” replied Peter thoughtfully. “I never can run so fast in Summer as in Winter.” He drew a long breath. “Isn’t this air good? I feel just like a run this very minute. When you get used to it Winter isn’t so bad. It’s all in the getting used to it. Those who sleep all Winter or go away where there isn’t any cold weather don’t know what a lot they miss. I wonder why they do it anyway.”

## STORY 1194. December 6, 1915

### Prickly Porky Grunts Contentedly

Who learns the meaning of the word content  
Has learned a lesson that for each of us is meant.

“Unk, unk,” grunted Prickly Porky the Porcupine as Rough Brother North Wind blew his cold breath through the Green Forest and made more than one of the little people who live there shiver in spite of their fur coats. “Unk, unk, you can’t frighten me! Blow your hardest for all I care. I’ve plenty to eat, and you can’t scare me with all your noise and bluster. That is what comes of being satisfied with what I can get and not wanting things I cannot get. It saves a lot of worry and trouble.”

“What does?” Peter Rabbit was sitting at the foot of the tree in which Prickly Porky was getting a meal of bark. He had come along just in time to hear the last of Prickly Porky’s remarks.

“Contentment, of course,” grunted Prickly Porky.

“Hmm,” said Peter. “I guess no one is any more contented than I am.”

“Then what are you doing way over here in the Green Forest?” demanded Prickly Porky. “Why don’t you stay at home in the Old Brier Patch? Isn’t there enough to eat there?”

“Yes,” replied Peter, “but—but—”

“Never mind your buts, Peter, grunted Prickly Porky. “I know all about them. You’ve enough over there, but you want to see if you can’t find something better. Now there may be better things to eat than I’ve got here, but here I am sure of enough, and so here I stay. I sleep when I feel sleepy, I eat when I feel hungry, I have no fear of any one, and so I am very contented. Unk, unk, unk.” Prickly Porky pulled off a strip of bark and slowly ate it, grunting between each mouthful which, while it wasn’t at all a nice thing to do, told all within hearing how very well satisfied he was with life, and in particular with what he was putting into his stomach. There was no doubt, not the smallest doubt in the world, that Prickly Porky was just as he said he was—very

contented.

“How many narrow escapes have you had, Peter?”

“Why—why—why, so many I can’t count ‘em,” replied Peter. “I have at least one almost every day. I don’t suppose there is anyone who has as many narrow escapes as I do.”

“Unk, unk,” grunted Prickly Porky. “Don’t boast, Peter. Boasting is a bad habit. I never like to hear people boast, especially when it is a foolish boast. Now if you boasted that you seldom or never had narrow escapes it wouldn’t be so bad. It would show that you really had some common sense in that head of yours. Now, isn’t it perfectly true that nearly all of those narrow escapes you have are when you are outside of the Old Brier Patch?”

Peter nodded.

“Then that proves that if you were content to stay in the Old Brier Patch you would have nothing to worry about,” continued Prickly Porky. “It is discontent that gets you into all your trouble. Instead of filling your stomach with what you have you go looking for something a little better, and half the time what you find isn’t a bit better than what you already had. You should be like me, Peter. You should learn to be contented. There is nothing in the world like contentment. Unk, unk, unk! There is nothing like contentment, Peter Rabbit. Unk, unk, unk!”

“Is it discontent that makes so many birds fly away when cold weather comes and that makes Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk and a lot more go to sleep for the Winter?” asked Peter

## STORY 1195. December 7, 1915

### Why Some Birds Fly South and Some Stay

When Peter Rabbit asked Prickly Porky the Porcupine if it was discontent that caused so many of the birds to fly away to the sunny Southland at the coming of cold weather, he did it more to change the subject than with any hope of learning anything. Prickly Porky had been preaching to Peter about contentment, and it had made Peter feel a little uncomfortable. You know nobody likes to be preached to, Peter least of all. So he tried to change the subject.

Now he didn’t have the least idea that Prickly Porky would really know anything about the matter. Like almost everyone else, he always thought of Prickly Porky as rather a stupid fellow. He is slow moving and does little but eat and sleep, and altogether is regarded by his more active neighbors as rather stupid. So Peter didn’t really expect to learn anything when he asked the question. It was a matter that had bothered Peter for a long time. He never could see any sense in those long journeys which so many of his feathered friends made every year. If Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Drummer the Woodpecker and a few others who stay all Winter could stand the cold, why couldn’t the rest; He had studied and studied the matter without growing one

bit wiser. So just imagine how surprised he was when Prickly Porky stopped eating long enough to look down at him and say in the most scornful way, as if he thought Peter the most stupid fellow ever was to ask such a foolish question.

“Discontent has nothing to do with it. It’s simply a matter of getting enough to eat. I thought everybody knew that.”

Peter didn’t like the way in which Prickly Porky said that, but he wanted to know more, so he wisely swallowed the sharp retort which was on the tip of his tongue. “I didn’t,” he confessed very humbly, “and I don’t quite understand it now. Little Tommy Tit doesn’t seem to have any trouble finding enough to eat in the Winter, and if such a little fellow as he can stand the cold weather, I should think that Welcome Robin and Carol the Lark and Goldie the Oriole and all the others could do it, too.”

“What does Welcome Robin eat?” demanded Prickly Porky.

“Why, worms and bugs and things,” replied Peter in a rather uncertain voice.

“Seen any worms and bugs and things since Jack Frost arrived?” asked Prickly Porky, and the tone of his voice was enough to make Peter feel very foolish.

“No—o,” confessed Peter, “but—”

“But what?” demanded Prickly Porky sharply.

“But doesn’t Tommy Tit eat worms and bugs? And doesn’t Drummer the Woodpecker? If they can find them why can’t Welcome Robin and the others?” Peter felt very well pleased with his retort.

“Why don’t you eat nuts the way Happy Jack Squirrel does?” demanded Prickly Porky.

“Because I haven’t got the right kind of teeth for cracking them,” replied Peter. “What a silly question!”

“So if you had nothing to eat but nuts you would starve while Happy Jack would grow fat, wouldn’t you?” persisted Prickly Porky.

“I guess I would,” replied Peter, looking puzzled. “But what has that got to do with Welcome Robin and Drummer the Woodpecker?”

“Nothing,” replied Prickly Porky, “only Drummer has a bill for making holes in trees, and in the bark where certain kinds of worms are always to be found, and where bugs hide their eggs. Welcome Robin hasn’t, and there you are. Drummer can find a meal any time where Welcome Robin would starve. It’s the same way with Tommy Tit. He eats millions of eggs of insects, so tiny that you wouldn’t be able to see them at all probably, and he finds them on the twigs of trees and hidden under the bark. Welcome Robin never could fill up on those, and even if he could he couldn’t get them. His feet are not made for clinging upside down to little twigs as Tommy Tit’s are. That’s all there is to it. Those who can find enough to eat stay, and those who can’t find enough to eat go. Simple, isn’t it?”

## Why Some People Sleep All Winter

Peter Rabbit regarded Prickly Porky the Porcupine with a great deal more respect than he had ever regarded him before. You see he had explained to Peter why it is that most of the birds seek the far-away, sunny Southland for the Winter, making that long and dangerous journey twice a year, going down in the Fall and coming back in the Spring. Peter never had been able to see any sense in it, but now that Prickly Porky had explained it, it was all very simple and reasonable. Prickly Porky wasn't as stupid as he looked.

"Perhaps," thought Peter, "he can tell me why it is that so many of my friends sleep all Winter." So he thanked Prickly Porky for what he had just told him about the birds, and then, in his most polite manner, he asked:

"Is it for the same reason that Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk and Bobby Coon and Old Mr. Toad and Grandfather Frog sleep all Winter?"

"Certainly," replied Prickly Porky. "If they didn't sleep, they would starve to death."

"I don't see why" replied Peter, looking as puzzled as he felt. "I don't see why Johnny Chuck shouldn't stay awake all Winter just as I do. I don't see why he should starve awake any more than asleep."

"Huh!" grunted Prickly Porky. "Huh! What does Johnny Chuck eat?"

"Why, clover and grass and—and—"

"And other nice tender green things," finished Prickly Porky. "Where would he find them now?"

"Why, there aren't any now," replied Peter, but—"

"But you manage to make a living from bark and frozen berries and buds of bushes which you can reach and even dry grass when you can find nothing better," interrupted Prickly Porky, "and you don't see why Johnny Chuck cannot do the same thing. Isn't that it?"

Peter nodded.

"Well, Johnny has a different kind of stomach from yours," continued Prickly Porky. "It is made for green things and green things only. Even if it wasn't he would starve. Can you imagine Johnny Chuck with his short legs getting around in the snow to look for food? Of course you can't! You should know as well as I do that even in Summer he never dares go very far from his house, and then there is always plenty of food right close at hand. In Winter you have to do a lot of traveling to get enough to eat, don't you?"

Again Peter nodded.



## Illustrations. November 29 to December 4, 1915.



**1188. Bowser the Hound Finds Peter**

But Peter sat right where he was and chuckled.



**1189. Unc' Billy Possum Thinks Peter Crazy**

"Fo' the lan's sake!" exclaimed Unc' Billy. "Ah reckons Brer Rabbit done gone crazy."



**1190. Bowser Wonders What Ails Peter**

Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow hurried over to watch the chase.



**1191. Mrs. Peter's Heart Nearly Stops Beating**

"Run, Peter! O, run!" cried Mrs. Peter.



**1192. Peter Tells Mrs. Peter All About It**

"What did Old Man Coyote have to do with it?" she demanded.



**1193. Brother North Wind and Jack Frost Arrive**

They were so fat they could hardly waddle.

“And sometimes it is pretty dangerous, isn’t it?”

Peter nodded once more.

“How far do you think Johnny Chuck would get before Granny Fox or Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Roughleg the Hawk would have him?” asked Prickly Porky.

“I hadn’t thought of that,” confessed Peter.

“Of course you hadn’t,” retorted Prickly Porky. “You are one of those people who want others to do your thinking for you. That’s the trouble with you, Peter. If you did a little real thinking, you wouldn’t ask so many foolish questions.”

For a long time Peter said nothing. He was still puzzled about something and he was trying to think it out for himself. But at last he gave it up. “I don’t see yet why he sleeps all Winter,” he ventured rather timidly. “Why doesn’t he keep awake some of the time, even if he doesn’t eat? I don’t see why he should starve awake any more than asleep.”

“When are you hungriest?” demanded Prickly Porky.

“When I’ve been running about,” replied Peter promptly.

“O, you do know that much! I’m glad to hear it,” replied Prickly Porky. “Well, if Johnny Chuck was awake, he would be moving around some and that would use up the food stored under that skin of his in the form of fat. When he is asleep, he doesn’t use much. It is food that gives you strength to run around, and the more you run about the more you must eat. So Old Mother Nature just puts Johnny and some of the others to sleep while food is not to be bad. Just as soon as there is food, she wakes them. Now do you understand?”

“Yes, thank you,” replied Peter, “I think I do. They can’t fly away South like the birds, and so they sleep. Just the same it seems very queer to me. I wouldn’t want to sleep all Winter.

## STORY 1197. December 9, 1915

### The Queer Case of Buster Bear

Buster Bear, you’ll find, my dear,  
Is very, very, very queer.

Anyway, he has some queer ways. That is what Peter Rabbit thinks, and Peter ought to know. But as to that it is quite probable that Buster thinks some of Peter’s ways queer. It is the way of the world to think other folks queer who do not do just as you do. So Peter thinks some of Buster’s ways queer, and Buster thinks some of Peter’s ways queer, and I am quite sure that both think your ways and mine very queer indeed.

To Peter’s way of thinking one of Buster Bear’s queerest habits is that of sleeping away most of the Winter. Since his talk with Prickly Porky the Porcupine Peter had begun to understand why Johnny Chuck and some of the others went to sleep as soon as cold weather came, to stay asleep until Mistress Spring should arrive. They had to

sleep or starve, for there was none of the food they need, and wouldn't be so long as Winter lasted. But somehow Peter couldn't seem to make the reason fit the case to Buster Bear. Buster didn't seem to want to go to sleep for the Winter. He had prowled around until after the snow had come to stay, and then, and not until then, he had stretched out on his bed of leaves under the shelving rock deep in the Green Forest, where he had slept away the last Winter, and Peter knew that they would see no more of him until Spring.

Now, why should he go to sleep for weeks at a time that way? Peter puzzled and puzzled over it as he turned it over in his mind. Johnny Chuck lives on tender green things, and in Winter there are no tender green things. Old Mr. Toad lives on worms and bugs, and in Winter there are no worms and bugs. At least there are none where Old Mr. Toad can get them. But with Buster Bear it was different. Why shouldn't he keep awake all Winter, just as Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote do? It seemed to Peter very absurd that such a great big fellow as Buster Bear, of whom everybody else was afraid and who had such a great warm fur coat, should hide away and sleep just because it was Winter. Finally he went back to Prickly Porky to try to satisfy his curiosity.

"Buster Bear is smart," said Peter. "He is one of the smartest of all the people in the Green Forest. Everybody says that. And if he is so smart, why can't he catch enough to eat in the Winter just as Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote do? They don't waste their time sleeping, and they don't starve to death. They may go hungry some of the time. Most of us do that in bad weather. But they catch enough to live on. Why doesn't Buster Bear?"

"Huh!" grunted Prickly Porky. "You don't know much about Buster Bear. What do you think he lives on, anyway?"

"Why, on any of us little people he can catch," replied Peter promptly. "Everybody knows that!"

"Then everybody knows something that everybody doesn't know at all. That is the trouble with a lot of people—they think they know when they don't know. Now take the queer case of Buster Bear. Everyone seems to think because he eats a mouse or a rabbit or some other of the little forest people silly enough not to keep out of his reach, that he lives on them altogether, just as Old Man Coyote does. That shows how little some folks know about their neighbors. If Old Man Coyote should catch you, Peter, which I hope he won't, you would make him a good meal. But you wouldn't be more than a mouthful for Buster Bear. Two or three fat mice would do Reddy Fox for a whole day, but they wouldn't more than tickle Buster Bear's stomach. Buster eats meat when it happens to fall in his way, but what he lives on mostly are roots and berries and nuts and bugs and fish and frogs, and he has to have a lot of them. Where, pray tell, would he find them at this time of the year? He is just like Johnny Chuck and Bobby Coon and the other sleepers—he'd starve if he didn't sleep."

"Thank you, Prickly Porky," said Peter politely. "I've learned a lot. Yet even now I cannot help feeling that it is very queer that such a big, strong fellow as Buster Bear should sleep all Winter. Anyway, I hope he has pleasant dreams."

## Old Mother Nature's White Magic

Lightly downward from the sky,  
Pure and soft the snowflakes fly.  
By their magic in a night  
Earth is clothed in spotless white.

Peter Rabbit is just like most boys and girls when the first real snow falls. If he had the voice for shouting, he would shout for pure joy. As it is he kicks, his long heels together and does foolish things just to show how good he feels. I suspect that if Unc' Billy Possum should see him he would say that Peter is "light in his haid." But Unc' Billy means to be, and usually is, snug and warm in his hollow tree when the first snow falls.

To Peter the "white magic," as he calls the snow, is one of the most wonderful of all the wonderful things which Old Mother Nature gives to the Great World. By means of it in a single day or a single night she changes the Green Meadows and the Green Forest into a sort of fairyland, a beautiful, glittering, white fairyland wherein is not one single ugly or unpleasant thing to see. There was the Old Pasture. When jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills the Old Pasture was a black and dreary waste, for you remember that the Red Terror had swept across it and left it black and unsightly, a dreadful thing to look at. Now as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun kicked off his blankets and began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky the Old Pasture lay white and pure and beautiful. Was not that magic? In just the few short hours of the night Old Mother Nature had made a wonderfully beautiful thing of a dreadfully ugly thing.

"Sometimes," confided Peter to little Mrs. Peter, "I have wished that I had wings like the birds and could fly away to the sunny Southland just to see new things, but now I am glad I haven't got wings, for I don't believe that down there in the sunny Southland is anything so new and wonderful as what we have right here. Here we are right in the dear Old Brier Patch on the Green Meadows, and right over yonder is the Green Forest, yet everything is new and different from what it was yesterday. Not one single thing looks the same. Why, even these friendly old brambles are beautiful now, and you know that much as we love them, we never could call them beautiful before. Sometimes I've thought that it wasn't fair of Old Mother Nature to give the birds chance to see so much, while we have to stay right here all the year through, but I take it all back now. We can't go to see new things, so she just makes our own little part of the Great World all over for us, and I wouldn't miss it for anything. Let's go over to the Green Forest and see what it looks like."

"We'll do nothing of the kind, Peter Rabbit!" declared little Mrs. Peter. "Are you crazy? Look over there in the top of the Big Hickory Tree! Who is that?"

Peter looked. Right in the top he saw a black spot. It was so far away that it looked like nothing but a spot, but against the white of the snow it was quite black. "O," said Peter, quite carelessly, "that is only old Roughleg the Hawk. He can't catch us."

“He certainly can’t if we stay right here in the Old Brier Patch,” declared Mrs. Peter, “and that is just what we are going to do. You’ve fooled him by squatting perfectly still in the brown grass, but you can’t fool him that way now. If you had a white coat<sup>31</sup>, you might do it, but with a brown coat you haven’t a chance in the world.”

“That’s so,” admitted Peter, “I had forgotten all about that. I guess you are quite right, my dear. We’ll have to wait until night before we go to the Green Forest, and I’m just crazy to see what it is like over there.” Peter sighed.

“If you think I’m going with you, you are greatly mistaken,” declared little Mrs. Peter, with, considerable spirit. “It is dangerous enough over there at best, but with everything all white except your coat, it is a great deal more dangerous. Oh, Peter, please promise to stay right here in the dear Old Brier Patch.”

But Peter wouldn’t promise.

## STORY 1199. December 11, 1915

### Peter Rabbit Tracks His Neighbors

It was a perfectly glorious night. Mistress Moon flooded the Green Meadows and the Green Forest with silvery light, and the white snow which covered everything helped to make still more light. In fact, it was almost as light as day, it seemed to Peter Rabbit. In spite of all little Mrs. Peter could say he had started for the Green Forest Just as soon as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills.

“It’s just like visiting a new world,” thought Peter as he reached the edge of the Green Forest. “I do wish that Fuzzy wasn’t so timid.” By Fuzzy he meant little Mrs. Peter, who, you know, was once Miss Fuzzytail.

“She thinks that just because my coat is brown and everything else is white it is a great deal more dangerous here than when there isn’t any snow. She doesn’t know what wonderful hiding places there are everywhere now. The snow has bent down all those little hemlock trees and the lowest branches on the big hemlock trees so that under them are the most wonderful caves. Why, I can jump out of sight almost anywhere here. Hello! I wonder who made those funny tracks. I believe I’ll follow them and find out.”

The tracks were just the tiniest of little dots with a tiny little line between two rows. That line puzzled Peter. You know he is not used to tracking his neighbors. Of course the double row of dots were the prints of tiny feet, but what made the line? Peter followed as fast as he could, which wasn’t so very fast, because the tracks wound about so much. Presently they led to an old log covered with snow. In one side of it was a little hole and right there the tracks ended.

“Hello!” called Peter.

“Hello yourself and see how you like it!” replied a squeaky little voice.

---

31 This is a direct correction of Burgess’s stories in 1913 that depicted Peter Rabbit with a white coat in the winter.

Peter chuckled. He knew that voice. “Why don’t you come out and be polite when you have callers?” he said.

“Did you say callers? Who is with you, Peter Rabbit?” asked a squeaky voice.

“Well, a caller, if you like that better. There is no one with me,” replied Peter.

Right away a pretty little head with the loveliest soft eyes appeared at the hole. It was Whitefoot the Woodmouse. “Excuse me, Peter, if I seemed to be a little bit impolite,” said he. “I have to be very careful these days. I can’t afford to take any chances when there are so many hungry people about. How did you find me?”

“Easy enough,” replied Peter. “I just followed your tracks, though I didn’t know whose they were.”

Whitefoot sighed. “That is the trouble with snow—it is a regular tell-tale,” said he. “One cannot move while it is soft without leaving tracks. It tells all of one’s secrets. Better watch out, Peter, that some of your enemies don’t catch you by means of your tracks; they are very easy to follow.”

“I’m not worrying,” declared Peter. “If they can see my tracks, I can see theirs, so it is an even thing. It is great fun to follow tracks. By the way, Whitefoot, how do you make that funny little line between your footprints?”

“With my tail, of course. How stupid of you not to know,” replied Whitefoot. “A long tail is rather a nuisance sometimes,” he added.

Peter chuckled. “Mine doesn’t bother me,” said he. “I’m very glad to have found out about your tracks. Next time I will know them. Now I am going to see who else I can follow. It isn’t often I have such a chance, and it is great fun. I expect I shall learn a whole lot about my neighbors.”

“Watch out that they don’t learn some things about you that you would rather keep secret,” warned Whitefoot. But Peter just laughed and went on his way.

## STORY 1200. December 13, 1915

### Peter Learns Many Things

Hardly had Peter Rabbit left Whitefoot the Wood Mouse when he discovered some new tracks in the snow, and right away he was all curiosity.

“Now whose can these be, I wonder?” thought he.

They were quite different from the tiny tracks of Whitefoot. In the first place they were ever so much larger. Then, too, they were quite far apart in little groups of four, two little round ones and two quite long ones.

“Of course,” said Peter to himself, “the little ones are the prints of front feet, and the long ones are the prints of hind feet. They are just a little like my own prints, only not so big. I guess I’ll follow them and see where they lead to.”



So Peter started off lipperty-lipperty-lip, for these tracks were very easy to follow. He had followed them quite a distance without discovering anybody when he happened to look back at his own tracks. Then he stopped abruptly and sat up. First he looked at his own tracks and then he looked at the other tracks, and a very foolish look crept over his face. He had noticed what he had quite forgotten, and this was that in hopping he puts his hind feet down in front of his fore feet so that anyone who didn't know that would think from his tracks that he was going in just the opposite direction from what he was. He looked a little closer at the tracks he had been following and now he could see the marks of toenails. Whoever had made those tracks did just as he did, put the hind feet down in front of the fore feet, and here he had been following them in the wrong direction. No wonder he didn't catch up with anyone. My, how foolish Peter did feel! He looked this way and that way to make sure that no one had seen what he had been doing, and then he turned about and started back the way he had come as fast as he could go.

When he reached the place where he had begun to follow the tracks he kept right on. Presently he came to a place where someone had dug down through the snow. Right beside the little hole was an empty nutshell. Peter stopped and right away he lost all interest. "Pooh!" he exclaimed, "I'm not going to waste my time following those tracks any farther. They were made by Happy Jack Squirrel, and he's at home in bed now. Funny I didn't think of him before. Next time I see his tracks I'll know them, so perhaps my time hasn't been wholly wasted."

With this Peter once more went looking for tracks, and he didn't have far to look. This time they were big round tracks in a single row. Peter took one good look at them and that was enough.

"Reddy Fox!" he exclaimed under his breath. "This is no place for me if he is about. There is one good thing, and that is they head away from where I have been. I hope he won't take it into his head to come over this way."

Making the longest jumps he knew how. Peter hurried off to another part of the Green Forest, and there presently he forgot all about Reddy Fox in his interest in another set of tracks. These were in a double row, and it was very plain to Peter that whoever made them was in no great hurry. He followed them, and presently came to an old stump with a hole under it. The track led straight down into that hole and none came out. Peter grinned.

So this is where Jimmy Skunk is spending the Winter," said he. "I've wondered a good many times where Jimmy's Winter home could be, and now I know. This snow is certainly fine for finding out secrets. I certainly am learning, things tonight. Now I'll see who else I can learn about."

And, kicking his long heels together for sheer joy, Peter started on to look for more tracks.



## Peter Finds Some Strange Tracks

Nothing stronger is than habit,  
As I will prove by Peter Rabbit.

Peter says that habits always make him think of burrs—they stick and are mighty hard to get rid of. Of course, there are some kinds of habits you don't want to get rid of—good habits. Then there are some habits which are neither good nor bad, and it doesn't really matter whether or not you get rid of them. Lastly, there are bad habits, the kind you do want to get rid of as quickly as possible, and these stick tighter than either of the others. They never shake off; they have to be pulled off or cut off.

Now, one of Peter Rabbit's habits is to run in circles, a perfectly harmless habit usually, and yet one which sometimes gets him into trouble. You see hunters know of this habit, and when they have set a dog to chasing Peter they just stand near where they first started Peter, knowing that sooner or later he is almost sure to come back there and give them a chance to shoot at him. Peter has run in circles that way so much that he seldom thinks anything about it. So it was not surprising that as he ran about in the Green Forest this moonlit night, looking for tracks of his neighbors, he should gradually make a circle, and so come upon his own tracks made when he first started out.

At first he didn't know that they were his own, and started to follow them. Then, happening to look back at the footprints he had just made, he suddenly realized that they were exactly like the ones he was following. Peter can always see a joke, even if it is on himself. "Huh!" he chuckled. "Here I am chasing myself! I am afraid it would be a long, long chase to catch up. I guess I'll run over to the pond of Paddy the Beaver and see what I can find there. Hello!"

Peter sat up very straight and stared straight ahead at the tracks he had made earlier in the evening. His eyes were round with surprise, and then a troubled look crept over them. Somebody had been following him just as he had followed others!

There were the tracks plain to see. Who could have made them? Peter hurried for a closer view of them. But this told him nothing. He never had seen any like them before, and so of course he couldn't tell who had made them. Hastily he looked around and saw where the tracks had joined his own. They came from the direction of an old brush pile, and when they reached his own turned and followed his. It was quite clear that whoever had made them had been going in another direction until he came to Peter's tracks. Then he had at once turned to look for Peter. Was it someone who, like himself, was following the tracks of his neighbors just out of idle curiosity, or was it an enemy? With all his heart Peter wished he knew. One thing was very plain to see, and that was that whoever was following him had begun to hurry as soon as he had found his tracks, and Peter didn't like that. It made him uneasy.

What should he do? He didn't dare sit still, and he didn't know where to go. If only he knew who it was! Suddenly he thought of a plan. Perhaps if he followed those tracks

back before they joined his own, he might learn something. Peter wasted no more time. He hurried along that back track straight to the brush pile. The tracks went all around it and in and out under it. Peter didn't like that a bit. He was beginning to get suspicious. Then he found where the tracks had first come to the brush pile from the direction of an old fallen log. He hurried over to this. The tracks were all around and over the log. Whoever had made them had peeped into every hole, no matter how small. Then Peter knew.

"It's Shadow the Weasel!" he cried with a frightened gasp. "No one but Shadow would look into every hole this way and run all around, and in and out of the brush pile. It's Shadow the Weasel, and now he's after me! Oh, what shall I do?"

## STORY 1202. December 15, 1915

### The White Hunter

About the time that Peter Rabbit had reached the Green Forest that night after the first snow a slim, trim little fellow yawned, rubbed his eyes, yawned again, stretched, and then abruptly made up his mind that he was hungry, and that it was time to do some hunting. He scrambled up to the doorway of his home, which was in a snug hollow under the roots of an old tree in the Green Forest, and thrust his head out. The ground was white; the trees were white; everything was white. He smiled as he sat there looking out at the white world, and his smile was a crafty, cruel, hungry smile. That white world just suited him. It couldn't have suited him better. If you had been there when he made his first leap out into the snow you would have understood right away why he was so well pleased. His coat was as white as the snow! He was all white except the tip of his tail, and that was black. It was Shadow the Weasel.

Now of all the hunters of the Green Forest there is none smarter, none more eager, none more tireless than Shadow the Weasel. Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Hooty the Owl hunt to fill their stomachs, and when they have their stomachs full, they stop hunting. But Shadow hunts for the pure joy of hunting. When he has killed as much as he can eat, he does not stop. O, my, no! He keeps right on hunting. He is like a great many two-legged hunters. It is for this that he is so feared and hated by the little people of the Green Forest.

Now as he bounded along in long leaps there was a fierce joy in his heart. With everything white he could be even bolder than usual, for in his pure white coat not even the wrathful eyes of Hooty the Owl, the one enemy he really feared, would be likely to see him. It was very convenient, that white coat. He ran swiftly with long bounds, stopping only to investigate the old logs and stumps and brush piles that he came to. Each of these he examined very carefully. There might be a Wood mouse hiding there, and Shadow is too good a hunter to be careless.

So presently he came to the tracks of Peter Rabbit. For just a second Shadow smelled of the tracks with his keen little nose, than which there in none keener. His eyes brightened with eagerness.

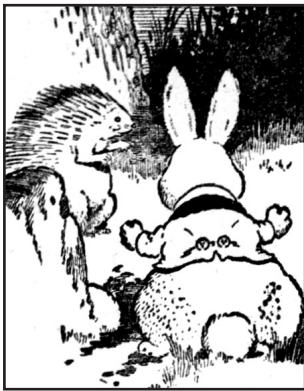
Illustrations. December 6 to December 11, 1915.



**1194. Prickly Porky Grunts Contentedly**  
“Then what are you doing way over here in the Green Forest?” demanded Prickly Porky.



**1195. Why Some Birds Fly South and Some Stay**  
“Why don’t you eat nuts the way Happy Jack Squirrel does?” demanded Prickly Porky.



**1196. Why Some People Sleep All Winter**  
“Huh!” grunted Prickly Porky. “Huh! What does Johnny Chuck eat?”



**1197. The Queer Case of Buster Bear**  
“Huh,” grunted Prickly Porky. “You don’t know much about Buster Bear.”



**1198. Old Mother Nature’s White Magic**  
O,” said Peter, “that is only Old Roughleg the Hawk. He can’t catch us.”



**1199. Peter Rabbit Tracks His Neighbors**  
It was Whitefoot the Woodmouse. “Excuse me, Peter, if I seemed to be a little impolite,” said he.

“Ha!” said Shadow. “He passed here not very long ago. Nothing would or could suit me better for dinner than Peter Rabbit. This cold air makes me hungry. He doesn’t know I am about; unless Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote happens to give him a scare before I catch up with him it ought not to be a long chase.”

It was well for Whitefoot the Wood Mouse that Shadow had found Peter’s tracks after they had left Whitefoot’s hiding place instead of before. He is such a slim fellow that he could have and would have slipped in at the little doorway and made an end of Whitefoot. Presently Shadow came to the place where Peter had followed the tracks of Happy Jack Squirrel. “Hello!” exclaimed Shadow.

“Has that fellow returned to the Green Forest? I’ll just keep an eye open for him hereafter.”

Then he paid no more attention to Happy Jack’s tracks, but kept right on after Peter. Presently he came to the tracks of Jimmy Skunk. He knew right away whose tracks they were. You know Jimmy is a cousin to Shadow. When he saw those tracks, he scowled. He and Jimmy are not on the best of terms. Besides, at first he thought Jimmy was following Peter and that would upset his plans. But in a few minutes, he saw that Peter had been following Jimmy and that made him easier in mind. He felt still better when Jimmy’s tracks ended at the hole under the old stump where Jimmy had made his home for the Winter. Shadow sniffed at the doorway and then showed all his sharp teeth in an ugly snarl. “He’s down in there and I’m glad of that,” he muttered, and then with longer bounds than ever he kept on after Peter.

## STORY 1203. December 17, 1915

### Peter is in Despair

Never had Peter Rabbit felt greater despair in his heart than when he found who was following his tracks through the Green Forest. He didn’t know where to go or what to do. If only it were any one but Shadow the Weasel! From Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Hooty the Owl he could find safety in a bramble tangle or a hollow log. But there was nowhere that he could go that Shadow the Weasel could not follow. When the ground was not frozen, he had fooled Shadow by running in wet places where the ground was swampy and the water destroyed his scent, but now these places were frozen hard. Even the Laughing Brook was frozen over.

“O, dear!” sobbed Peter. “He’ll get me this time. He surely will. I might just as well give up right now. It isn’t the least use in the world to run. He can run as long as I can. I can’t move without leaving tracks. O, how I hate this snow!”

Peter said this last in a very bitter tone, quite forgetting that it was the snow which had given him warning. If he had stopped to think a minute, he would have remembered that Shadow can follow tracks on bare ground by means of his wonderful nose quite as easily as he could follow those tracks in the snow, and that if there had been no snow Peter wouldn’t have seen Shadow’s own tracks, and so would have been caught before he had the least idea that he was being followed.

Peter was too frightened to run and he was too frightened to sit still. Anyway, that is the way he felt. Every second that he sat there was bringing Shadow nearer.

With terrible fear in his eyes, Peter stared back the way he had come. Then he made up his mind. "He'll not catch me without as long a run as I can give him," muttered Peter, and made a long jump sideways. Then away he went through the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip, lipperty-lipperty-lip, as fast as he could go. Never had he made longer jumps. Every little while he made a flying jump to one side, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. This was to make Shadow stop and hunt for his tracks. Once, after a long run straight away, he turned and hurried back in the direction from which he had just come, not in his own tracks, of course, but off to one side. Then he hid under a snow-covered bush and watched. His heart thumped dreadfully as he squatted there watching. After a little he saw a slim white form go bounding past. It was Shadow! He hadn't given up the chase.

Peter waited only until Shadow was out of sight, and then with a little hopeless sob he started on again. He had seen that Shadow was running easily, quite as if he enjoyed the chase. Peter himself was beginning to grow tired and to get out of breath. He thought of the dear Old Briar Patch. He couldn't go there, for Mrs. Peter was there. How he did wish he had heeded her and not come over to the Green Forest! But it was too late for regrets. There was nothing to do but to keep on running. So Peter ran, lipperty-lipperty-lip, lipperty-lipperty-lip, but his jumps were shorter now. And somewhere behind him he knew that Shadow was drawing nearer and nearer, running with long bounds that didn't seem to tire him at all.

## STORY 1204. December 17, 1915.

### Hooty the Owl Proves a Friend

Oh, honor a friend when a friend you need,  
For then is a friend, a friend indeed.

Sometimes people act the part of friends without knowing it. It was that way with Hooty the Owl. He proved a friend to Peter Rabbit when Peter most needed a friend, but he doesn't know it to this day. However, Peter doesn't forget, and he has a kindlier feeling for Hooty than ever he used to have. It is queer how things sometimes happen in this world. Hooty did for Peter the greatest thing that anyone can do for another; he saved Peter's life. Yes, sir, that is just what Hooty did. And this is the queer thing about it; he didn't try to do it. More than this, he didn't know that he did do it. He doesn't know it yet. But Peter knows it, and little Mrs. Peter knows it, for Peter told her all about it, and one other knows it—Shadow the Weasel.

You see it was this way: Peter had run until he felt as if he couldn't run another step. His feet felt too heavy to lift. He was so short of breath that he had a pain in his side, the same sort of pain that you sometimes have when you have run very long and very hard. Worse still, his heart was thumping from fear and terror till it seemed as if must burst, and not one little ray of hope did Peter have to give him courage. He knew that somewhere behind him, drawing nearer with every jump, was Shadow the Weasel,

and that when Shadow should catch him, then—well, it was best not to think about what would happen then.

At last Peter felt that he'd just got to rest. He couldn't run another step. Right in front of him was a pile of snow-covered brush. He crawled under this, and there he squatted panting for breath, and with a terrible fear in his watching his back tracks for Shadow the Weasel. Now it just happened that Peter had no more than crawled under that pile of brush than Hooty the Owl came sailing over the Green Forest on silent wings, like a black shadow in the moonlight.

Close by the pile of brush under which Peter was hiding was a tall dead tree, and right on the top of this Hooty alighted and sat perfectly still and very straight. In fact, he looked like a part of the tree itself. He meant to. It was one of Hooty's watch towers. He had arrived just too late to see Peter crawl under the brush, and he came so silently that Peter didn't hear him. Neither did Peter see him, for he was too intent on watching for Shadow to look up. So Peter didn't know that Hooty was anywhere near, and Hooty didn't know that Peter was anywhere about.

Peter had watched sharply, but had seen nothing, when suddenly Hooty swooped down right in front of where Peter was hiding. It was so sudden and unexpected that Peter swallowed his breath and almost choked.

There was an angry spitting sound, and then Peter saw what looked like some of the snow itself bound off to one side. It was Shadow, and his coat was pure white. Again Hooty swooped and Shadow dodged. Then he turned and darted into a hole in a hollow log while Hooty went back to his watch tower. Then Peter sighed. It was a sigh of great relief. As long as Hooty sat there, Shadow would not dare come out of his retreat in the hollow log, and that meant that he, Peter, would have time to rest and regain his breath. Hooty had saved his life for a while, anyway, for if he hadn't swooped at Shadow just when he did, and so prevented him from reaching the pile of brush, Peter would have been no more by this time. For the first time in all his life Peter felt kindly toward Hooty the Owl. Perhaps now he might get away after all.

## STORY 1205. December 18, 1915.

### How a Tail Saved a Life

If you think Peter Rabbit had a narrow escape when, just in the nick of time, Hooty the Owl swooped at Shadow the Weasel and drove him into hiding, Shadow himself had a narrower escape. Yes, indeed. Shadow had as narrow an escape as you can well imagine. There was just one thing that saved Shadow and that was his tail. Shadow ought to think a great deal of that tail. Probably he does. And yet it is quite likely that Shadow doesn't know to this day that it was his tail that saved him that night. But Hooty the Owl knows. You see Shadow's Winter coat is pure white, just as white as the snow, but the tip of his tail is black. It looks for all the world as if Old Mother Nature had been in a hurry when she changed Shadow's coat and forgot the end of his tail. But she didn't. Oh, my, no! Old Mother Nature never forgets. She left the end of Shadow's tail black purposely, and it's lucky for him that she did. You see when he came jumping



along in the snow, Hooty the Owl saw him. That is, he saw something moving. But Shadow was so white and the snow was so white that it was very hard indeed to tell them apart. Still it is probable that Shadow would have been caught but for one thing. The black tip of his tail was very easy to see. Of course. Against that white snow it stood right out as black as black can be. Hooty couldn't help seeing that. It was such hard work to see Shadow himself and so easy to see that black end of Shadow's tail that Hooty kept his eyes fixed on that.

When Shadow was near enough Hooty swooped swiftly and silently, but his eyes being fixed on that moving black spot, he grabbed at that with his great claws instead of at Shadow himself, and that tail being too small for him to get hold of he simply plunged his great claws into the snow and got nothing at all. Shadow dodged like a flash. No one can dodge quicker than Shadow the Weasel. He can move so quickly that it would have been hard work to follow him even if he had been wearing his Summer coat of brown, but in that white coat—well, it just couldn't be done. The best Hooty could do was to keep his eyes on that black tip of Shadow's tail. So of course every time he swooped he missed Shadow. It made him terribly angry, because each time he would think that surely he had Shadow and each time he missed.

As for Shadow, he quite forgot Peter Rabbit. The instant he had dodged the first time his sharp little eyes had looked all about for a hiding place, and they had seen an old log with a hole in it. It was nearer than the brush pile where Peter was hiding. Right away he decided that that was the place for him. So dodging swiftly this way and that way he reached the little hole and darted in. He was safe, but he was terribly angry. He knew that he would have to stay there until Hooty got tired of watching. He knew, too, that but for Hooty he would have caught Peter by this time, and the mere thought made him grind his teeth.

"Anyway," thought Shadow, "as long as Hooty is on his watch tower Peter will not dare leave that pile of brush. It will give him time to get his breath and to rest, and that means that I will have a little longer chase than I expected, but I'll get him just the same. My, but I'm hungry. He'll taste all the better when I do get him."

## STORY 1206. December 20, 1915

### Peter Sees a Chance

Never give up, but be willing to try.  
He always wins out who will never say die.

Was ever anybody in a worse fix than Peter Rabbit? There he sat panting for breath under a pile of brush in the Green Forest with Hooty the Owl perched on his watchtower just above, and, hiding in a hollow log not far away, Shadow the Weasel. Of the two, Peter feared Shadow most. He knew that Shadow knew just where he was. In fact, if it had not been that Hooty had happened along just in time to swoop at Shadow and chase him into that hollow log, it is probable that Peter would have been caught before this.



“It’s a lucky thing for me,” thought Peter, “that Hooty did not come along until after I had got under this pile of brush. He doesn’t know I’m here, and so he won’t be watching for me at all. Shadow won’t dare come out until Hooty has gone away, and until then I am perfectly safe. Perhaps I can steal away while Hooty is watching for Shadow. Of course, if I make the least sound Hooty will hear me. I don’t see what Old Mother Nature was thinking of to give him such wonderful ears. It isn’t fair to the rest of us.”

Of course Peter quite overlooked the fact that Hooty’s eyes are of very little use to him in daylight, and so he must do all his hunting at night and must have keen ears to help out his eyes in order to get enough to eat. Mother Nature is never unfair, though it may sometimes seem so.

“I’m glad,” continued Peter to himself, “that there is snow on the ground, because that means that there will be no rustling of dry leaves when I move. It is dreadfully hard work to walk over dry leaves without making them rustle. That is one thing I haven’t got to worry about. I hope Hooty will be as patient as he usually is. If he sits there long enough, I will get quite rested. Of course Shadow will follow my tracks as soon as the way is clear. He is the most persistent fellow of whom I know. He never gives up until he has to. Now I’ll look about and see what chance I have to get away. The sooner I can do it the better. Shadow thinks I won’t dare move while Hooty is on guard. I’m going to fool him if there is the least chance in the world, and the sooner I do it the better.”

Very, very slowly and carefully Peter crawled to the edge of the brush pile farthest from where Hooty sat on his watch tower with his eyes fixed on the hole in which Shadow had disappeared. He took care not to make a sound. Where the brush was very thick, he crawled on his stomach through the snow under them. And so at last he reached the edge where he could peep out. Just a little way off was a big stump. “If I could reach that,” thought Peter, “without being seen, I think, perhaps, I could steal away. There is a little hemlock tree just beyond, and if I can once get that between Hooty and me he never will see me in the world. It is my one chance to get away from here, and after I’ve done that, I will have to trust to luck to fool Shadow. He’ll follow my tracks just as sure as Winter is here, once Hooty lets him out, and Hooty isn’t going to sit there all night.”

Peter looked back over his shoulder up at the top of the tall dead tree which was Hooty’s watch-tower. Right on the very tip-top sat Hooty. If Peter had not known he was there, he certainly would have thought Hooty a part of the tree itself. Peter shivered, and it wasn’t the cold that made him shiver. Did he dare to cross that open place to the big stump right in plain sight of Hooty if he should turn his head?

## STORY 1207. December 21, 1915

### Peter’s Heart is in His Mouth

A month, I’m sure you will agree,  
Is no place for a heart to be.

Of course not! And of course, no one ever does really and truly have his heart in his mouth. But if you ever have been terribly frightened probably you have felt as if your heart were in your mouth, or at any rate in your throat. Peter Rabbit is quite positive that his heart has jumped quite into his mouth more than once. You couldn't make him believe anything else. He would tell you that it is his heart and he ought to know, if anybody does, where his heart is and what it does. You see, Peter is like a very great many people—set in his opinions.

So it would be quite useless to tell him that his heart wasn't really in his mouth that night when he stole from the brush heap to the old stump and then to the young hemlock tree again right in plain sight of Hooty the Owl had Hooty but turned his head at the right time. He is positive it was.

Hooty sat on the top of his watch tower, which, as you know, was a tall, dead tree. So still he sat and so straight that he looked in the moonlight like part of the tree itself. His great yellow eyes were fixed on the little hole in an old log into which he had chased Shadow the Weasel. He was waiting for Shadow to come out. Once in a while he turned his head without moving his body at all until he could look straight behind him. Then it seemed as if his head had been put on his shoulders hindside before. He would look behind him this way only for an instant just to make sure that there was no one moving there. Then his head would snap around back in a flash, and he would once more fix his great, fierce, hungry-looking eyes on the old log in which Shadow had found safety.

Peter waited until Hooty had looked back his way and then the very instant Hooty's head flew around so that he could watch for Shadow, Peter started across for the old stump. He hurried. Oh, yes, indeed, he hurried! But he took the greatest care not to make a sound. It was then, he says, that his heart was in his mouth. If it wasn't there he doesn't know where it was, for he is very sure it wasn't where it ought always to be.

When he reached the old stump, he slipped around to the other side and squatted down close to it. Then he took a long breath, for you know he had held his breath all the way across that open place. "So far so good," thought Peter. "Hooty can't see me behind this stump. Now if I can reach that little hemlock tree, I guess I'll be safe from him."

He peeped around the old stump to watch Hooty. He saw Hooty look behind him and then, satisfied that there was no one in sight, turn back to watch for Shadow. Once more holding his breath Peter started for the little hemlock tree. Just as he slipped under it, he stepped on a dry stick sticking above the snow and it broke with a tiny snap. It was a very little sound, but instantly Hooty's head flew around and Peter could just feel those great fierce eyes glaring at the little hemlock tree. This time he thought that his heart would jump right out of his mouth. But Peter was quite under the spreading branches of the little hemlock tree when he had so carelessly stepped on that little dry twig, and Hooty couldn't see him.

For a minute he stared very hard, but only for a minute. You see, he didn't dare keep his head turned longer for fear that Shadow would slip out of that old log and get away.

Such a sigh of relief as Peter did give then. He was safe now from Hooty, for the little hemlock tree was tall enough so that Hooty could not see beyond it. "I wish I could get away from Shadow as easily," thought Peter as he hurried away through the Green Forest, lipperty-lipperty-lip. "But just as soon as he gets away from Hooty, he will follow my tracks., Oh, dear! What shall I do next?"

## STORY 1208. December 22, 1915

### Peter Asks for Help

Gentle Mistress Moon flooded the Green Forest with silvery light. It was just such a night as Peter Rabbit loves. But this night he took no joy in it as he ran, lipperty-lipperty-lip. The truth is Peter had no room for any but anxious thoughts. He was wondering with all his might how long it would be before Hooty the Owl would grow tired of watching for Shadow the Weasel to come out of the hollow log into which he had been driven by Hooty. Peter wished with all his heart that Shadow would come out while Hooty still sat on guard, but he knew that Shadow is too sharp to do anything like that.

"Hooty will give up after a while," thought Peter. "He isn't going to waste a splendid night like this. He'll find out that Shadow is too smart to take any foolish chances, and then he'll give up and hunt for someone else. Shadow will wait until he is sure it is safe to come out, and then he'll follow my tracks. I know him! He'll hunt me all the harder to make up for this. Whatever am I going to do?"

All the time he was thinking, Peter was running. Presently as he was passing a tall tree he saw several queer-looking things on the snow. They were about as long as pine needles, but thicker in the middle, and black and white. Peter knew what they were right away. Of course. He had seen them too often, and he had too much respect for them, not to know them the instant he saw them. They were some of the little spears which Prickly Porky the Porcupine carries in his coat.

Peter stopped and looked up in the tall tree. There, sure enough, was Prickly Porky. A sudden hope flashed up in Peter's heart. Perhaps Prickly Porky would help him. He knew that Shadow, like everybody else, was afraid of the thousand little spears which Prickly Porky keeps ever ready to protect himself.

"Oh, Prickly Porky, I'm in great trouble," cried Peter.

"Unk, unk," grunted Prickly Porky. "That's nothing new, is it? Seems to me you're in trouble most of the time. Never saw such a fellow for getting into trouble. Unk, unk."

"But this is the worst trouble I ever have been in and—and I—I thought perhaps you might help me," stammered Peter.

"Huh! People who get themselves into trouble should get themselves out again," grunted Prickly Porky. "What is it this time?"

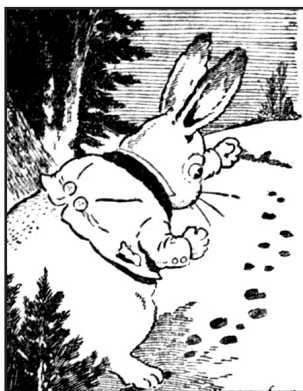
Then Peter told how he was running from Shadow the Weasel, and how hopeless

## Illustrations. December 13 to December 18, 1915.



### 1200. Peter Learns Many Things

"Reddy Fox!" he exclaimed under his breath. "This is no place for me if he is about."



### 1201. Peter Finds Some Strange Tracks

"Huh!" he chuckled. "Here I am chasing myself. I am afraid it would be a long chase to catch up."



### 1202. The White Hunter

Now, as he bounded along in long leaps, there was a fierce joy in his heart.



### 1203. Peter is in Despair

After a little he saw a slim white form go bounding past.



### 1204. Hooty the Owl Proves a Friend

And right on top of this Hooty alighted and sat perfectly still and very straight.



### 1205. Hooty the Owl Proves a Friend

When Shadow was near enough Hooty swooped swiftly and silently.

he felt, because there was nowhere he could go that Shadow could not follow. "He will follow my tracks, and he is so much smaller than I that there isn't a single place in which I can hide that he cannot find me. I thought perhaps you would be willing to come down and protect me. I—I just don't know what to do." There was a sob in Peter's voice.

"Me come down and sit around in the snow and get my feet so cold they wouldn't get warm again tonight! I guess not, said Prickly Porky gruffly. "What do you take me for, Peter? If Shadow was coming this very minute I might do it, but there is no knowing when he will get here. Besides, you don't need any help from me. All you've got to do is to go straight home to the Old Brier Patch. I wonder you haven't done it already."

"But he'll follow me there and not only catch me, but catch Mrs. Peter as well!" wailed Peter. "No such thing," grunted Prickly Porky. "That shows how much you know of Shadow the Weasel. Of course he would get you anywhere in the Green Forest, but if you knew him as you ought to know him by this time, you would know that he hates the open. He won't dare run across the Green Meadows to the Old Brier Patch. Now run along while you've got the chance and stop worrying. I know Shadow. He never takes any chances. You do as I say. Good night."

And because he didn't know what else to do Peter said good night and started on.

## STORY 1209. December 23, 1915

### Peter Goes Home at Last

Make up your mind, and when you do,  
Just stick and see the matter through.

There is nothing in the world quite so unpleasant as uncertainty. It is even better sometimes to know that something bad is going to happen than not to know whether it is or not. It is better to make up your mind to do a thing or not to do it than to be all the time worrying as to which to do.

So it was with Peter Rabbit that night when he nearly ran his legs off in the Green Forest to get away from Shadow the Weasel, and all the time felt so hopeless. When he had asked help of Prickly Porky the Porcupine, and Prickly Porky had advised him to go straight home to the dear Old Brier Patch as the safest place he could go to, Peter could hardly believe his ears, and the last bit of hope dried up in his heart.

You see he knew that there wasn't a place in the dear Old Brier Patch where Shadow the Weasel could not follow him. The friendly old brambles which protected him from his other enemies could not help him because Shadow is so slim that he can go through where anyone else can. In fact, he can go through holes and narrow openings far too small for Peter to even think of trying to go.

So Peter could see no safety for him in the dear Old Brier Patch. Besides, little Mrs. Peter was there, and of course, Peter wouldn't, couldn't, even think of taking

danger to her. No, indeed! When he said as much and Prickly Porky retorted that Shadow wouldn't follow him to the Old Brier Patch because he was afraid to cross the open Green Meadows to reach it, Peter didn't believe it. No sir, he didn't believe it. So he bade Prickly Porky good night and hurried on, lipperty-lipperty-lip, for nowhere in particular. He would just run as long as he could, and then—well, then Shadow would catch him.

Now life is a very precious thing to all of us. It is just as precious to the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest as to you and me. As Peter ran without hope in his heart he kept turning over and over in his mind all that Prickly Porky had said. Could it be true? Prickly Porky had spent all his life in the Green Forest, and he ought to know all about Shadow if any one did. Supposing it was true and he should lose his life just because he wouldn't believe and stayed there in the Green Forest. Then what would little Mrs. Peter do? And if she should ever hear how he had been advised to go home and hadn't done it how would she feel then? It might, it just might be that Prickly Porky knew what he was talking about. Life was very precious, Peter gulped hard as he thought of how soon all the beauty of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows might end for him.

By this time he had reached the edge of the Green Forest. He stopped and looked out across the Green Meadows, now all white with snow.

Way over across the smooth white of the meadows he could just see in the silvery moonlight a spot just a wee bit dark. He knew what it was, and he gulped again very hard. It was the dear Old Brier Patch. The snow had now quite hidden all the branches of the bushes and little trees growing there. A great longing to see it just once more swept over Peter.

"I'll do it!" said he right out loud. "I'll do it. Perhaps Prickly Porky does know."

And then quite suddenly Peter felt relieved, almost happy. You see he had made up his mind. He was no longer uncertain. It might be a mistake, but it was doing something, and that was better than doing nothing but just run until he could run no longer. So Peter started for the dear Old Brier Patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip, and the nearer he got to it the better he felt. There is no place like home when you are in trouble.

## STORY 1210. December 24, 1915

### Shadow the Weasel is a Coward

A coward's heart oft hidden is  
By manners fierce and bold.  
But when the test of courage comes  
Another tale is told.

Shadow the Weasel is one of this kind. He is fierce and cruel and very, very much feared by those whom he hunts. Some of these are much bigger than he, Peter Rabbit, for instance, and Jumper the Hare. But mere size is not always an advantage. No,



indeed! Shadow knows that in quickness of movement they are no match for him at all, and so it is not bravery at all which leads him to hunt them, although they are so much bigger than he. The fact is Shadow never hunts anyone who can fight back. If he is found by some one of whom he is afraid, or someone he Isn't quite sure he can whip, he tries to run away. If he finds he cannot do this then he will fight fiercely.

But every day Peter Rabbit takes chances that Shadow the Weasel wouldn't dare to take. It isn't that Peter doesn't know. He does know. If Shadow were in Peter's place, he wouldn't dare even leave the dear Old Brier Patch. You see at heart he really is a coward.

Just about the time that Peter reached home in the dear Old Brier Patch that night when in despair he had asked Prickly Porky the Porcupine to help him escape Shadow the Weasel—just about that very time Hooty the Owl gave up watching the hollow log in which Shadow had escaped from him.

Hooty had made up his mind that it wasn't the least bit of use to watch any longer, and he was quite right. So he flew off to another part of the Green Forest to hunt for Mrs. Grouse or Jumper the Hare or Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. He was so hungry that not even Jimmy Skunk would have been safe if he had happened along.

Shadow wafted just long enough to make sure that Hooty really had left the neighborhood, and then, with a snarl of anger as he looked up at the watch tower where Hooty had sat so long, he darted into the pile of brush where he knew Peter Rabbit had hidden just before Hooty had come on the scene. He really expected to find Peter there. You see, he was sure that Peter would not dare to leave there while Hooty was on guard. Just imagine how disappointed he was when he found that Peter had managed to get away in spite of Hooty. With another ugly snarl Shadow put his nose to Peter's tracks and leaped out of the brush, running with long jumps.

"I'll have to run a little farther than I thought, but I'll get him anyway. There isn't any place he can hide from me," he muttered.

He followed Peter's tracks through the Green Forest and smiled a hard, cruel smile as he noticed how hard Peter had run. By and by he came to the tree where Peter had stopped to ask help of Prickly Porky. He wondered what Peter had stopped there for. But he didn't ask Prickly Porky. In fact, he took care not to let Prickly Porky know that he was there, but hurried on after Peter.

At last the tracks led him to the edge of the Green Forest. There Shadow stopped. Those tracks led straight out across the open Meadows, and Shadow didn't dare follow them!

No, sir, Shadow didn't dare follow them! He was afraid. He was afraid that Hooty the Owl might come along and catch him where there was no place to hide. Peter in his brown coat dared to cross to the dear Old Brier Patch, but Shadow in his white coat, not nearly so likely to be seen, didn't dare go out on the open meadows. You see he is a coward. He appears very brave and bold when there are plenty of hiding places all about, but he is afraid to come out in the open. His deeds are deeds of darkness and he is afraid of being seen. So, spitting and snarling, he looked over toward the dear Old



Brier Patch and then gave up the chase, just as Prickly Porky had said he would.

"I'll get him some other time," he snarled as he turned back to the hunt for someone else in the Green Forest.

And over in the dear Old Brier Patch little Mrs. Peter snuggled up to Peter while he told her of his terrible adventure. Then together they watched fearfully for the coming of Shadow. But when the night had worn away and he had not come, they knew that Prickly Porky had spoken truly and they were safe.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Mrs. Peter as the first jolly sunbeams appeared.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Peter happily. You see it was Christmas Day.

## No Story. December 25, 1915

Associated Newspapers members received illustrated copies of Burgess's 1913 story, "The Joy of the Beautiful Pine" to run on Christmas day.

## STORY 1211. December 27, 1915

### Christmas in the Dear Old Briar Patch

Merry, merry Christmas!  
Joy fill every heart!  
Spreading cheer and gladness,  
Everyone take part!

Peter Rabbit never will forget that Christmas Day. It was quite the gladdest, happiest Christmas the dear Old Brier Patch ever had known. In the first place, it was enough to make Peter as happy as he possibly could be to feel that he was alive and safe at home with little Mrs. Peter. It made them both shiver to think of what might have happened if Peter had not heeded the advice of Prickly Porky the Porcupine the night before, and come straight home. They knew that Shadow the Weasel would almost surely have got him.

"Prickly Porky is the homeliest and stupidest fellow I have ever seen, but I just love him. I do so," said little Mrs. Peter as she snuggled up to Peter.

Peter smiled. "I've often heard that you cannot judge people just by their looks, and now I know it. I thought Prickly Porky didn't know what he was talking about when he told me that Shadow the Weasel wouldn't follow me here, and I thought him very heartless when I begged him for help, and all he did was to send me home. But what he really did do was to give me a Christmas present, the most wonderful Christmas present in the world, and now I love him, too."

Little Mrs. Peter looked all around and then she looked at Peter to see if he really meant what he said. Peter looked perfectly serious. "I—I don't see any Christmas present. I don't know what you mean," said she.

Peter laughed right out. Then he leaned over and rubbed noses with Mrs. Peter.

“Fuzzy, dear,” said he, “I’m right here, safe and sound, am I not?” Little Mrs. Peter nodded and snuggled a little closer to Peter, while her soft eyes were filled with a great love and happiness.

“Well, I wouldn’t be but for Prickly Porky. He gave me my life. That is, he told me how to save it, which is the same thing. Can you think of any more wonderful present than that?” Peter looked at little Mrs. Peter tenderly.

“No,” replied Mrs. Peter softly. “I hope Prickly Porky is just as happy as we are. Now let’s get some sleep. We’ve had a terribly anxious night, and I’m ready for a nap even if it is Christmas morning.”

A few minutes later jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun, peering down into the dear Old Brier Patch, smiled as he saw two little brown forms side by side under the thickest tangle of friendly brambles. Peter and Mrs. Peter were asleep. They had had a good long nap when right at the very same instant the eyes of both flew wide open. Someone was approaching the dear Old Brier Patch. Peter peeped out. It was Farmer Brown’s Boy. In spite of the fact that they had been asleep, and that there was snow on the ground, and that Farmer Brown’s Boy had walked as softly as he could, their ears had kept faithful guard; they had heard him before he reached the Old Brier Patch.

“I wonder what he is up to now?” whispered Peter, but there was no fear in his voice, as there would have been once, for Peter had learned to look on Farmer Brown’s Boy as a friend instead of the enemy he used to be. He came right up to the edge of the Old Brier Patch and peered into it in all directions, but he didn’t see Peter and little Mrs. Peter. Peter knew that by the look in his eyes.

Suddenly Farmer Brown’s Boy spoke, and the sound of his voice made Peter jump a little inside. It always did. “Merry Christmas in there!” called Farmer Brown’s boy, and tossed something which landed with a soft thud right in the middle of the Old Brier Patch. Then, whistling merrily, Farmer Brown’s Boy went away. When he was quite out of sight Peter hopped over to see what it was that had been tossed in there. It was half of a cabbage! Later on the edge of the Brier Patch where Farmer Brown’s Boy had stood Peter found a couple of turnips and some carrots. Do you wonder that that was a very, very merry Christmas in the dear Old Brier Patch?

## STORY 1212. December 28, 1915

### A Christmas Party in the Old Orchard

Sing a song of Christmas,  
Sing a song of cheer,  
Sing a song of gladness  
That Christmas time is here.

The dear Old Brier Patch was not the only place where there was a merry Christmas. My, my, no, indeed! It was very merry there in the Old Brier Patch, but if you had happened along there I doubt very much if you would have even suspected it. You see, Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter have no way of expressing their happiness except

by hopping about excitedly or jumping up and kicking their long heels together, and if you hadn't happened along just when they were doing some foolish thing like that you never, never would have guessed how very full their hearts were of joy and merriment that Christmas morning.

But in the Old Orchard it was very different. Your ears would have told you that it was a very merry place before you were near enough to see what was going on. It was. You see, up there was a Christmas party. I suspect that if Peter Rabbit had known about it nothing could have kept him away from it. But he didn't know about it until afterward, which is just as well, for home is the place of all places in which to spend Christmas, and if Peter had gone up to the Old Orchard the day would have been quite spoiled for little Mrs. Peter,

No one had known that there was going to be a party. This had made it all the merrier. You know pleasant things often are a great deal more pleasant when they come as a surprise. It began when Tommy Tit the Chickadee came flitting over to the Old Orchard. He was a trifle late that morning, and Farmer Brown's Boy was just leaving, whistling as he tramped through the snow toward his house.

"Dee, dee, chickadee!" cried Tommy merrily, for Tommy is always merry. "Dee, dee, chick—" Tommy stopped short. His sharp little eyes had discovered something. It was a great lump of white, suet tied fast to one of the old apple trees. And there on another tree was more suet, and on a third tree was a bone with shreds of meat clinging to it! No wonder Tommy stopped his merry greeting short in the middle and caught his breath. But it was only for a minute. Then he began to call excitedly, and he couldn't get the "dee, dees," out fast enough. They fairly tripped over each other. Here was a feast, a Christmas feast, and there was enough for everybody! He wanted everybody to share in it, so he called with all his might.

Drummer the Woodpecker heard him and hurried up. So did Yank-yank the Nuthatch. Their eyes sparkled when they saw the feast, for they, too, love suet. They chattered excitedly as they feasted, and when they discovered a little shelf fastened to one of the trees, and on this shelf a lot of cracked hickory nuts, their joy knew no bounds. Of course it wasn't long before Sammy Jay came over to find out what was going on. Sammy likes suet, and he likes nuts when they are cracked for him, but when he found a great double handful of yellow corn in a hollow of one of the trees his joy was so great that for once he forgot to be selfish and screamed at the top of his voice to his cousin, Blacky the Crow, whom he could see in the top of a tall tree on the edge of the Green Forest. Blacky came over at once.

Meanwhile Chatterer the Red Squirrel had come racing along the old stone wall to see what was going on. When he came to a great flat stone half way along the old wall he stopped so suddenly that he almost tumbled over. Yellow corn and fat hickory nuts were spread all over the snow-covered flat stone! Then he added his voice to the happy, excited chatter. Presently Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel joined the party, and he found nuts and corn spread for him. Bob White was very hungry that morning.

The snow had buried the seeds and he didn't quite know where he and his family were going to get their Christmas breakfast. When he heard the merry chatter over in

the Old Orchard he flew over just to see if by chance he might share in the good things. Almost the first thing he saw when he got there was a little shelter of poles and brush down in one corner of the Old Orchard and scattered all around it, wheat and rye and sunflower seeds. Bob didn't stop to pick up so much as one tiny seed, but hurried back for his family, joy singing in his heart.

With a great whirr of stout little wings Mrs. Bob and all their children followed him back to the Old Orchard to join the merry Christmas party. And it was all because of Farmer Brown's Boy. No wonder that his own Christmas was very, very merry.

## STORY 1213. December 29, 1915

### Christmas in the Green Forest

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun did his best to make Christmas as merry in the Green Forest as it was in the dear Old Brier Patch and the Old Orchard. He sent the Jolly Little Sunbeams into every nook and cranny they could get into to carry Christmas greeting. They crept under the snow-covered boughs of pine and hemlock trees as far as they could. They peeped into every hole they chanced to spy. They did their best to wish everybody there a Merry Christmas.

But some they looked and looked for in vain. Unc' Billy Possum and Old Mrs. Possum were snugly tucked in bed, with their tails wrapped around them, in their big hollow tree. They were fast asleep and dreaming so hard of Christmas in their old home way down in Ol' Virginny that they didn't wake up at all to find out what it was like there in the Green Forest. Bobby Coon in his hollow tree slept just the same way. So did Buster Bear on his bed of leaves under the shelving rock deep in the Green Forest.

That seems a queer way to spend Christmas, doesn't it? But do you know it was the very nicest thing in the world for the Possums and Bobby Coon and Buster Bear? You see none of them like the snow or cold weather, so if they had been awake and had to go out to get something to eat, like most folks, they wouldn't have been happy and not the least little bit merry. As it was, they had pleasant dreams, and so it really was a Merry Christmas for them, though they didn't know it.

But Prickly Porky was awake, and as he climbed a tree for his breakfast his dull little eyes almost sparkled. This was the kind of weather he liked. It was just like the weather, he used to have in his old home in the Great Woods up north. Before he began to eat, he stopped to look at the beauty of the green forest in its wonderful sparkling white coat. And as he looked, who should come along but Jumper the Hare, who was also from the Great Woods. Prickly Porky would not have seen him but Jumper was feeling so very happy that he was kicking up his heels and doing other foolish things as he came jumping along. You see his coat was just as white as the snow, and when he sat still, he looked like nothing but a little heap of snow.

"Unk, unk," grunted Prickly Porky. "Whatever has got into you this day to make you feel so good, Brother Jumper?"

At the sound of his voice, Jumper looked up. "Merry Christmas! I wish you a

Illustrations. December 20 to December 25, 1915.



**1206. Peter Sees a Chance**  
Just a little way off was a big stump. "If I could only reach that," thought Peter.



**1207. Peter's Heart is in His Mouth**  
His great yellow eyes were fixed on the little hole in an old log into which he had chased Shadow the Weasel.



**1208. Peter Asks for Help**  
"Oh, Prickly Porky, I'm in great trouble!" cried Peter.



**1209. Peter Goes Home at Last**  
So Peter started for the dear old Brier Patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip.



**1210. Shadow the Weasel is a Coward**  
He was afraid that Hooty the Owl might come along and catch him where there was no place to hide.

merry Christmas!” he cried.

A slow grin spread over Prickly Porky’s face. “Why, it is Christmas, isn’t it?” he grunted. “I had forgotten all about it. I wish you the same, Brother Jumper, and many like it.”

After Jumper the Hare had gone his way, Prickly Porky began his breakfast, and it seemed to him that he never had enjoyed a breakfast quite so much as that one. You see, he felt the Christmas spirit. As he ate, he kept watching for someone to whom to extend Christmas wishes. Jumper the Hare had caught him, and now he wanted to catch someone else. Presently along came Lightfoot the Deer, holding his head proudly and walking daintily. “Merry Christmas!” grunted Prickly Porky, and chuckled.

“Merry Christmas yourself!” replied Lightfoot, with a sharp whistle of surprise.

After he had gone who should come trotting along but Reddy Fox. “If he should surprise any of the little people about here, it would be anything but a Merry Christmas for them. I don’t know as I want to wish him anything,” muttered Prickly Porky. Then, perhaps because he couldn’t help it for the joy in his own heart, he suddenly leaned down and grunted, “Merry Christmas, Reddy Fox!”

Reddy was too surprised to speak right away. You see no one else had wished him a Merry Christmas. It was quite a new and strange experience. He rather liked it. He never had liked Prickly Porky, and always snarled at him when he saw him. Somehow he couldn’t snarl this time. He started to, and then grinned instead. “The same to you,” said he, and felt better for having said it. It must have been that there was something in the air that morning to make him feel so. Somehow, he didn’t feel like hunting anybody. When Mrs. Grouse suddenly burst out of the snow just in front of him, instead of snarling with disappointment because he had not caught her, he surprised himself almost as much as he did her by barking:

“Merry Christmas, Mrs. Grouse.” And Mrs. Grouse knew by the sound of his voice that he really meant it.

## STORY 1214. December 30, 1915

### A Green Meadows Christmas

The Green Forest, the Old Orchard, and the dear Old Brier Patch were not the only places where Christmas cheer made a beautiful day still more beautiful. No, indeed! The Christmas spirit goes everywhere, you know, and the Christmas spirit is Love. Love knows no difference between the big and the little, the great and the humble, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. It seeks out all.

Now, down on the Green Meadows that morning Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were in high spirits. In the first place, they had made some very wonderful tunnels through the snow along which they could scamper to their hearts’ content without fear. They could go and come as they pleased with no danger that anyone would see them. It was quite light down in those tunnels, for white walls and a



white roof made it so. It was great fun to play hide-and-seek and tag in them, and to pop outside through the little round doorways made wherever a dry old weed stalk furnished a ladder to the top.

They were in good spirits because they had plenty of seeds stored where they could be got whenever they were hungry, and so they didn't have to worry about food. And they were in good spirits because it was the glorious Christmas season. They just couldn't help being in good spirits.

Once as Danny popped his head out of one of his little round doorways for a peep at the great white world he discovered visitors. Snowflake the Snow Bunting, with Slatie the Junco, were very busy running this way and that over the snow as they picked seeds from the weeds that just showed their heads above the surface. Slatie the Junco had been around almost since the beginning of cold weather, but Snowflake had just arrived from the Far North.

"Merry Christmas, Danny Meadow Mouse," he cried as he caught sight of Danny.

"Merry Christmas yourself!" replied Danny. "When did you get here, and what has brought you down from the Far North so early in the Winter?"

"Just arrived," replied Snowflake. "Came to spend Christmas, of course. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am," squeaked Danny. "But don't try to make me believe that you came way down here just to spend Christmas. The trouble is you couldn't get enough to eat up in that Northland you are so fond of, and so you had to come down here. Anyway, I'm glad to see you. I hope you'll stay all Winter."

"Thank you, Danny," replied Snowflake. "I expect to stay some time, anyway. The snow is so deep up where I came from that all the seeds are quite buried. Look out, Danny!" Snowflake fairly screamed this warning over his shoulder as with a flit-flit of swift wings he flew away.

Danny turned to see what the warning was for. Too late to dive into one of his little round doorways, he discovered fierce old Roughleg the Hawk just reaching for him with great cruel claws. Danny was too frightened to even move. He looked up in the hungry eyes of Roughleg and then, just why he didn't know, unless it was because his heart had been so full of the beautiful Christmas spirit that it couldn't be wholly frightened out, he squeaked, "Merry Christmas!"

Now, never before in all his life had any one ever wished Roughleg the Hawk a Merry Christmas. It surprised him so that he didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything. But he did something. Yes, sir, he did something that surprised Danny as much as Danny had surprised him. He drew up his feet, with their great cruel claws, which had been reaching for Danny, and sailed right on over Danny without touching him at all. On he sailed and up into the sky, while Danny dove headlong to the safety of his tunnels under the snow. Roughleg laughed to see him. "Merry Christmas," he muttered to himself. "I couldn't possibly hurt the little scamp today after that. Merry Christmas; well, I wish him the same."



And so it was that Christmas Day on the snow-covered Green Meadows was a merry day for all, for after that no one hunted there that whole livelong day.

## STORY 1215. December 31, 1915

### Christmas Under the Ice

Under the ice seems a queer place to spend Christmas, doesn't it? Yet that is where Jerry Muskrat and his big cousin, Paddy the Beaver, spent it, and it was a very comfortable and happy Christmas, too. It isn't quite true that they spent it wholly under the ice, but in a way it was very much the same thing. While the snug, warm bedrooms of their houses were above the ice, they couldn't get in or out of those houses without swimming under the ice. So you see their world was a world all their own. They knew nothing at all about what was going on in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows except when Billy Mink took it into his head to pay them a visit and tell them the news. You know Billy is a great traveler, and there isn't much going on of which he doesn't know.

In fact, if it had not been for Billy Mink I am afraid that Jerry Muskrat would have quite forgotten Christmas Day altogether. You see, in that quiet world of Jerry's all days were very much alike. In fact, they were so much alike that Jerry quite lost track of them. So if early that morning Billy Mink hadn't stuck his head in at the door of Jerry Muskrat's house and cried "Merry Christmas!" I am afraid Jerry might have slept all day.

"What's that?" cried Jerry, rubbing his eyes and blinking them in the most sleepy way you ever saw. "Did I hear somebody say something about something?"

"I wished you a merry Christmas, you old sleepy head. I saw Paddy the Beaver at his house in that pond of his in the Green Forest, and told him I was coming down here to the Smiling Pool. He told me to be sure to wish you a merry Christmas for him. Goodby! I must be on my way."

"Hold on!" cried Jerry, scrambling out of bed. But Billy Mink already had disappeared. "Merry Christmas, anyway!" cried Jerry, thrusting his head down his hallway, just as Billy Mink slipped into the water, and whether Billy heard or not Jerry didn't know. He hoped he did.

Now that he was awake, Jerry decided that he must do something special to make the day different from other days. "I must have a Christmas dinner, thought he, "of course. What would Christmas be without an extra fine dinner?"

So Jerry dove into the room of his house which is under water, and from there swam out under the ice of the Smiling Pool, all the time holding his breath. He swam across to one bank and right under the edge of this was a little space where the water did not reach the ice. It was one of Jerry's regular breathing places. He took a good long breath and then he dived to the bottom of the Smiling Pool. When he came up, he had a mussel or clam which he had dug out of the mud at the bottom. You know Jerry is very fond of clams. Then he dived again and this time he dug out a plump lily root.

Jerry just loves lily roots. After that he visited a certain secret storehouse in the bank of the Smiling Pool, and from this he brought a carrot and some other goodies hidden there before the coming of Jack Frost.

Then Jerry sat down to feast. He didn't like eating all alone on Christmas Day, but there was no one to eat with him. So Jerry pretended. He thought of each of his friends by turn and pretended they were there. One by one he gravely wished them Merry Christmases— Grandfather Frog and Spotty the Turtle, both fast asleep somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool; Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter, who would have turned up their noses at Jerry's spread; Redwing the Blackbird, who was spending Christmas in the far away Southland, and Peter Rabbit, of course. "Perhaps," thought Jerry, "my good wishes will reach them even if they are far away or asleep. Anyway, it doesn't do any harm to make believe, and my dinner will taste better for making believe I am sharing it with someone."

So that is the way Christmas Day was passed under the ice of the Smiling Pool, and who shall say that Jerry's friends were not the better for his happy thoughts of them?

## Illustrations. December 27 to December 31, 1915.



### 1211. Christmas in the Dear Old Briar Patch

Later, on the edge of the Briar Patch where Farmer Brown's Boy had stood, Peter found a couple of turnips and some carrots.



### 1212. A Christmas Party in the Old Orchard

Yellow corn and fat hickory nuts were spread all over the snow-covered flat stone.



### 1213. Christmas in the Green Forest

"Whatever has got into you this day to make you feel so good, Brother Jumper"



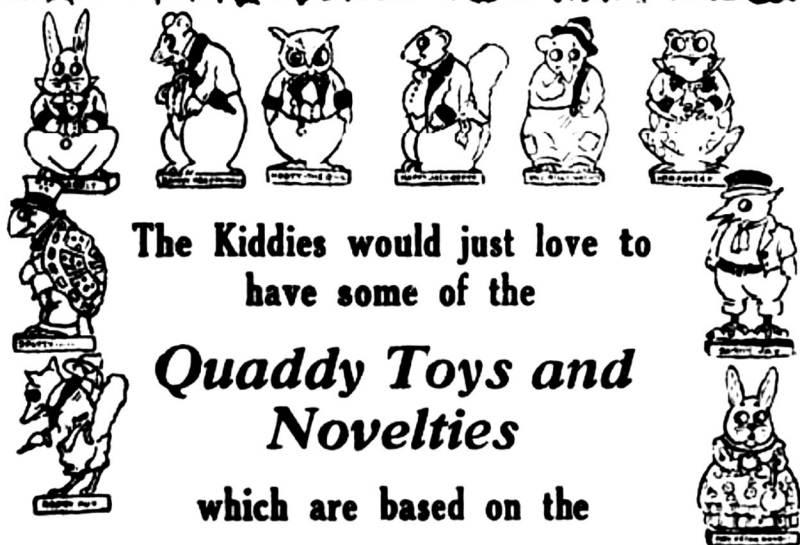
### 1214. A Green Meadows Christmas

They were in good spirits because they had plenty of seeds stored where they could be gotten whenever they were hungry.



### 1215. Christmas Under the Ice

Grandfather Frog and Spotty, both fast asleep somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool.



The Kiddies would just love to  
have some of the

## Quaddy Toys and Novelties

which are based on the

## "Little Stories For Bed-Time"

now appearing in the evening papers.

These toys are made under the direction of  
Mr. Burgess himself.

The entire set of Quaddy animals, includ-  
ing nearly all of the Bed-time Story  
characters—set.....

**25c**

Mr. Peter Rab-  
bit Doll.....

**50c**

The Game of  
Peter Rabbit....

**\$1**

*See the entire Quaddy Family at home at*

# Schmelzer's

1214-16-18 Grand Ave.

## Appendix 1. Thornton W. Burgess's 1000th Story and "Quaddies" Brand Launch

Thornton W. Burgess published his 1000th newspaper bedtime story on April 23, 1915. It was titled "Peter Rabbit Becomes a Quaddy." Peter Rabbit's idea for "The Ancient and Supreme Order of Quaddies" was based on the real-life fact that danger alert calls are frequently understood across species lines. The question of whether it was necessary to be a "quadruped" to join was handled comically and to educational effect over the next few months as Sammy Jay and then Mr. Garter Snake appealed to become members. In short, all of the little folk of the Green Forest and Green Meadows were covered by the term, as long as there was some bit of good in them. So even Reddy Fox could be considered a member.

Burgess's longevity was a story in itself, and was treated as such in newspapers running his stories. Note that this was only Burgess's first 1000. He would eventually celebrate the milestone fourteen more times, retiring when he reached the 15,000 stories mark in 1960. The attention given to the 1000 story milestone was an ideal opportunity for the business side of his storytelling enterprise. "Quaddy" was not just a term to be used within the universe of his stories but one to be used as a brand umbrella for the various merchandizing proposals that were coming his way, from packaged biscuits to toys and games.

Below is the article Burgess wrote commemorating the event, distributed to newspapers running his stories. This version comes from the *Kansas City Star*, April 23, 1915.

FROM BEDTIME STORY MAN

THORNTON W. BURGESS, THE AUTHOR, OBSERVES AN ANNIVERSARY.

In The Star This Afternoon Appears the One Thousandth Chronicle of the Green Forest and Meadows

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

In The Star this afternoon appears the thousandth Bedtime Story of the little people who dwell in the Green Forest, make glad the Green Meadows, work and play in the Smiling Pool and along the Laughing Brook, and are the joy of the Old Orchard. I have been asked to tell something of what the writing of these stories has meant to me and of what I myself have gained from the work.

Looking back over a little more than three years to the first of these daily stories and trying to analyze all that the writing of them has meant to me, I find it difficult to express. First of all, it has meant opportunity to try in a small way to pay my personal debt of gratitude for the inborn love of Nature which has been mine since I can remember, by leading others to take an interest in what meant so much to me; opportunity to plant the seeds of love in the hearts of children; opportunity to in some small measure do something in behalf of the little wild neighbors without whom this would indeed be a dreary and hopeless place.

## THE CHILD HEART ENDURES.

And it has meant the joy of self-expression, of creative work, than which there is no keener joy. It has meant the making of many friends and the delightful discovery for myself that the heart of a child endures even though the head becomes silvered. It has meant the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that something which is worthwhile is being accomplished, for certainly that which makes for the preservation of wild life is worthwhile.

I have been asked many times how it is possible to write a story every day and keep it up. I have been asked if the work does not become irksome. It is possible to do this work without its becoming irksome simply because I am personally interested and find my own pleasure in the doing of it. From all parts of America and even from as far away as Tokio, Japan, have come letters from little children and from big children, from parents and grandparents, and each one of these letters is an inspiration for further endeavor.

A little boy from Japan writes me that Blacky the Crow speaks the same language there that he does here in America. From Northern Quebec an old trapper writes that all the little wild folks are now called by name where he lives. From Chicago comes a letter from a woman to thank me for the influence the daily stories are having on the molding of her little 5- year-old boy's character. A blind grandmother of St. Louis dictates a letter to express the pleasure which she finds in seeing once more the green meadows and green forests of childhood through the medium of the stories. Boys write me that they have given up their traps and instead of killing are doing what they can to make life easier for their little wild neighbors. School teachers take the trouble to send a word of appreciation of the help in Nature study which they find through the medium of these stories.

## A PLEASURE, NOT A TASK.

And the children! God bless the little folks. Their letters come from every state in the Union, written in sprawling hand, printed, and sometimes written for them but manifestly dictated by them. These letters alone are a stimulus which would be sufficient were there no other to keep the work going. If my readers, little and big, have gained something of enjoyment, something of knowledge, something of helpfulness from the thousand stories, the gain to the author has been more. Many letters have been in the nature of appreciation and to thank me for the stories. The greater appreciation and thanks is due from me to my readers for the help and inspiration which they have so freely given me. The writing of a thousand stories has not been a task, but a pleasure.



## Appendix 2. Thornton W. Burgess “Personal Letters” 1915

### Introduction.

*If love prevailed in the hearts of all men there would be no wars, either among themselves or in the needless hunting of our little wild friends. So it is that as Thanksgiving draws near I feel that in our great Bedtime Stories Club we have something to be truly thankful for, and our little wild friends have something to be truly thankful for. Is not its motto “love?” And as love is the most beautiful thing in the world, it is also the greatest thing in the world, and the strongest thing in the world. So, dear boys and girls, I feel that the love of the little helpless things which has led you to promise to be kind to them and protect them will grow in your hearts as your bodies grow, and that when you become men and women that great human love will be so strong that it will be impossible for you to hate. Then there will be no more wars. —Thornton W. Burgess, Letter 8.*

At the end of September 1915, Thornton Burgess began to write weekly “personal letters” to each of the newspapers with active Bedtime Stories Clubs. He had written letters to individual clubs in the past, but this new series was designed to address all club members at once. Newspapers seemed to run these letters on a space-available basis, using them on different days of the week and sometimes out of order. *The New York Globe* did not publish them directly, though some of Burgess’s themes were picked up in the daily Bedtime Stories Club column in that paper. Burgess’s weekly letters would continue into 1916.

Some of the letters refer directly to club activities, some of them have natural history themes, and others are focused on conservation initiatives. He implores readers to try to prevent the hunting of bobwhites and gray squirrels and to open “lunch counters” for birds during the winter. Of particular note is his philosophical Thanksgiving letter (Number 8) in which he makes a direct connection between love shown to non-humans and to fellow humans.

### Letter 1.

*More than 10,000 children, readers of the World-Herald, are members of the Bedtime Story club and they each have a button and a certificate of membership furnished by the World-Herald. This loyal band of readers of the famous daily Bedtime story by Thornton W. Burgess is very near to the heart of the man who writes about the Green Meadows, the quaint little animals, Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, and the others. So Mr. Burgess will address a weekly letter now to these readers. (Evening World-Herald, October 1, 1915)*

Dear Members of the Bedtime Stories Club:

Isn’t this club of ours the best thing ever? Let me tell you a secret. I’m proud. Yes,



sir, I'm tremendously proud. You know pride is supposed to be a very bad thing, but there are different kinds of pride, and sometimes we have a right to be proud. I think I have a right to be proud, and so I AM proud. I am proud to know that so many of you have learned through my little stories to love the little people of the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, the Smiling Pool, the Laughing Brook, and the Old Orchard—love them and make life easier and better for them. I AM PROUD OF THIS GREAT CLUB OF OURS because it is doing a great good in the world.

So when your editor asked if I would write a personal letter to you each week I said I would be glad to if you really want me to. And I will be glad to, more glad than you can think, because somehow it gives me a feeling of being personally acquainted with each one of you. And that is what I want—to feel personally acquainted with you. And I want you to feel personally acquainted with me. Then there are so many things I want to suggest for you to do to make this a real, live, working club, a tremendous power for good, a club which you will always be proud to be a member of and which your editor will be proud to have started.

You know newspapers are always trying to do BIG things and that they can do a great deal for the good of the world. I want your paper to feel that when it started the Bedtime Stories club it did one of the biggest and best things it ever has done or ever can do. It WILL feel this way if each of us does his or her part and lives up to the pledge: Be kind to Mother Nature's children and protect them from their enemies.

Now that any club which undertakes to do real work—that is, to do some good in the world, must have the hearty help of each member. Each member must do a share, and all members must work together. You or I alone can do a little, but only a little. All of us can do a great deal. I wish I could meet each one of you and shake hands and tell you about all the BIG things that crowd into my mind whenever I think of this great club and the power for good which it can become, and which I believe it is going to become. But as I cannot meet each of you, I shall have to be content to just write you a letter each week. Right here I want all you who have written me to know that you have not only given me a great deal of pleasure, but that these letters have been of real help in the writing of the Little Stories for Bedtime. You see they are an inspiration. That means that they make me so happy that it is easier to write more stories.

Next week and the week after that, and for a great many weeks, I hope, I am going to tell you ways in which we can work for the good of our little friends and for our own good. I am going to suggest ways in which to do club work, ways in which to learn more about Old Mother Nature and her children, ways in which to bring more joy and happiness into the world. Peter Rabbit sends his love to all of you, and so do I.

Yours for the best club in the world,

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

(*Buffalo News*, September 27, 1915; *Evening World-Herald*, Fri October 1, 1915)

## Letter 2.

Dear Fellow Club Members—As Unc' Billy Possum would say, How are yo'alls today? I'm feeling pretty fine myself and I hope every one of you feel the same way. Since my last letter I have been doing some thinking about this big club of ours, and when I think of how big we could make it if we would, it gives me that same sort of dizzy feeling Peter Rabbit has when he has a big idea. You see, this is a big club right in and around your own home city, but there are many other cities with Bedtime Stories clubs, too; so that, taken altogether, we are already a tremendously big organization.

The last I heard Kansas City had the biggest club, over 50,000 members, but Cincinnati was not far behind with over 40,000 members. Now New York is coming with a rush, having 40,000 members and more coming in every day. The New York club is planning a big meeting of all its members at the famous Bronx park, where they can another all get acquainted with one and with the little meadow and forest people who are there. Last summer the Cincinnati club did the same thing. This is a splendid idea. There is nothing like getting acquainted. That is why I wish I could know each one of you personally. That is why wish that each of you could become personally acquainted with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest.

Of course those of you who live in the city do not have the same chance to do this that do those of you who live in the country. But I guess that most of you little city folks go to the country in summer and the more you learn by reading about the ways of the little wild people the easier it will be to get acquainted with them when you do have the chance. And the more you learn about them the more you will love them. Once you love them you will see countless ways in which to help them.

Now I am going to propose that we take the word "love" as the watchword of your club—our club. Love is a very wonderful thing. If love filled the hearts of all the world there would be no need of prisons; there would be no terrible wars; there would be little poverty and suffering. So if we take this beautiful word as our watchword we will soon find that it is not hard to get acquainted with the little meadow and forest people. Just as soon as they see that we love them they will cease to fear us. You know no one can love those of whom they are afraid. Fear and love cannot dwell together. The reason the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest are so shy and hard to get acquainted with is because man has hunted them so much that the very sight of him fills their hearts with fear. This is what makes them what we call wild.

It has been this way for so long that it takes time and patience and gentleness to remove that fear. But once they find that you really love them, they will meet you half way. By and by I am going to tell you just how I have won the love and trust of some of them and how you can do the same thing. In my next letter I am going to suggest ways in which to make this great club of ours a real power for good and how we can get at the same time a great deal of pleasure from it.

Peter Rabbit sends his love to each one of you and says that he hopes this club will grow and grow until it includes everyone in the whole world. You see Peter has an imagination.

Yours for love and happiness,

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

(*Buffalo News*, October 4; *Kansas City Star*, October 4; *Evening World-Herald*, October 23)

## Letter 3.

Dear Fellow Club Members—I have just come from a most enthusiastic meeting of the Bedtime Stories club of New York held in the wonderful Botanical and Zoological Park in that part of New York city called the Bronx. It was a perfect afternoon, so perfect that I could not but feel that Old Mother Nature was making it a point to do her best for the thousands of boys and girls gathered there, not to mention the older folk. And as I looked down into those upturned faces (there were quite 10,000) and realized that everyone there was pledged to be kind to and to love my little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, the Old Orchard, and the Smiling Pool, my heart fairly leaped with joy and pride. You see, it was the first time I have had a chance to meet a lot of club members together. I wish I might meet all or you.

Now, here is a little matter which I have been turning over in my mind, an idea, if you please. It is impossible to have monster meetings like the one in New York often, but why not little group meetings, say once a week? In other words, why not a lot of little Bedtime Stories clubs or circles, each with real officers—a president and a secretary—all a part of the big club? It seems to me that that would be a delightful way of doing real work, at the same time having a good time and learning about the ways of Old Mother Nature and her children.

I spoke about it to Peter Rabbit, and he jumped right up in the air and kicked his long heels together. You know Peter does foolish things when he is pleased or excited. “That’s the very thing!” said he. “All the club members who live in a neighborhood ought to get together say once a week and have a little club of their own. They could call it the Peter Rabbit Circle (Peter tried to look modest when he said this) or the Johnny Chuck circle, or the Danny Meadow Mouse circle, or the Sammy Jay circle, or any other nice name like those, and each such circle would be a part of the Bedtime Stories club. I think it would be perfectly splendid if each school would organize such a circle and hold regular meetings. Then you could tell them in your weekly letters what to do and how to do it, and I and the others of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest could tell you all sorts of interesting things to tell the club members. Just you write about it in your next letter, and let’s see where the first circle of that kind will be formed. I’m crazy to know where will be formed Peter Rabbit Circle No. 1 of the Bedtime Stories club.”

I’m afraid that Peter is a little vain, but I do think it is a good idea. What do you think? When you form such a circle you might write your editor and tell him about it, the name of the circle and the names of the officers. By the way, in my last letter I said that Kansas City had the largest club of which I knew, over 50,000 members. Now New York leads, having almost 70,000 members. Isn’t that wonderful? And isn’t it splendid? Yours for joy.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

*(Buffalo News, October 7; Evening World-Herald, October 8)*

## Letter 4.

Dear Club Members—Hello, everybody! I like that word “Hello!” There is something wholesome and hearty about it. So I say hello to you and in imagination I can hear tens of thousands of hellos coming back to me. Last week I suggested a way in which you can get the most good out of our club by starting neighborhood and school circles, each one a sort of branch of the Bedtime Stories club. I am most eager to hear of the first such circle and what it is called and who the president is. Now I am going to make a few suggestions as to ways in which you can get right busy doing something.

The other night as I was standing out in front of my house, and it was a dark night, I heard certain little, faint chirps and whistles. Right straight down out of the blackness overhead they came. They were the voices of some of my little friends the birds and I knew then that somewhere way up in the night sky there were hundreds, probably thousands, of them flying on swift wings to the sunny southland, where Ol’ Mistah Buzzard is by this time warming his toes on the chimney tops, though what he wants to warm his toes for in such a sunny land I don’t know.

And as I listened, I heard a whistle that I knew and love. It was the clear piping whistle of Yellow Legs, an old boyhood friend whom I have watched many and many a time on the salt marshes near which I lived. He belongs to the snipe family, a long-legged, long-necked, long-billed fellow. I had not seen or heard him for years. So it made my heart give a funny kind of leap as I stood there and knew that he was passing over me. I began to call and at once he answered. Nearer and nearer sounded his whistle, until I knew that he had come down almost to the top of the house. Doubtless the lights from the windows puzzled and frightened him, for with a note of alarm in his whistle he went on his way on into the night.

I suppose that he wondered who that foolish fellow was who called to him from such a strange place. And I suppose also that by now he is way down far away in South America, for that is where he spends the winter. Isn’t it wonderful? I wonder if he will come back in the spring. I hope so with all my heart. There is nothing in nature more wonderful than these long, long journeys of the birds, and even now you may hear some of them flying over at night if you will listen. You will hear only the faintest of chirps and peeps, but they are well worth listening for. Do you know why it is that they make these long journeys mostly at night? See if you can find out.

And speaking of whistles, there is one of the sweetest, cheeriest whistlers of them all who needs your help right now. I mean Bob White, of whom you have been reading. This is the terrible hunting season, and you who live where Bob White may be heard can do something, a splendid something, for him. You can beg all the hunters whom you know to promise not to shoot him. And you who live in the country can try to get the farmers around you to put up signs on their farms forbidding hunters to shoot on their land. Bob White needs your help right now. I have been trying to help him by writing those stories about him. You can help him by doing what I have suggested Will you?

Yours for love,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Buffalo News*, October 18; *Kansas City Star*, October 18)

## Letter 5.

Dear Club Members—Have you found out yet why it is that the birds on their way to the sunny south for the winter fly mostly at night? It is because they are safer then. Old Roughleg the Hawk and his cousins cannot catch them. Then, too, they must eat on the way, and of course they must do this when there is light for them to hunt for food. So they make their long flights by night and rest and eat by day. Can you think of anything more wonderful than that those tiny wings of Hummer the Humming Bird can take him clear to Central America? Yet they do, for it is there that he spends the winter.

This morning Happy Jack Squirrel walked into my house while I was eating breakfast and invited himself to eat with me, jumping up on my knee and then to the table. He was very well behaved and very dainty. His manners were excellent. I enjoyed my breakfast a great deal more because of his company. I am a little worried about him for fear that he may go over to the Green Forest where hunters with terrible guns are looking for him and others of his family. The law says that for a few weeks they can hunt and try to shoot them. If those who made the law ever had taken breakfast with Happy Jack, I am sure that instead of such a law they would have made one which would protect him all the time. That is, it would protect him from hunters. Goodness knows he has other dangers enough.

If any one of you happen to see thoughtless boys shooting at Happy Jack with air rifles, I wish you would tell them what a lot more fun it is to have him eat breakfast with them.

By the way, Happy Jack has a wise little head on his gray shoulders. When I gave him a nut, he promptly carried it away and buried it where he can find it later, but when I gave him a nut meat or other food which would not keep, he ate it then and there. I hope he will breakfast with me tomorrow morning. If those hunters do not find him, I feel sure he will.

By the way, do you know that this is one of the best times in all the year to begin to get acquainted with the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, particularly the birds? It is. You see the leaves have dropped and so it is easier to see them. Then there are not so many of them because most of them have gone south. So it is easier to study those who remain. It is not so confusing. I am going to suggest that every member of OUR CLUB begins right away to get acquainted with the birds and tries to learn to know them by their colors, their voices, and the way they fly. You know each kind of bird flies in a way all his own just as we people have different ways of walking.

Why not begin now to make a list of all the different birds you see and are positive you know? It would be a splendid idea if each Peter Rabbit or other Circle should keep such a list and then see which Circle has seen the most kinds by spring. By the way, I wonder how many circles there are by this time. Peter Rabbit is anxious to know.

Faithfully yours,

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

(*Kansas City Star*, October 26; *Evening World-Herald*, October 29; *Toronto Star* October 30; *Buffalo News*, November 2)

## Letter 6.

Dear Club Members—Happy Jack hasn't breakfasted with me since I last wrote you, but I've seen him, so I know that the hunters haven't got him. I suspect the scamp has been breakfasting with some of my neighbors, just going around sampling to see who has the best breakfasts.

I've just learned some interesting news from New York. Anyway, it is interesting to me. You will remember that I told you of the great outdoors meeting of the Bedtime Stories club there. Now they are planning a Christmas pantomime to be given in one of the largest theaters of the city for several days just after Christmas, and the money that is made is to go to a children's hospital. Isn't that a perfectly splendid idea? By the way, they are forming some of those circles I suggested, only they call them chapters in the New York schools. I haven't yet had any such reports from other cities, but perhaps that is because the editors have forgotten to notify me. I am anxious now to hear of some neighborhood circles.

The other day I was out gathering chestnuts and it reminded me of a funny thing that happened one time when I was nutting. A friend called to me to come see what he had found. He was pointing down at the ground. "What is that?" he asked. "It's the head of a green snake," I replied. He smiled, stooped down and picked up a big leaf. Of course, I expected to see the body of the snake which I supposed had been hidden under the leaves. Just imagine how surprised I was when I found that there wasn't any snake there at all. It was only a green worm about two inches long, one end of which was shaped exactly like little Mr. Green Snake's head, and even had markings which at a nasty glance looked like eyes and nostrils. Doubtless even sharp-eyed birds had been fooled as I was. It was Old Mother Nature's way of protecting that helpless worm.

Of course, we had a great laugh. I took the worm home and wrote about it to a friend of mine who knew all about bugs, and he told me its name, a long scientific name, and that if I would keep it, it would transform into a beautiful butterfly in the spring. So I kept it in a box. It attached itself by means of silk threads to the cover, hanging down and supported by a little silk thread which passed around the body. Gradually it changed into what is called a chrysalis, which is the form in which certain worms sleep away the winter while they are turning into butterflies and moths. In the spring I watched eagerly for the beautiful butterfly to come out of that queer little case. Just think how surprised I was when I looked in one day and found there instead of the beautiful butterfly a tiny little lace-winged fly. It had come out of a little hole in that queer case and the case was empty.

Now this is what had happened. Before I found that worm a little fly, just like the one in the box, had found it and had laid an egg just under the skin of the worm. During the winter that tiny egg had hatched into a tiny worm and it had eaten the big worm which was changing into a butterfly, and then had itself turned into a chrysalis inside the case which it had emptied, and in the spring had come forth the little lacy-winged fly which I had found.

That is just one of the very wonderful things which Old Mother Nature does right under our very noses. If you will learn how to use your eyes you can see just such interesting things for yourselves. This letter is getting long, so I must stop.

Yours for knowledge,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Kansas City Star*, November 1; *Buffalo News*, November 1)

## Letter 7.

Dear Friends— Happy Jack was out in my yard this morning and I never have seen his gray coat look handsomer. I am so glad that the hunters haven't got him that I just had to tell you.

One of your number has written to ask me to tell something about Hummer the Humming Bird, where he builds his nest and what it looks like. This seems a queer time of year to talk about Hummer, and yet—well, perhaps it isn't after all. You see, Hummer, has just done what always seems to me one of the most wonderful things of which I know. He has flown clear down to Central America to spend the winter. Just look up your map and see how far away that is and then think of those tiny wings making that long journey. He is down there now, darting about among the brilliant tropical flowers and knowing nothing of snow and ice and cold winds. So, though it be out of season, I am going to answer those questions. You see, I might forget them if I waited until Hummer comes back.

Hummer is the smallest of our North American birds, a living jewel, so tiny that one wonders how Mother Nature ever managed to get all the necessary bones and organs, to say nothing of the proper number of feathers, in so small a compass. Yet Hummer lacks nothing of the complete and perfect bird. He has the swiftest moving of all wings. So swiftly do they move that the human eye cannot follow the strokes. It is this great speed which makes the familiar humming sound, like that produced by a rapidly spinning top. By means of them he can balance almost stationary in the air, while with his long, needle-like bill he sucks nectar from the heart of a flower or snaps up tiny insects, gnats, aphids, etc. Insects are an important part of his food, though many people have the mistaken idea that he lives wholly on sweets. If fed nothing but the latter he would soon die.

Another wonderful thing about Hummer is his ability to fly backward. No other bird of which I know can do that, but if you will watch Hummer probing the throat of a trumpet blossom you will see him move back when he has finished and is ready to go on.

His nest is one of the daintiest things in the world. Beside me as I write is one which I found in an apple tree and took, after Hummer and his family were through with it. It measures just one inch across the inside and an inch and a half over all. It is one-half inch deep and is almost perfectly round. It is made of brown fern cotton and the entire outside and even the rim of this exquisite little cup is closely covered with lichens from the tree in which it was placed. It looked for all the world like a mossy knot.

That same summer I found one in an elm tree, another in a pine tree and knew of another in a vine. The two eggs are white, the size of peas, and the young birds are about the size of bees. In three weeks, they are ready to fly. Hummer is a fearless little chap and will drive away even so doughty a warrior as Scrapper the Kingbird. Bully the English Sparrow will turn tail to him. He is most frequently seen in the air, but if you know his haunts you will find that he spends much time perched on a twig from



which he can dart frequently in search of food. Last summer one spent much time on a telephone wire which crosses my garden.

But this letter grows long. Have any of you other questions? I will gladly answer all I can. Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk have gone to bed for the winter, but Peter Rabbit is anxiously waiting for the first snow so that he can make his funny tracks in it. He sends his love and so do I.

Yours for happiness,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Evening World-Herald*, November 10; *Toronto Star*, November 13; *Buffalo News*, November 15)

## Letter 8.

Dear Fellow Club Members:

Thanksgiving is almost here and I suspect that you are all looking forward to the biggest and best dinner of all the year. Of course. What else is Thanksgiving for? Well, for one thing, it is to give thanks for all the wonderful blessings which we have, for every one of us have some blessings. Just at this present time one of the greatest of these is the fact that this great Nation of ours is at peace with all the world—that hate and strife are not bringing sorrow and suffering to us as to so many, many across the great ocean.

War is a terrible thing. A kind of war is going on all the time among the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, but that is a kind of war that has to be in order that what is called the “balance of Nature” may be maintained. If it were not for this there would be so many of some kinds of little people that other kinds would be crowded out and would starve to death. So Old Mother Nature has allowed certain kinds to hunt certain other kinds. But when Reddy Fox hunts Danny Meadow Mouse he does not do it in anger or to try to make Danny suffer or to fill him with fear. He hunts just to get enough to eat that he himself may live. And when his stomach is full, he no longer hunts. Danny is perfectly safe from him then. It is just the same way with other hunters, all but the men with terrible guns who hunt for fun.

Sometimes men hunt because they must get enough to eat, but most men hunt for fun. Hunting when meat is really needed and cannot be obtained in any other way is quite all right. This is the same kind of war that is all the time going on among the little people themselves. But hunting for fun seems to me very like the cruel war among men, when the strong try to crush the weak. All through the hunting season our little friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows must feel very much as the little boys and girls feel in those countries where the terrible war is being fought now. They cannot understand what it all means. They are all the time in terrible fear and they suffer pain and sorrow and do not at all understand what it is about.

If love prevailed in the hearts of all men there would be no wars, either among themselves or in the needless hunting of our little wild friends. So it is that as

Thanksgiving draws near I feel that in our great Bedtime Stories Club we have something to be truly thankful for, and our little wild friends have something to be truly thankful for. Is not its motto “love?” And as love is the most beautiful thing in the world, it is also the greatest thing in the world, and the strongest thing in the world. So, dear boys and girls, I feel that the love of the little helpless things which has led you to promise to be kind to them and protect them will grow in your hearts as your bodies grow, and that when you become men and women that great human love will be so strong that it will be impossible for you to hate. Then there will be no more wars.

By the way, why not give Tommy Tit the Chickadee and other little friends a real Thanksgiving? Tie a lump of suet to a tree where Tommy and Drummer the Woodpecker can find it in case Old Mother Nature has failed to supply quite as much as they would like for a Thanksgiving dinner. Scatter some grain for Bob White. I hope that every one of you may pull a wishbone and have your dearest wish come true.

Thankfully yours,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

*(Kansas City Star, November 15; Buffalo News, November 19; Evening World-Herald, November 19; Wichita Eagle, November 19)*

## Letter 9.

Dear Clubmates: It is not yet real cold weather and none of our dear little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and the Old Orchard are suffering. In fact they are not likely to suffer at all except when the ground is covered deep with snow and the trees are crusted with ice. But you know there always are such times in the winter, and then our little friends do suffer. In fact, many of them die.

You see it is this way: All warmth comes from within the body. The nice thick clothes you put on in the winter are not warm in themselves. There is no heat in them. They simply keep the heat which is made in your own bodies from escaping, and so they keep you warm. It is the same way with Tommy Tit and all the other little people who are brave enough to spend the long, cold months with us. Their thick coats of feathers and fur are to hold in their bodies the heat which is made in their bodies.

Now heat is made from the food we eat, and It is the same way with those little folks. If they have no food, they will not only starve but they will freeze. In fact, they will freeze to death before they have time to starve.

You know how quickly a room grows cold when the fire goes out. It is just the same with these little feathered friends. Stop their food for just a little while and their thick coats of feathers cannot keep them from freezing, because there is no heat being made Inside of them. With plenty of food and a sheltered place to keep out of the bitter wind they will stand the coldest of weather cheerfully.

Now all these little people are very smart, as you and I know. And they have very good memories—very good memories, indeed. So why not, dear club members, put up shelters and food for them now? They may not make use of them right away, because

they do not need them now, but they will find them, and then in time of real need they will remember them and seek them, oh, so thankfully. If we wait until the bad weather does come, it may be too late. Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker and the others won't know that we are thinking of them and so may not come around, and as a result may suffer and perhaps lose their lives. But if we do it now, they are bound to find it out sooner or later, and when they do, they will not forget.

So I suggest that every club member who has a tree near his or her house plan to make that tree a winter dining room for the birds. It really is the very best way in the world of getting acquainted with them. That is the way Farmer Brown's boy does, and Tommy Tit is so little afraid of him that he lies right down on his hand. He will do the same for you once he knows that you are his true friend. Some smart business men have opened lunchrooms in different cities clear across the country. They are all owned and managed by the same men. These are called a "chain of lunchrooms." Now there are thousands and thousands of Bedtime Stories Club members all over our country. Why cannot we have a "chain" of Bed time Stories Club lunchrooms for birds this winter? What do you say?

Next week I will tell you just how to arrange one of these lunchrooms.

Yours for our dear friends, the birds,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

*(Kansas City Star, November 22)*

## Letter 10.

Dear Clubmates: Since I last wrote to you I have received a most delightful letter from a Band of Mercy in a Cincinnati school. Many of the members of this band belong to this club and all are pledged to do something to make life happier for dumb animals, and for birds as well. Mercy is a beautiful thing, and the time is close at hand wherever winter brings snow and ice for us to show how truly beautiful it is by establishing that "Bedtime Stories Club Chain of Lunchrooms" which I suggested in my last letter.

It is a very simple matter to prepare one of these lunchrooms, especially if there are trees near your home. The thing to keep in mind is that there are two classes of birds, those that feed almost wholly on Insects and those which depend largely on seeds. Therefore, to make all perfectly happy you should have more than one kind of food on your free lunch counter—meat and seeds. Fat of almost any kind, provided it is not salt, furnishes heat producing "meat." Get a large lump of suet and wrap it many times around with string, crossing and recrossing this until it makes a sort of net around the suet. This is to prevent such a greedy fellow such as Sammy Jay carrying off great pieces to hide for his own selfish purposes. Fasten the string wrapped suet to a branch of a tree not over eight or ten feet from the ground. Better still, fasten several pieces on different branches so that several birds may feed at once without risking a quarrel. Chickadees, downy and hairy woodpeckers, brown creepers and jays will soon find this lunch and in bad weather will make daily visits.

If the tree is close to the house, so much the better. You may even fasten the branch of a tree upright in front of your window and establish your free offering there. The birds will soon find it, and if you make no sudden moves to frighten them will feed quite contentedly, though but the thickness of the window pane separates you from them. On the south side of the house, where it is sheltered and warmest, scatter seeds and crumbs for the sparrows and juncos. A broad window shelf at a southern window may be kept spread with sunflower and other seeds, millet, cracked wheat, corn, cracked nuts, crumbs and suet, or bones to which bits of raw meat cling. Sammy Jay is very fond of corn. Tommy Tit the Chickadee dearly loves nut meats, particularly hickory nuts. One thing you must remember, and this is to so place your lunch that cats cannot get at or frighten your guests. Also, it is well to drive away Bully the English Sparrow, though you must take care not to do this when other bids are about, lest they misunderstand and think you are driving them away also.

A large old dry goods box with one side open and so placed that this faces the south makes an excellent shelter under which to scatter food and will be much appreciated when snows are deep it kept clear and well supplied with food. Once the birds have discovered these lunchrooms they will, if care is taken never to frighten them, become very tame and social and will give you no end of pleasure by their presence and cheery twitterings. I have had Tommy Tit come right into my house when the window on the sill of which I had spread his lunch was left open.

How many of you will establish Bedtime Stories Lunchrooms for the birds this winter?

Yours for love and mercy,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Kansas City Star*, November 29; *Evening World-Herald*, November 29; *Buffalo News*, November 29)

## Letter 11.

Dear Clubmates—A dear little member of OUR CLUB writes to ask why such a mischief-maker as Sammy Jay should be fed during the winter. It is true that Sammy is a mischief-maker. It is true that he is noisy and quarrelsome and a thief. But he isn't all bad. No indeed. Sammy has much good in him, just like most folks. In the first place, isn't that blue coat of his a joy to you every time you see it? Don't you feel better for a glimpse of that bit of the sky's own color flitting among the trees? And don't you admire Sammy's courage in staying through the cold weather when so many other birds have left us for the comfort of the sunny, southland? I do. I always feel like taking off my hat to him and saying: "Sammy, you're true blue all the way through.

But quite aside from these things, Sammy is really valuable to us. Over against all his mischief is a very great service. Among the greatest pests are the brown-tail moths. Sammy knows all about them. In the winter he tears open their webs and eats the larvae. Where that terrible pest the gypsy moth has become established Sammy does his share in trying to check it. He tears open the webs of the tent caterpillar and

devours the worms. During the nesting season he destroys many injurious worms. Also, I suspect that he plants many a tree by hiding nuts and acorns in the ground and then forgetting all about them.

It is too bad that he has so many bad faults to offset the good he does, but I, for one, would miss him sadly, especially in the winter, and so I gladly give him of corn and suet for the cheer that his beauty and courageous defiance of Jack Frost and rough Brother North Wind to me. Almost every morning I hear him, and though his voice is harsh I always feel better for the sound of it.

I wonder how many of you are really trying to get better acquainted with Old Mother Nature this winter. Peter Rabbit is doing some wondering, too. He is wondering how many of those neighborhood and school circles of the club have been formed. So am I.

I am writing this letter on Thanksgiving day. You see I have to write these letters some time before they are printed so that they may be sent out to all the papers in plenty of time. As I write my heart is very full of thanksgiving for the knowledge that has come to me the past year that there are so many boys and girls who have replaced thoughtlessness with thoughtful gentleness, and heedlessness with mercy for the weak and the helpless, and who by the power of love are doing so much to make the world a better and brighter place to live in. And I know that in their hearts all the little people of the Green Forest are giving thanks, too. Peter Rabbit says so, and he knows.

His friend and yours,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Evening World-Herald*, December 3; *Buffalo News*, December 6; *Kansas City Star*, December 6; *Wichita Eagle*, December 26)

## Letter 12.

Dear Clubmates: Every once in a while I run across someone who talks about this season of the year as “sad” or “dreary,” and right away I wonder if they have got indigestion or something else the matter with them. I suppose that the truth is they haven’t learned to use their eyes, and so, because the trees are bare, that is, all but the evergreens, and the ground is covered with dead leaves and the grass is withered they see nothing but dreariness and the suggestion of death.

To me this is even more the season of wonderful promise than is the beautiful spring, which almost every one thinks of as the season of promise. The next time you hear anybody talking about the sadness of winter you lead them up to the nearest bare tree or bush and show them the little brown closely wrapped leaf buds. They are there right now, next year’s beautiful leaves. Pick one of those tiny buds and split it open. Inside you will find the tender green of the baby leaf. It is simply sleeping now, warm and safe in its brown blankets.

So how can you or I or anyone be sad just because the branches of the trees seem bare when all the time on every one of them clear to the smallest twig are the sleeping

leaves of next summer? That is why I always think of this as the season of promise, and my heart is glad, and in it is a song of thanksgiving. Spring, when the buds begin to swell, is really the season of the beginning of fulfillment of promise, not the season of promise itself. How can anyone talk of dreariness when every little twig is a living promise of the joy to come? I guess it is just because they haven't learned to see. The little brown buds are very tiny and because most people never think of buds until spring, they just don't see them. But they are there just the same. They are there when the leaves drop in the fall, and this is what makes the fall such a wonderful and happy season to me. I never think of it as the end, but as the beginning of things, Next summer was born this last autumn. Funny, isn't it? But it is true, and it seems to me a very beautiful thing.

And this reminds me. Why not make it a part of Our Club work to get acquainted with the trees this winter? It is a splendid way of learning to really see. Even those of you who live right in the city can do this. Of course, there are some trees which you may not be able to learn the names of until the leaves come out in the spring, but there are many others which you can learn to know by their bark and the appearance of those same tiny buds I have spoken of. The apple tree is very different from the pear tree, and the maple is very different from the oak or the beech.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee says that he doesn't see how people can expect to learn all about the birds unless they know a great deal about the trees and bushes in which the birds live, and I don't either. When you begin to get acquainted with the trees you will find a great many interesting things on them, and you will begin to understand why Old Mother Nature just had to have a great many of the birds in order that her trees might live. Many kinds of birds just couldn't live without the trees, but it is just as true that the trees could not live without the birds.

But this letter is long already so I must end it now. Just see what you can find out about the trees around you before I write again. And don't forget that this is really the season of promise and therefore of joy.

Yours for joyousness.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

*(Kansas City Star, December 13; Buffalo News, December 13; Evening World-Herald, Fri December 17, 1915; Toronto Star, December 18)*

## Letter 13.

Dear Everybody: Merry Christmas! You see, I won't have another chance to wish you this before Christmas Day and I am wishing you a merry Christmas right now. After all, Christmas really is a season and not just a day. Peter Rabbit feels that way about it. He has been kicking up his heels and doing the most foolish things for a week already, all because of the Christmas spirit. He says he couldn't feel glum or downhearted if he wanted to, which he doesn't, of course.

When I asked him what he wanted for Christmas, he stared at me as if he never

had seen me before. Then he put one hand behind one of his long ears, cocked his head to one side and said: "I beg pawdon, but did you speak to me?"

Now, of course, I knew that he knew that I knew that he had heard perfectly. I was almost of a mind to shout "Boo!" at him and make him run, but I didn't. I just repeated my question quite as if I really believed that he hadn't heard the first time.

"What do I want?" repeated Peter, and scratched his long right ear with his long left hind foot. "What do I want? Why, merriment and joy and happiness for everybody."

"But what do you want for yourself?" I persisted.

"The power and privilege of doing something to make other people happy," said he, suddenly sitting up very straight.

Dear little Peter! He certainly has the right idea and, though I doubt if he knows it, he is all the time doing that very thing he wants to do—making other people happy. Anyway, I know that I for one always feel better just for seeing him, even if I get no more than a glimpse of that absurd little white tail of his bobbing through the dear old Briar Patch.

It is a splendid thing to make other people happy. That is why we send Christmas gifts and try so hard to send things we know those who are to receive them really want. But better, far better, than the gifts is the spirit, the beautiful spirit of joy in giving, which goes with them. Of this we can give so freely if we will. None need be poor in this, for the Christmas spirit is made up of good will, love and gentle thought. Of these each one of us can give as freely as we will, and, strangely enough, the more we give the more we receive.

So, though Peter and I cannot give to you those things on which you have set your hearts, but must leave this joy to Santa Claus, we can and do give to you with all our hearts our most earnest wishes for joy and happiness through all this beautiful Christmas season, and forever after. Peter says to please be sure to give the birds a Christmas tree by putting out food for them.

Merry Christmas! May it be  
Filled with happiness for thee.  
May your stocking, running o'er,  
Spill its treasures on the floor  
In your heart be such good will  
As can think and do no ill.  
Merry Christmas! May it be  
Best of Christmases for thee.

This is a personal greeting to each one of you Bedtime Stories Club members from Peter Rabbit and

THORNTON W. BURGESS (signature)

(*Kansas City Star*, December 20; *Buffalo News*, December 21; *Toronto Star*, December 25)



## Letter 14.

Dear People:

That means everybody—big people, little people, human people and people of the Green Forest and Green Meadows. I wish each one of you separately and all of you together a Happy New Year. So does Peter Rabbit. So do all of my friends in fur and feathers. As I write this letter the old year is drawing to a close. Only a few days remain. I like to think that here in America, at least, it has been a happier year for many than any year which has gone before, and this because of OUR CLUB—the Bedtime Stories club.

There isn't the least bit of doubt about it—this has been a happier year for thousands and thousands of our little wild friends because of the gentle, kindly love of club members who have lived up to their pledge to be kind to the children of Old Mother Nature and protect them from their enemies. I feel quite sure that it has been a happier year to each one of you because of these kindly deeds. It is not the kindly deeds that we do for others that bring us greatest happiness.

For me this has been a happy year because of the many letters I have received from club members and others who read my stories and have given of their time and effort just to tell me that they like them. One of these letters has just come to me, and I am going to quote from it because it has given me a new thought. Here is what it says: "A short time ago it flashed through my mind how very friendly the Bedtime Stories are. They are written by a friend of Mother Nature, and they contain such a contagious friendliness that the reader catches it and gives the spirit to some child of Mother Nature. The one who receives it, probably a dumb animal, considers the giver of the friendly spirit a friend and protector. I am sure the spirit does not stop when it reaches the animal, but goes on and on, touching many hearts and always growing larger."

Isn't this a beautiful thought, that the friendly spirit once started goes on and on? I like to think of it. I like to think that every day thousands and thousands of club members each start a friendly little spirit on its way to make the world happier, more glad and joyous, a better world. Just think of what so many, many friendly little spirits starting out each day can do!

So I wish you happiness in this new year so soon to begin. And in that wish, I know that every one of my little friends and yours, the little folks of the Green Meadows and the little people of the Green Forest joins. May it be for you the very happiest year you ever have known, and may a little friendly spirit go with you all the way, leading to kindness and gentleness and mercy and love for all the helpless and weak.

Yours for friendliness and a happy happy New Year,

THORNTON W. BURGESS

(*Buffalo News*, December 27; *Evening World-Herald*, December 27)

## Appendix 3. Bedtime Stories Club. *Cincinnati Times-Star*, 1914.

### Introduction

The *Cincinnati Times-Star* sponsored one of many Bedtime Stories Club in June of 1914, but quickly distinguished itself because of its rapid growth (claimed, though not documented) and its ambitions with respect to mass membership meetings. The history of this club was not included in the 1914 volume of this series, so it is partially published here to show one more direction a Bedtime Stories Club could take. Of particular note are the articles covering the series of outings the newspaper organized for members of the club in August that were recognized by Burgess and were the apparent inspirations for *The Globe's* "monster meeting" in 1915.

**June 2, 1914.**

**Here it is—The Very Best Club Yet and All Times-Star Readers May Join  
"Bedtime Stories Club"**

There Are No Dues and No Limit as to Becoming Members—All That Is Required Is  
Kindness to the "People of the Forest."

ATTENTION, BOYS AND GIRLS, AND GROWN-UPS, TOO! The Times-Star is going to co-operate with Thornton W. Burgess, author of the Bedtime Stories, in forming a BED-TIME STORIES CLUB.

This club will stand for just one Idea: KINDNESS TO BIRDS AND ANIMALS, KINDNESS TO THOSE FRIENDS OF THE HUMAN RACE, THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE GREEN FOREST, THE GREEN MEADOWS AND THE SMILING POOL!

Mr. Burgess and the Times-Star, hereby invite all boys and girls, their big brothers and big sisters and their mothers and fathers yes, and even their grandparents to join the Bedtime Stories club. Each member will receive, free of charge, a membership button and a certificate; signed by Mr. Burgess.

THERE ARE NO DUES. NO PAYMENTS OF ANY KIND

Admission, to the Bedtime Stories club is absolutely free to all who will merely agree TO BE KIND TO ANIMALS AND BIRDS!

In Mr. Burgess's bedtime stories, printed every night in the Times-Star, you read about Peter Rabbit, Grandfather Frog, Johnny Chuck, Sammy Jay and a host of other little people of the Green Forest. These stories show how clever and innocent the little creatures are and what nice friends they really make for boys and girls WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM.

The Bedtime Stories show that it is MORE FUN to be good and kind to the animals than to be mean and cruel to them—that it is jollier to throw a handful of food out for the birds than to throw stones at them.

Mr. Burgess's Bedtime Stories are read all over the United States, and he has

communicated his knowledge and love of the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows to boys and girls and old folks all over the land, on farms and in cities.

A kindlier feeling toward the birds and animals is being developed and it is to crystallize this sentiment that the Bedtime clubs are being organized.

There are thousands of boys and girls, and their elders, who, we are sure, would like to become members of the Bedtime Stories club that is now being organized through the co-operation of Mr. Burgess, that great friend of the little animals, and the Times-Star

ALL THAT YOU NEED TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE CLUB IS TO WRITE A LITTLE POSTAL CARD TO THE TIMES-STAR, SAYING SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

“I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE BEDTIME STORIES CLUB.”

On receipt of such a request from any boy or girl or grown person, the Times-Star, at its own expense, will send by mail one of the attractive Bedtime Stories club buttons, with the rabbit's head on it, and also a handsomely engraved certificate of membership signed by Mr. Burgess, the noted author and leader in this movement.

It is understood, of course, that when you say you would like to become a member of the Bedtime Stories club, that you intend always to be kind to Peter Rabbit, Sammy Jay, Johnny Chuck, Buster Bear, Little Joe Otter, Chatterer, Red Squirrel and all the other Little People of the Green Forest.

KINDNESS TO BIRDS AND ANIMALS IS THE ONLY SORT OF DUES THAT YOU CAN PAY IN THE BED- TIME STORIES CLUB.

If any of you wish to write a longer letter to the Times-Star than the mere statement that you wish to become a member of the club, we will be glad to hear from you. Perhaps some of our boy and girl readers have already had many interesting experiences with birds and animals since reading Mr. Burgess's Bedtime stories, and if they care to write us about them, we will be glad to receive the letters.

Children in all the schools, even the school for the blind, may become members of the Bedtime club, and, the teachers, parents and any other friends of animals are also cordially invited to join.

Boys and girls, we wish to call your attention to this point:

IN SENDING IN YOUR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP, BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR NAME VERY PLAINLY, AND YOUR ADDRESS, TOO.

Your name will be written on the membership certificate, and we, all want the name to be spelled correctly.

So come and join the Bedtime Stories club and help spread the noble sentiment of kind, considerate, humane treatment for the Little People of the Green Forest.

The birds of the air will sing more sweetly to you and the jolly sounds of the

Chatterer will seem, gayer than ever to your ears when you become friends to the Little People of the Green Forest and join the Bedtime Stories club.

Now send in your applications.

**June 3, 1914**

**“Bedtime Stories” Club Promised to Have a Large Membership**  
Applications Are Coming in From Various Places and Interesting Letters  
Accompanying Them—Just How to Join.

...

“Bedtime Club” Verse

Here is a verse for the Bedtime Stories’ club by Prof. F.W. Struble of the Columbian school:

Yes, I’d like to be a member  
Of the Bedtime Stories’ club;  
All my lifelong I’ll remember  
Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck,  
Sammy Jay and Buster Bear,  
Squirrel Red and Toad so green,  
Little Otter, Chatterer,  
And the Forest Folks I’ve seen.  
I will be your kind, big brother,  
With God’s help, until old age.  
One good turn deserves another,  
Folks on Bedtime Stories’ page.

Woodward High School Cincinnati.

Dear Mr. Burgess: The organization of the Bedtime Stories’ club is most timely and I wish to give it my unqualified endorsement. I wish to commend your efforts in arousing an interest in animals of the field and forest, thereby greatly assisting us in our work in zoology by inculcating a knowledge of animal activities in general and their relation to human life in particular. Wishing you and the club a well-merited success I am,

Yours sincerely,

Henry E. Koch,

Department of Zoology, Woodward High School, June 2, 1914.

Mr. Burgess—My papa buys two Time-Stars every day, one for my little brother and one for me. Papa wants to eat his supper as soon as he gets home, and we cannot eat until we read about Peter the Rabbit and the Green Forest folks. We used to fight for that part of the paper while papa was washing for supper. That’s why he buys two. After supper papa reads the Bedtime Stories out loud. He can read better than us. I always lived downtown, and I do not know anything about animals to write. My Grandma lives on Price Hill, across from Mt. Echo park, and I always go over there to play when I go to grandma’s house. I often see Peter the Rabbit, and Dannie Meadow Mouse, and Blackie Crow, and Sammy Jay and Chatterer over in Mr. Echo park. Last

Easter Sunday grandma gave me a lot of hot-bed lettuce to put near Peter's home, because Peter the Rabbit had brought brother and I a lot of Easter eggs. We play in the park now every day. My brother Morgan and myself (Edward, Jr.) would like to become members of the Bedtime Stories club. I am in the second reader at school. Papa and mamma laughed when they read this letter, but I heard them tell grandma it was good.

**June 4, 1914.**

**Children and Grownups Enlist**

Meet Little People of Forest  
Bedtime Stories Club Popular

**June 5, 1914**

**Many Thousands Every Day**

Sammy Jay Invites You  
Join Bedtime Stories Club  
Interest is Growing in the Club That Makes the Times-Star Readers Intimately  
Acquainted With "Little People of Forest."  
A Thousand a Day!

That's the rate at which boys and girls, and grown-ups too, are joining the Bedtime Stories club....

**June 6, 1914**

**Author of Bedtime Stories Joins the Times-Star Club.**

Walks Out Into the Fields and the Little People Tell Him of Their Great Happiness  
Now That Fears Are Removed

**June 11, 1914.**

**Bedtime Stories Educational, Says Kentucky School Teacher.**

Commends the Times-Star Bedtime Stories Club for the Principles of Kindness and  
Humanity That It Inculcates.

...

This is an example of one of the great mass of letters received by the Times-Star from school teachers and shows how popular Mr. Burgess's Bedtime Stories and the Bedtime Stories club are with the school children.

The children are taught many of the quaint habits of the Little People of the Green Forest, like Peter Rabbit, Little Joe Otter, Grandfather Frog, Chatterer and Sammy Jay, and the boys and girls grow to love the animals and birds and become their friends, instead of their enemies....then series of letters from children demonstrating how the Bedtime Stories "inculcates" the principle of kindness to animals....

**June 12, 1914.**

**Country Children Urged To Join Bedtime Stories Club**

They Have More Opportunities Than the City Tots to Get Acquainted With All of the  
Happy Little People of the Forest.

...We know, of course, that most of the country boys and girls are already friends

to the birds and animals; that thousands of you have pets and are always kind to the creatures, but by reading Mr. Burgess's Bedtime Stories you will gain even a more intimate insight into the hearts of the Little People of the Green Forest and be kinder to them than ever...

**June 15, 1914.**

**Children by the Hundreds are Joining the Bedtime Stories Club**

And There is Joy Among the Smaller Denizens of the Green Forest for They Know  
They Will Not Be Harmed.

...No more rocks are to be hurled at the pretty red breast of the robin, nor at the shining white spots of the wood-chuck, nor at the playful squirrel nor the sparkling red bird nor any of their brothers or cousins.

The Bedtime Stories Club means that all the members have signed a Permanent Peace and Arbitration Treaty with all of the lovely and cute but helpless little creatures of Mother Nature.

It means that the children are to be friends with the little People of the Green Forest.

Every evening in the Times-Star Thornton W. Burgess in his Bedtime Stories, tells about the charming, romantic lives of the little birds and animals.

Farmer Brown's boy is the boy hero of the tales and they teach much interesting natural history as well as the fundamental principle of kindness to birds and animals...

**June 16, 1914**

**Johnnie Sour Apple Lost His Cruelty When He Joined Club.**

Little Story of a Very Small Boy Has to Do With the Wholesome Effect That Bedtime  
Stories Had Upon His Disposition

Once upon a time there lived a little boy in the suburbs of Cincinnati who was very cruel to the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadow.

Because he threw so many rocks at the robins and red birds and blue birds and squirrels and rabbits that came to the big trees in his back yard, the neighbors called the boy Johnny Sour Apple.

In a little while the timid and gentle little birds and animals grew so afraid of Johnny Sour Apple that they would never come near his house.

So this misguided boy roamed into new territory, where he could stone and terrorize the poor Little People of the Forest.

But one day a neighbor boy induced Johnny Sour Apple to read Mr. Burgess's Bedtime Stories, printed every night in the Times-Star. The next day Johnny Sour Apple didn't throw any stones—he was getting converted to the idea of kind treatment to animals and birds.

The following day Johnny threw a handful of food out to the little creatures that he formerly had thrown rocks at. In a little while, Johnny—for he was now no longer,

known as Sour Apple—succeeded in winning back the friendship of the Little People of the Forest. Peter Rabbit would dance in the back yard. Johnny Chuck began to feel at home again, Chatterer returned, Sammy Jay flew back to his old nesting place, and the happy family was reunited. Grandfather Frog even sang a serenade in bass notes in honor of Johnny's kind treatment.

First thing Johnny did was to join the Bedtime Stories club.

And Johnny went out and played with the animals every day, signed a permanent treaty of peace and arbitration with them, and lived happily with the Little People of the Forest ever afterward.

If there are any little Johnnies who read this little story there is only one thing for them to do: Join the Bedtime Stories club and read the Bedtime Stories. It will cost you nothing to join. All you need to do is to drop a postal card to the Bedtime Stories club, Times-Star, Cincinnati.

**June 18, 1914**

**Sayler Park Boy in China is Enrolled in Times-Star Club**

So Noteworthy Is This Long-Distance Membership That Author Burgess Writes  
Specially of the Situation.

Editor Bedtime Stories Club, Cincinnati Times-Star:

Dear Sir—Through a letter from one of your subscribers I have learned all about the Bedtime Stories club. I am mighty glad to hear of the club, because I think that out of this is bound to come a power for good. Doubtless you are aware of the phenomenal success of this idea with the Kansas City Star, its membership now being about 25,000. The New York Globe's membership is 6,000, and the applications are coming in at the rate of 300 a day. I would like to see the organization made national for the good it will do. And I believe that this is coming. If you will send me clippings of what you have already printed on the subject, and will put me on the mailing list so that I may receive the paper regularly and thus keep posted, I will be glad to send you letters from time to time and to co-operate with you in any other way I can. For a starter, Mrs. M. V. Gelwicks of Sayler Park, near Cincinnati, writes me that she wants to make application for button and certificate for Master Paul Gelwicks, Hengehow, Hunan, China, in care of Rev. George Gelwicks. I guess this will come pretty near to being your long-distance record for membership. The laddie has the stories sent him right along, clipped from your paper.

Sincerely and cordially yours, THORNTON W. BURGESS.

That's a fine letter from Thornton W. Burgess, author of the Bedtime Stories that appear every night in the Times-Star....The Times-Star Bedtime Stories club has a membership of close to 30,000.

**June 20, 1914**

**Child Can't Sleep Unless She Reads Bedtime Stories**

Powerful But Unconscious Tribute to the Man Who Tells His Little Friends About the  
Denizens of the Green Forest.



**June 22, 1914**

**Still Time For Children to Join Bedtime Stories Club**

Interest Is Increasing in the Organization for the Protection of the Birds and Animals of God's Kingdom.

...

"My little folks are very much interested in the Bedtime stories and desire membership in your club. It is a part of my daily routine to read your stories to them and a great disappointment should I overlook the Times-Star and leave it at the store in the evening. The little folks were much interested in feeding their bird friends last winter and erecting bird-houses this spring. They have been rewarded by wrens building in two of the houses and some seven or eight nests in trees of robin, bluejay, and song sparrow...."

**June 23, 1914**

**Audubon Society Children to Join Bedtime Stories Club**

Eight Thousand of Them Preparing to Add Their Names to the Muster Rolls of the Times-Star's Great Organization.

**June 26, 1914**

**Many Members of Times-Star Club to Enter Unique Contest**

Those Who Participate in Bedtime Stories-Telling Competition Have Chance to Gain Scholarships.

Met Author Burgess; Now Belongs to Club  
Cincinnatians Enrolled as Members of Organization

"Hello there, Billy Possum!"

"How'de Cincy!"

This was the greeting and response that was exchanged when the big Cincinnati delegation to the "Associated Advertisers' Clubs of the World" met Thornton W. Burgess at the big transportation hall in the exhibition grounds where the Toronto sessions are held. The Cincinnati crowd was delighted to meet the author of Bedtime Stories and Mr. Burgess was in turn glad to see a lot of his Ohio constituents. As a result of the Cincinnatians' talk with Mr. Burgess, they have enrolled themselves as members of the Times-Star Bedtime Stories' club.

**June 27, 1914**

**If Harold Had An Elephant, His Menagerie Would Be Complete**

South Norwood Boy, Who Joins Bedtime Stories Club, Claims as His Pets Many of the Birds and Beasts of the Forest.

**June 27, 1914**

**Home Story Telling Practice Precedes Scholarship Contest**

Judging From the Interest Taken in Bedtime Stories Telling Contest There Will Be Some Real Pleasure at Greenwood Hall.

Practice in story-telling, it was learned Saturday, has been going on regularly in the homes of Bedtime Stories club members ever since the contest to be held on Monday

morning at the Cincinnati School of Expression...was first announced....Every member of the Bedtime Stories club who can tell a Bedtime story well is invited to take part in the contest.

**June 29, 1914**

**Twins in Bedtime Narrative Contest.**

Succeed Unwittingly in Entangling Judges of Competition...

Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse could not possibly look more like each other than...

Even the judges, prominent known Cincinnati educators and writers were astonished to learn how interesting a Bedtime story can be when a child tells it.

...

When told by children, Thornton Burgess's Bedtime Stories, which appear daily in the Times-Star, are given an added touch of charm....

**July 1, 1914**

**Secretary of Humane Society is Member of Bedtime Stories Club**

Believes Ardently in That Great Principle of Kindness Which It Is the Plan of the Times-Star Organization to Nourish

Director M.C.Dow of the Ohio Humane society says:

"Kindness must rule the world. It's got to come if the human scheme is to be a success." Surely the "Bedtime Stories" make the same plea and it surely is a move in the right direction. Will you kindly allow me to become a member of the club? Very sincerely yours,

The Ohio Humane Society, Oscar A. Trounstein, Secretary and Treasurer.

**July 2, 1914**

**Memories of Bedtime Stories to be Treasured at Later Day**

Just a Few Lines With a Pen or Pencil Will Bring to You a Membership Card in This Incomparable Organization.

Dear Times-Star: I like Little Stories For Bedtime. Cheerful Robin has her nest in our grape-arbor. Peter Rabbit comes in our yard sometimes. Once I caught Spotty the Turtle, but I let him go again, as I thought he would be happier....

There's a letter from a little boy who applies for membership...and who shows that he has the real spirit of the club—a kindly feeling toward the birds and animals of the Green Forest. Martin caught a turtle but gave the creature its freedom again—BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THE TURTLE WOULD BE HAPPIER!

**July 3, 1914**

**School Playgrounds Children Join the Bedtime Stories Club**

Reinforcements Thus Secured Are Welcomed by the Thousands of Other Members of the Times-Star Organization

**July 6, 1914**

**Deputy Game Warden Sees Much to Praise in Bedtime Stories**

Kuertz Declares in Sending in His Application for Membership That They Develop Fine Character in Boys and Girls.

...

Dear Bed-Time Stories Editor:

Please allow me to state that the Department of Birds, Fish and Game has the very highest regard for your excellent stories and the fine character which such develop. The rowdy boy who would abuse the interesting and wonderful creatures which are our neighbors and friends "ain't no more." Sure, I want to join your club, and I believe just everybody else does..."

Bedtime Story Circle To Spread Sunshine

Six complete and equal number of half-scholarships, were awarded by Miss Mannheimer of the Cincinnati School of Expression as prizes in the Bedtime stories contest. Unusual talent and unbounded interest was discovered through the contest, among members of the Bedtime Stories club has resulted in a Bedtime story circle, which will meet at the School of Expression twice a week during the summer. The purpose is to furnish "sunshine hours" for little girls and boys who are convalescing at the city hospitals, for "shut-ins" and for the blind.

**July 10, 1914**

**Country Children Are Earnest Members of Times-Star Club**

Out in the Green Fields and Forests They Get Acquainted With the "Little People" That Figure in Bedtime Stories.

Here is a typical letter...

I would like to become a member of the Bedtime Stories club. While papa was mowing hay he found several bird nests and I drove stakes by the nests so I would not destroy them while raking the hay. Last winter I ground popcorn and sorghum seed and fed the birds when the snow covered the ground...

**July 13, 1914**

**Fifty Years Young and Becomes One of Bedtime Stories Circle**

Ohio Jeweler Also Sends in For Membership the Names of Several Little Friends Who Also Are Enrolled.

**July 20, 1914**

**Little Members of Time-Star's Bedtime Stories Club to Enjoy Three Fine Out-of-Door Jaunts**

Will Be Taken to Coney, the Zoo and Chester and the Attractions at Each Place Will Be Wide Open to Them.

To the members of the Bedtime Stories club, attention!

The Times-Star is going to give a series of free outings to the children members

of the club, 12 years of age or under, and it is going to be the jolliest week of the entire vacation period.

Here's the programme:

Monday, August 3, the first outing at Coney Island.

Wednesday, August 5, the second outing at the Zoo.

Friday, August 7, the third outing at Chester Park.

Can you beat that?

Impossible.

And it's all free, too!—providing you are lucky enough to be a member of the Bedtime Stories club of 12 years of age or under.

There will be thousands of children club members at these outings and we want them to halt right now and set aside those three days to attend the outings. It will be a week of fun, recreation and education for the great throng of little guests of the Times-Star. Children are not limited to any single one of the outings—they are invited to attend all three.

The membership badge of the Bedtime Stories club is all that will be needed to gain admission to all of the outings. The badge, worn on coat or dress, will represent a ticket of admission.

The week of festivity will open with boat ride to cool Coney. The outing will be free to the Bedtime Stories club children on August 3. Wednesday, August 5, the children will have the time of their lives at the Zoo: They will be given an opportunity of personally meeting a great many of the Little People of the Green Forest that Mr. Burgess writes about in the Bedtime Stories. Chatterer, the Squirrel, Reddy the Fox, Buster Bear, Blackie the Crow, Sammy Jay, Johnny Chuck, and a host of others will be on hand to welcome the Times-Star's guests. There will be concerts and no end of merriment and instruction.

The week of outings will close in an old-fashioned blaze of glory at Chester Park on Friday, August 7.

All the amusements of the place will be thrown open, free for the use of children wearing Bedtime Stories club badges. From one end of the great pleasure resort to the other the boys and girls of the club will be permitted to roam, taking in all the shows, just as though the place belonged to them for the day.

It's going to be the greatest week of entertainments ever arranged for anybody at Cincinnati.

Boys and girls of the Bedtime Stories club, there's a mighty jolly time in store for you. You can have fun thinking about it—but it will prove to be more fun than you ever expected. Remember the dates: August 3, 5 and 7.

More details will be printed later.

**July 23, 1914**

**Imagine the Treat Those Three Outings Will Be For “Kiddies”**

Bedtime Stories Club Members Under 12 Will Have That Many Opportunities to  
Devour and Digest Beauties of Zoo, Coney and Chester.

Here is the letter of invitation from the Coney Island company:

Dear sir—Because of the clean and wholesome nature of your Bedtime Stories and their tendency to develop the love of nature and natural things in our children and also because of our feeling of friendliness for the boys and girls and their friendship for Coney, we wish to invite the children in the Bedtime Stories club to take a ride on the boat and spend the day...

**July 24, 1914**

**Bedtime Stories Club Members Will Meet Old Friends at Zoo**

All of the Little People Whom Mr. Burgess Writes About Will Be On the Reception  
Committee To Greet Children at Outing.

So that the children may see how very welcome they will be at the Zoo we print the cordial letter of invitation received from Edward Goepper, president of the Cincinnati Zoological company:

Dear Sir—I take this opportunity of extending to you, and through you to the young members of the Bedtime Stories club, an invitation to visit the Zoological Garden and see all the little animal friends that they have been reading about for so long. I believe that a personal introduction to Peter Rabbit, Chatterer the Squirrel, Reddy Fox, Sammy Jay, Old Man Coyote, Johnny Chuck, and all the rest, would be a great pleasure to the youngsters... The Zoo is particularly fortunate in having in the big family that it takes care of practically all of the little friends that the members of the club have been reading about, and if they could talk or write I know that they would join me in extending this invitation to their little boy and girl friends. We hope that the day you select can be made one for full enjoyment of all that the Zoo has, from the collection of animals and the various amusements to the broad lawns and shade of the trees. We hope that it will be made an opportunity for everybody to get close to nature....

**July 27, 1914**

**Outings to be Great Reunions of Bedtime Stories Club Folk**

Little Members Are Asked to Draw Red Lines Around the Dates on Which the  
Gatherings Will Be Held at Beautiful Resorts.

**July 2, 1914**

**Child Wants Bedtime Stories' Club Members As Her Guests**

Daughter of Manager Martin of Chester, Through Her Father, Extends a Cordial  
Invitation to Other Children

...

Dear Sir,—My little daughter, Helen, is one of the enthusiastic readers of Mr. Burgess's stories about the Green Forest folks and, I observe, she is now wearing one

of the buttons of your Bedtime Stories club.

She has suggested to me that the members of the Bedtime Stories club ought to have a meeting, so that they might get to know each other; and maybe, she suggested, Mr. Burgess himself might come and talk to the members, and they would hear from his own lips something about Sammy Jay and Chatterer and Peter Rabbit and Little Joe Otter and the rest of the folks.

Now, of course, the Times-Star office, big as it is, would hardly have the room to accommodate all the members. So Helen wants to have the members—her fellow members—as her guests at Chester Park some time...

NOTE: Adults must pay. The outings will be basket picnics and children are all reminded to bring their lunch, for the day is long and the fresh air will create big appetites.

### **July 29, 1914**

#### **Prizes for Children Who Save Most Seeds For Winter Birds**

Audubon Society Takes Step to Make More Comfortable Birds' Stay Here, and the Bedtime Stories Club Will Help.

[prizes for collections of watermelon, musk melon, sugar melon cucumber or squash seeds to be fed to the birds next winter.]

### **July 31, 1914**

#### **Pack Your Lunch Baskets, "Kiddies"**

All Aboard For Coney!

Also Practice That Widest Smile!

Also

Make Some "Easy" Money

Full Details of Offer of Prize for Best Essay.

...When you reach the Zoo, you can look up all the Bedtime Stories birds and animals to be found there, write a composition about them, and perhaps win one of the cash prizes offered by the Zoo management....

### **August 1, 1914**

#### **Great Steamers Will Carry Bedtime Club Kiddies To the Delights of Coney**

Splendid Ride on the River Is Sure to Be Enjoyed to Its Fullest by the Thousands of Little Friends of Peter Rabbit.

### **August 3, 1914**

#### **Children are Sentinels For the Vast Army of the Good**

Incident in Which a Little Girl Figures Shows the Benefits of the Teachings of the Bedtime Stories Club.

...

A girl, about six years of age and just learning to write, discovered a boy "hurting an animal," and, being a faithful and true member of the Bedtime Stories club, the indignant little Miss promptly reported the case...She thinks the boy's membership

badge in the Bedtime Stories club should be taken from him, and we agree that Edgar has forfeited all rights to membership, as well as all rights to attend the free outings of the club.

The suggestion has been made that If the boy is found on the Coney Island boat Monday, he will be cast into irons in the dark hold, but that would be too severe. We favor mercy for the boy. We believe that if the little girl had a talk with him she would show him the error of his way and teach him there is more real fun in making pets out of the little animals than in hurting them. Personally we favor giving Edgar B..... one more chance, and if he is willing to stop “hurting a animal,” we would agree to forget the past. However, we will refer this important matter to Mr. Burgess, the author of the Bedtime Stories, for his decision, which will be final.

**August 3, 1914**

**Author Burgess Sends His Greetings to Bedtime Club On Day of Initial Outing**

Expresses Regret Because He Can't Be With Friends  
Coney Island Steamers Crowded With Little Members  
Happy Picnic is a Forerunner of Two Other Like Affairs

The week of festivities for the boys and girls who belong to the Bedtime Stories club of the Times-Star opened with a glorious outing at Coney Island Monday.

When the steamer Princess left for the first trip to Coney at 9:30 a. m., she was loaded down with a great cargo of precious freight—the little children who have promised to be kind to Peter Rabbit and all his relatives of the Green Forest, packed every deck of the boat. And even a greater crowd of boys and girls arranged to make the trip on the next boat, the Island Queen, and the succeeding steamers.

Thousands of little folks from the heart of Cincinnati and from all of the suburbs attended and formed one vast and jolly picnic party—for they were bound by the tie of membership and fellowship in the Bedtime Stories club. A large number of toddlers, three or four years old, and even smaller members, came with their parents to enjoy the outing, and even the most diminutive member proudly wore the Bedtime Stories club membership button.

All of the children took the advice of Farmer Brown's Boy and came prepared with plenty of lunch. Every boy and girl carried a box or basket—so there was no danger of any European war food scarcity having any bearing on the outing.

And the children proved themselves to be real and bonafide friends of the animals, too, just as their pledge to the Bedtime Stories club expects from them. As they tramped down the cement walk from Front and Broadway to the wharfboat a number of levee dogs made their appearance.

No stones were thrown at the dogs—instead, the Bedtime Stories boys and girls called to them in friendly tones and the dogs came walking up wagging their tails in friendship and confidence.

The grey cat that lives on the Coney Island wharf never saw such a kindly crowd of boys and girls—not, a kick was directed at her, and she made herself at home in the



midst of the children.

As the children filed into the steamers they were given little cards calling their attention to the composition contest to be held at the Zoo outing Wednesday, and all expressed great interest in the contest. Arriving at Coney Island, the little folks were turned loose to romp and play the day through, at their own sweet wills. Free vaudeville was provided for them by the Bedtime Stories club and happiness and good cheer prevailed.

The second free outing to children members 12 years of age and under will be held at the Zoo Wednesday, and the third free outing will be held at Chester Park Friday. The Zoo management has arranged to give \$50 in cash prizes to the 29 children writing the best compositions about Bedtime Stories animals and birds that are found in the Zoo. The composition must be limited to 300 words and must be sent to Sol. Stephan, general manager of the Zoo, by August 15.

Col. I. M. Martin, manager of Chester Park, will throw the entire park and all of its amusement devices open free to children members of the club on Friday, when the week of festivities will be brought to a brilliant close. There were a number of storytelling clubs, societies and other organizations of children represented at Monday's outing. There was, for instance, a club of little Bedtime Story girls under the chaperonage of Mrs. C. H. DeGarno, and they were glad to meet many other little girls who are members.

### **AUTHOR'S BEST WISHES**

#### **Burgess Hopes His Little Friends Will Have Big Time.**

Here is a letter of greeting and good wishes from Thornton Burgess, author of the Bedtime Stories, to the boys and girls of the Bedtime Stories club at Cincinnati. Mr. Burgess writes as follows from Springfield, Mass.:

August 1, 1914.

Dear Fellow Members of the Bedtime Stories Club: Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck and all their friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows join me in wishing you the merriest, happiest three days of all the summer this week, when you go on those three splendid outings. Do you know that the Times-Star was good enough to send me a special invitation to come out to Cincinnati and go on all three of these trips so as to meet all of you? Well, it did. And it said that even if I am a grown-up my button would admit me free to everything if I would only come. And I want to come, I want to come so badly that I am going to be worse disappointed than any one of you who can't go (I hope there won't be anyone so unfortunate but me). But I can't come because—listen: I am getting ready to go into the Great Woods for three whole weeks—the Great Woods where Buster Bear and Jumper the Hare and Prickly Porky and Paddy the Beaver were born and where their relatives are living this very blessed minute. I hope to meet some of them and also Lightfoot the Deer and Dippy the Loon and a lot more of the people who live there. And if I do I am going to tell them all about the Bedtime Stories club and how you are working for their happiness and the happiness of all living creatures, and I know that there is going to be great joy there just

as there is now on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest and around the Smiling Pool. And that is why I cannot come out to Cincinnati and join in the good time you are going to have. But some time I am coming because I want to meet you, every one of you, and thank you for Peter Rabbit and all the others for what you are doing and trying to do to make life better and happier for them. I shall think of you on each day of these three splendid outings and I wish for each one of you every minute of each day crowded just as full of fun and joy and delight as it can be, And all my little friends of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Laughing Brook, the Smiling Pool and the Old Orchard wish for you just the same thing, for the Merry Little Breezes, of Old Mother West Wind have told me so,

Yours for Happiness, THORNTON W. BURGESS.

**August 5, 1914**

**Bedtime Club Members Visit Animal Friends**

Thousands of Children Descend Upon the Zoo Garden.  
Search for the Animals and Birds They Have Read About  
Second Times Star Outing Enlivened by Essay Contest.

Thousands of boys and girls, members of the Bedtime Stories' club of the Times-Star, attended the free outing Wednesday at the Zoo, and had the time of their lives Interviewing the many Bedtime Story animals that are found there.

This was the second of the series of three outings arranged for the little members of the club, and since it brought them face to face with the Little Birds and Animals of the Green Forest and Green Meadow that they have been reading about in Mr. Burgess's romantic stories, it was especially enjoyable.

The gates opened at 7:30 in the morning, but even before that hour a crowd of Bedtime Stories' members had gathered.

A constant stream of children, many attended by their parents, poured through the gates, and it was soon evident that one of the record crowds of the season would attend.

The Peter Rabbit badge of membership in the Bedtime Stories club served as ticket of admission for the little folks, and they all proudly wore the badge on their breasts. Many delegations of children came from out-of- town, and there was one party of children from Indianapolis, all wearing the Peter Rabbit badge and happy to take part in the reunion of the members at Cincinnati.

The total membership of the Bedtime Stories club, as the records in the Times-Star office show, is 30,000, and continues to increase with every mail. Not every one of the members was able to be at the Zoo Wednesday, but judging from the unending streams of little folks that passed through the gates it seemed as though nearly all were there.

How keenly the children are interested in the Bedtime Stories and in the various birds and animals is indicated in the thousands of letters sent by them to the Times-Star, but their Interest in the little creatures was further stimulated at the Zoo Wednesday by the offer of \$50 in cash prizes for the best compositions on Bedtime Stories animals at the Zoo.

The Zoo management arranged to distribute \$50 to the 29 children that will contribute the most interesting as well as the most thorough essay. As the children entered the Zoo Wednesday they were given cards announcing the conditions of the contest, and all displayed great interest in the competition and made plans to capture prizes. The first prize is \$10, second \$7.50, third \$5, fourth \$2.50, and beside this there are twenty-five prizes of \$1 each.

The children were instructed to limit their compositions to 300 words and they have 10 days in which to write them. The compositions must relate only to birds and animals mentioned in the Bedtime Stories and found in the Zoo, such as Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Sammy Jay and others. Descriptions of other animals will not count. The children were instructed to tell in what parts of the Zoo they found the Bedtime Stories creatures, how they looked, and what they had to say to their visitors. The compositions must be in the hands of Sol Stephan, manager of the Zoo by August 15.

Fortified with lead pencils the children made the rounds of the Zoo calling on all the animals and noting down observations regarding them.

They rode on the back of the big turtle as well as in the howdah on the elephant; they held the field mice and the rabbits in their arms; watched the crane dance for them; fed the monkeys and the fish and even paid a social call on the baby skunk. Even the lion felt in a kindly mood Wednesday as the friends of the birds and animals swarmed about, and all the Zoo beasts and birds joined in giving a welcome to the thousands of little visitors.

Club members, twelve years old and under, will be admitted free to the following amusement features of Chester Wednesday: Hilarity Hall, Blue Streak. Thriller, Derby Racer, Gee Whizz. Rapids Gorge. Merry-go-round. Aeroplane, Vaudeville, Bump the Bumps. Swings Enchanted House.

**August 6, 1914**

**Peter Rabbit Buttons Admit All To Outing At Chester**

Whirligigs of Fun and Dewdads of Joy at Resort Will Be Open to Children Members of Bedtime Stories Club.

Now for the biggest outing of them all—AT CHESTER PARK FRIDAY!

The members of the Bedtime Stories club had two glorious outings at Coney and at the Zoo, and they will bring the week of festivities to a grand climax Friday with an outing and basket picnic at Chester.

The Times-Star wishes to make this special announcement regarding the Chester outing:

**ADULTS WEARING THE BEDTIME STORIES CLUB MEMBERSHIP BADGE  
WILL BE ADMITTED FREE!**

Children wearing the badge not only will be admitted free, but they also will be given free tickets for the amusement devices in the park. Wars and rumors of wars are not going to interfere with the happiness of the Bedtime Stories club members at Chester Park Friday. Europe may do as she pleases. The children of the Bedtime Stories

club and grown folks, too, are going to have the jolliest time of their lives.

It is particularly to the three little children of Col. I. M. Martin, all enthusiastic members of the Bedtime Stories club, that the thousands of other members will owe their cordial welcome at Chester Friday. These good little folks thought it would be a splendid idea for the 30,000 members of the Bedtime Stories club to hold a grand reunion, and they thought Chester Park would be the ideal place for such a reunion. They suggested the matter to their father, and Colonel Martin, knowing what was good for him, promptly coincided with the views of his children. Then they sent their invitation to the Bedtime Stories club to the Times-Star and it was accepted with thanks.

But the three children were not yet quite satisfied with the programme—so they urged their father to throw open free to the children of the club the amusement devices in the park.

Now, that was going some—those devices cost lots of money to maintain and to operate—but again the genial father capitulated to his three kindly and generous little children. They then notified the Bedtime Stories club of this fact and now invite all of the children, not only to come and enjoy the park free of charge, but to make the rounds of the pleasure devices there without a cent of cost.

Among these devices are the Thriller, Gee Whiz, Witching Waves, Miniature Railroad, Merry-Go-Round, Flying Swing, Derby Racer, Rapid Gorge, Blue Streak and the Vaudeville Show. As the children enter the park, they will receive tickets for the devices. Free admission to the park will be given adults with badges. The outing promises to be a record-breaker for merriment and jollity. The thousands of members of the club have grown acquainted with each other at the first two outings, and Friday, at the closing outing at Chester, they will cement the ties of fellowship in the Bedtime Stories club by the happiest picnic day of their lives.

**August 7, 1914**

**Three Children Were Hosts to Thousands of Members of Time-Star's Bedtime Club.**

Col. I. M. Martin's Little Ones Received at Chester  
Amusement Resort Turned Over to Peter Rabbit's Friends  
Outing Closed a Week of Festivity for the Members

“Hurrah for Chester Park and the Bedtime Stories club!”

The merry cry was raised by thousands of boys and girls, and adults, too, as they poured through the Chester Park gates Friday to bring to a grand climax the week of festivity of the Bedtime Stories club.

Great crowds of children attended the first outing, given, Monday at Coney and the second at the Zoo Wednesday, but the vast delegation that attended Friday's outing at Chester broke the previous records.

The little folks had just enough time to rest up after their educational and instructive outing at the Zoo to feel in the right mood for a rollicking, jolly good time at Chester Park, and were prepared to make it the happiest day of their vacation.

And Col. I. M. Martin of Chester Park surely did all in his power to aid in the realization of the children's fondest hopes. Surrounded by his three children, Chester, Helen and Jack, all enthusiastic charter members of the Bedtime Stories club, Col. Martin stood at the gate and welcomed the throngs of children, and the adult members too. Genial Helen, Chester and Jack were the heroine and heroes of the outing—for it was primarily through their efforts that the grand reunion of the Bedtime Stories club was arranged to be held at Chester Park. It should be understood that this is the biggest club around Cincinnati and has 30,000 members.

It was founded through the cooperation of the Times-Star and Thornton W. Burgess, the author of the Bedtime Stories that appear daily in the Times-Star, and its object is to crystallize the spirit of kindness in the treatment of the little birds and animals of the Green Forest that Mr. Burgess tells about in his romantic stories.

The three children of Col. Martin conceived the idea of having a grand reunion of the 30,000 members at Chester Park and suggested it to their father, who promptly capitulated to the wishes of his children. Then they came to him with a second request—to give the children of the club free admission to the amusement devices in the park—and again the kindly parent granted the request. Thirdly the trio asked that the parents of the members or other adults wearing badges be admitted free to the park and once more Col. Martin gave his approval. And so the beautiful park virtually passed into the possession of the members of the Bedtime Stories club for the day.

As the thousands of little folks, many of them accompanied by their parents, passed through the gates Friday they were cordially greeted by Helen, Chester and Jack Martin and made to feel at home. Free tickets to the amusement devices were given to each child wearing the Peter Rabbit membership badge and soon the park was alive with shouting, laughing, happy humanity.

The exciting Thriller, the Gee-Whiz, the Witching Waves, the Rapid Gorge, the Derby Racer, the Merry-go-Round, Blue Streak and the miniature railroad soon were carrying full cargoes of bright and merry little children on their tours of joy and merriment. Reserved tickets for the vaudeville show were provided the little visitors and there was no end of laughter for them. The amusements to be started away ahead of time to take care of the early morning rush of little visitors and they were kept busy all day.

The animal cage with its monkeys and pig and alligator formed a favorite rallying place for the Bedtime Stories children and their parents. There was something new and delightful every minute and the club members surely had "the time of their lives," that had been promised them. The Chester outing brought the week of festivities of the club to a brilliant close—a veritable blaze of glory.

**August 25, 1914**

**"Bedtime Club" is at the Zoo**

Name to Be Given to Mischievous Little Four Foot

The Cincinnati Zoo became richer by one coon Tuesday through the efforts of one of the little members of the Bedtime Stories club. A very serious problem was solved

for this little girl when Superintendent Sol Stephan agreed to adopt the animal and to add it to his big family. The following letter, addressed to Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, author of the Bedtime Stories, was received:

“My big brother caught a coon in the cornfield who was eating our melons and sugar corn. He would always nip at the best ones. Brother thought it was squirrels, so last night he set a trap and caught a pretty coon by the foot. So brother put him in a big barrel, with a screen on the top. I would not like to see him killed, but brother, said that he would go back and eat more. Will you kindly give me your advice what to do with the coon? I thank you very much. Dorothy Nulimeler. 9, of R. F. D. No. 3, Station L, Cincinnati,”

Of course Mr. Burgess did not want to see the little coon killed and immediately sought Mr. Stephan and made the necessary arrangements for the transfer. It will be placed in a cage where it can no longer do any damage to Dorothy’s father’s melons and sugar corn. The coon will be called “Bedtime Club.”

## Appendix 4. Bedtime Stories Club, *New York Globe* and *Commercial Advertiser*, 1914-1915.

### Introduction.

*The Bedtime Stories are an institution in our family. We have five scrapbooks full of them, all made by the children. Their grandmother, who died this winter, with almost her dying breath said, "Tell William I'll be talking of him and the Bedtime Stories in Heaven." And every night now the story must be read at bedtime, cut out, dated and indexed. —Rev. William Beaman Tower, New York Globe, May 23, 1914.*

The Bedtime Stories Club of the *New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser* (*The Globe*, for short), was the largest chapter in the organization, and, with respect to Thornton W. Burgess's career, ultimately the most significant. It was founded on May 20, 1914, suspended on August 2, 1914, and restarted on March 1, 1915. The *Globe* sponsored two large-scale club events in 1915: a "monster meeting" in Bronx Park on September 30 and the pantomime extravaganza, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" December 26-30.

This appendix compiles Bedtime Stories Club-related material in the *The Globe* from the beginning of the club in 1914 through the end of 1915. Texts were taken from the microfilmed *Globe* issues in the New York Public Library. In some cases, the original microfilm images were poorly photographed and sections largely unreadable, designated by [...] in the documents to follow. This compilation only includes material deemed relevant to Burgess and natural history; other material, including puzzles, long essays by correspondents, and complete stories from Greek mythology, are not included, except when providing a sense of the club's character at the time.

*The Globe* commercialized its Bedtime Stories Club more than any other newspaper, including Club-themed advertising and sales pitches for Club-related goods, including a "Peter Rabbit" membership ring, available in silver and gold. These ads and other Club-related images are included at the end of the appendix. The images related to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" are particularly significant as they remain some of the only visual records of what is otherwise an under-documented show.

The following is a guide to help readers navigate this long section:

May 20, 1914: Bedtime Story Club announcement.

May 22, 1914: Burgess joins the club.

May 26, 1914: Farmer Brown's boy joins the club.

May 29, 1914: Letter from Burgess.

August, 2 1914: Club suspended because of the volume of war coverage.

March 1, 1915: Club restarted.



March 10, 1915: Daily Bedtime Stories Club column resumes, with puzzle format.

March 11, 1915: Bedtime Stories Club editor promotes “smiling” as club practice.

March 30, 1915: Discounted version of *The Adventures of Reddy Fox* promoted.

April 15, 1915: Burgess-penned advertisement about his fondness for Reddy Fox.

April 19, 1915: Editor reframes Club mission, stating “The most interesting child Mother Nature has is YOU.”

April 20, 1915: Editor asks Club members to send postcards to Burgess congratulating him for story 1000.

May 7, 1915: Burgess writes to Club thanking members for postcards.

May 18, 1915: Editor pushes for larger membership than *Kansas City Star* club.

June 14, 1915: Editor unveils new plan for gaining membership.

June 22, 1915: Eulogy for Gunda the elephant.

June 28, 1915: Editor suspends drive for new members, complains about parents of club members.

July 1, 1915: First appearance of Horace S. Tibbs in Club column.

July 6, 1915: Column returns to nature study mission via daily questions about animals.

July 19, 1915: Membership drive resumed. 1000 new members reported.

July 21, 1915: Exclusive membership ring proposed.

July 24, 1915: Calls for advisory committee.

August 4, 1915: Planning for big meeting of Club members begins.

August 19, 1915: Proposes new pet department.

August 31, 1915: Advisory committee recommends adding to Club mission the protection of plants and park property.

September 4, 1915: Official announcement of Bronx Park gathering.

September 18, 1915: First appearance of Saturday “Our Little Pets” advice column, with special pet-related advertising section.

September 20, 1915: Burgess writes to club about meeting. He plans to attend and has written a new story (“Peter Rabbit’s Get Acquainted Party”) for souvenir magazine.

September 21, 1915: Announcement of Ernest Thompson Seton appearance.

September 25, 1915: Confirmation of Burgess appearance.

September 30, 1915: Announcement that Bronx Park gathering will be filmed by news reel crews.

October 1, 1915. *Globe* article about “monster meeting.”

October 2, 1915. Bedtime Stories Club column account of “monster meeting.”

October 4, 1915: First letter from “Peter Rabbit.”

October 5, 1915: Letter from Burgess about meeting.

October 6, 1915: New header, more space for Bedtime Stories Club content.

October 7, 1915: Announcement as to places where news reel coverage of meeting can be viewed.

October 8, 1915: Note that 11,000 silver Peter Rabbit rings have been sold.

October 14, 1915: Appeal to protect Bob White.

October 19, 1915: Pantomime extravaganza announced.

November 1, 1915: “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” announced as name of show.

November 2, 1915: Club column begins to encroach on “Little Stories for Bedtime” space.

November 3, 1915: Appeal against squirrel hunting.

November 6, 1915: First mention of show song, “Peter Rabbit Hop.”

November 10, 1915: Show described as mix of Drury Lane pantomime, American extravaganza, and Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera.

November 16, 1915: Detailed rehearsal schedule for Club members participating in choruses.

November 17, 1915: Club membership reported to be 70,000.

November 26, 1915: Appeal for “lunchrooms” for birds.

November 29, 1915: Club membership reported to be 80,000.

December 1, 1915: Hospitals will be beneficiary of show profits.

December 2, 1915: One-day appearance in show of Broadway star Elsie Janis announced.

December 8, 1915: New Club activity, dancing class, proposed.

December 11, 1915: Letter from Burgess.

December 15, 1915: Appeal to feed birds.

December 17, 1915: Film “Alice in Wonderland” will accompany show event.

December 24, 1915: Appeal for “lunchrooms” for birds.

December 27, 1915: Dancing team Adelaide and Hughes to perform during show; Henry E. Dixey will do recitations. Henrietta Crosman and Nora Bayes will attend.

December 28, 1915: Review of first show.

December 29, 1915: Review of second show. Promotes sheet music for “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” by Horace S. Tibbs and song-writer Ted D. Ward.

December 30, 1915: Preview of third show.

December 31, 1915: Review of third show. Preview of New Year’s eve show. Grace Valentine, Marguerite Snow, Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle will attend, as well as Thornton W. Burgess and Harrison Cady.

**Wednesday, May 20, 1914**  
**Bedtime Story Announcement**  
**The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

Now, all you little folks who have been reading the Bedtime Stories or having them read to you gather around and listen. Mr. Burgess writes these stories about the Little People of the Green Forest because he loves them all, and he wants you to love them. He wants you to learn about their ways and the trouble they have to get along, so you will do your best not to add to these.

So The Globe is going to start a Bedtime Stories Club. Every little boy and every little girl who loves the Little People of the Green Forest and loves Mr. Burgess’s stories about them can be a member of this club.

Of course, you must show that you are a friend of the Little People. That is the only thing you have to do to become a member. If you will write to the Bedtime Stories Club Editor of The Globe and tell him you want to join this club and help protect the Little People he will put your name down as a member. Then he will send you a membership button and a certificate (that’s a great big word, but your mamma or your papa can tell you what it means) to show you are a member of The Globe Bedtime Stories Club. There are no dues—no money to pay for anything. Just write a letter and tell the editor you want to become a member, and he will do the rest.

And now we want to say a word to your papas and mammas, but all you little folks may listen if you I want to for it will do you good. To your papas and mammas we want to say that no better reading ever been written for the little folks than these Bedtime Stories of Mr. Burgess. Back of them is the lesson of kindness that is taught your little people. Back of that, again, is a lot of very useful information about the habits of wild animals: for Mr. Burgess has been very careful to have his facts always right. He is not a “nature faker.” His natural history is right, and your little boy or your little girl can learn much about the “Little People of the Green Forest” that may be very useful to them in after years and will help them grow into better men and better women because of the love and knowledge of nature implanted in them by these stories.

So you need not hesitate to let the little folks come into The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club. We will take good care of them and deliver them safely to you, when a few years have rolled by, all the better for what they may have learned. School teachers who have been reading the stories to their little charges also are invited to come in with their whole flocks, and any school teacher who will send a list of the little folks in her charge will receive buttons and certificates made out to each of them.

The buttons have not yet been delivered to The Globe by the makers, but those whose applications for membership are received earliest will be served first with the buttons. So the little ones should lose no time. A picture of the button appears at the top of this article

### The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club

Bedtime Stories Club certificates and Bedtime Stories Club buttons are being made ready for all the little folks who read those delightful bits of romance in the deep woods by Mr. Burgess or who have them read to them. As soon as the printers deliver the certificates of membership and the button makers deliver the buttons, The Globe will send them out to all the little folks who want to become members of the club. The heading at the top of this article shows you just what the button will look like.

The only requirement for membership is that you will promise to love and protect the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows about which Thornton W. Burgess writes so delightfully...

The indications are that this is going to be a very big club and The Globe is going to do all it can to foster a love of nature in the hearts of the little folks. School teachers will find the club of value to them in instructing their pupils, and a new interest will be added to the studies of bird and animal life if the little folks are enrolled as club members to protect and love and help the little people.

### **Thursday, May 21, 1914 Many Join the Bedtime Club**

#### **Friends of Peter Rabbit and the Other Little People Send in Names**

The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club has started off with a boom. Mr. Burgess, who writes those splendid stories for the young folks to read or have read to them just about the last thing at night, hadn't any idea he had so many friends. But applications for membership in the club poured in by every mail yesterday, and it was only the first day.

The Globe invites every boy and girl who loves animals and enjoys those delightful little tales Mr. Burgess tells about the Little People of the Green Forest and the Green Meadow to join the club. The certificates of membership and the buttons will be sent out to the members just as soon as the printer man and the button man get them finished. That will take a little time, and there are a lot of little folks to send them out to, so you must have patience—just like the little people you read about—and they will all be sent to you as soon as possible.

It was a pleasure to go over the lot of letters which came in from the little people and learn how much they think of the stories and of the Little People. But it was still more of a pleasure to see how few mistakes the little folks made. Only two of them forgot to give their address...

The Globe is well pleased with the start that has been made and Mr. Burgess is delighted with the many kind little messages that have come to him personally. Peter Rabbit seems to be an all-round favorite, and many little folks took occasion to say they were glad he had been selected to have his picture on the button. That's just the

way Mr. Burgess feels about Peter. He's more like one of the family than a rabbit.

It was pretty nice to get a letter like this one from E. Francis Tilley, who lives at 616 Monroe avenue, Plainfield, N. J.:

I want to join the Bedtime Stories Club. The Bedtime Stories have made me careful of a Peter Rabbit who lives in the field by my house. I have saved the Bedtime Stories since they were first printed in The Globe.

Now it is a lot of satisfaction to Mr. Burgess to know that this club member has been made careful of a Peter Rabbit by reading the Bedtime Stories.

That is just why the Bedtime Stories are written to teach people to be kind to animals and to be kind to each other. That is the reason The Globe has organized the Bedtime Stories Club—so it can help along the good work. So every little boy or little girl—with their big brothers and sisters, their papas and mammas, or even their grandparents, can join this club just by writing to the Bedtime Stories Club Editor and they will get a button and a membership certificate as soon as they are ready for delivery. Below is a list of the members enrolled in the club yesterday:...

**Friday, May 22, 1914**  
**Mr. Burgess Joins the Bedtime Club**  
**Tells How Happy Little People Were to Hear of it—Membership List Fast Growing**

The very happiest man in America today is Thornton W. Burgess. Yes, sir, Mr. Burgess is a happy man. Up in Springfield, Mass., where he lives when he is at home, he has been walking around whistling and happily humming to himself all this week. He is simply dee-e-e-lighted over The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club.

First thing Mr. Burgess did when he heard about it was to take a great, long walk out into the country. He tramped all around through the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and he hunted up all the Little People he could find. He told them all about The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club, and maybe there wasn't a lot of happiness among the Little People.

Johnny Chuck was so happy he turned somersaults clear across the Green Meadows and back. Peter Rabbit hopped, skipped, and jumped around like a cotton-tailed wild man. Chatterer the Red Squirrel ran up and down all the trees in the neighborhood, and old Grandfather Frog was so overjoyed he simply had to dive into the Smiling Pool to cool off.

You see, the Little People have been afraid of boys and girls all their lives. It has been the custom with a great many boys and girls to use the most shamefully. They catch Chatterer the Red Squirrel and shut him in a wire cage with a silly little wheel for him to run around in and play he's climbing trees in the Green Forest. They have abused Johnny Chuck so he's almost afraid to look out his front door. Poor Grandfather Frog has never known a minute's peace when there was a boy in the neighborhood.

Now they all think this Globe Bedtime Stories Club beats the peace conference

up at Niagara Falls. Maybe you have been so busy reading the Bedtime Stories you do not know that a war is threatened down on the southern side of this big country of ours, and some gentlemen are up at Niagara Falls now trying to see if they cannot arrange to settle the dispute sensibly instead of fighting about it. The Little People think the Globe's Bedtime Stories Club is just as important as the peace conference, for if we can get every little boy and girl to join the club, the Little People will know they are going to have peace hereafter and need not be afraid.

So Mr. Burgess walked back home—whistling all the way—and he felt so good about it he sat down and wrote a letter to all you club members right away. Here is the letter:

Dear Fellow Members of the Bedtime Stories Club—You see I'm a member too. Of course I wanted to join just as soon as I heard about the club but I was afraid The Globe would say that I am too old. But It didn't It says that no one is any older than be feels and so I can be member.

I want you to know how tickled all my little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest and the Smiling Pool are over this club. They think it is perfectly splendid. Johnny Chuck says that if he knew that every little boy and girl was member of the Bedtime Stories Club he wouldn't ever be afraid and run away when he saw one coming because he would know that there was nothing to run away for. Peter Rabbit says it's the best idea he ever heard of and he's spending all his going about, lipperty-lip, telling everybody he meets Grandfather Frog says it's what he has waited and waited for, and it takes a great load off his mind because he is getting old and nervous, and now he won't have to watch out for sticks and stones every time a boy comes over the Smiling Pool. Jimmy Skunk says he never was afraid of little boys and girls believe they have always seemed to be afraid of him, but now he hopes to get better acquainted with them, because if they will only give him a chance he will show them that he can be just as polite as they can.

Sammy Jay says it's too good to be true. But Sammy always is suspicious, and I am quite sure that right down inside he is just as pleased as the others. Best of all, I've just had word from Farmer Brown's boy that he wants to join. He has found out for himself that love and kindness are all that is needed to make friends with the ....

that means just the very best times ever for our little friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows and for you and me. You have no idea of what heaps and heaps of fun you can have with them when once they know you love them and they no longer need be afraid.

With love and best wishes from all the Green Meadow people and from myself to each one of you, I am

Your very sincere friend.

Thornton W. Burgess

**Saturday, May 23, 1914**

**Nearly 800 Now in the Bedtime Club**

**Membership List is Growing Fast—Don't Forget to Send in Your Address**

Four hundred and fourteen new members are added to the Bedtime Stories Club today, and the letters are still piling in. The total membership to date is 791. If Mr. Burgess could possibly do it, he would like to answer every one of these letter writers himself. He never had any idea how much the young readers of *The Globe* thought of him before. It's enough to make any fellow feel good to read the kind words the little folks and lots of their papas and mammas are saying to him.

But it is impossible for him to write to all of you, so he is going to leave it all for *The Globe* to tell you every day just how the club is getting along, to thank you for the kind words you have written. He was never interested in anything—not even the Little People themselves—any more than he is in the Bedtime Stories Club.

So you want to watch the paper every day and see how the club is coming along. Be particular to look over the list of new members each day, and if your name does not appear within two or three days of the time you wrote your letter, drop a postal card to the editor, giving your full name and address, and explain that you did not see your name in the list, and it may have been left out by mistake. It is possible in the crush that a letter may slip off the desk and get lost some time or any one of a hundred other things happen, and you might be overlooked.

Tell all your little friends about the Bedtime Stories Club and urge them to read the stories and to join the club. If there is some little boy or girl in your neighborhood who does not know about them, tell what a lot of pleasure you have had from hearing the adventures of Johnny Chuck, Peter Rabbit, Jimmy Skunk, and all the other little people. One of the kindest letters the Bedtime Stories Club editor has received came from the Rev. William B. Tower, who is pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church in the Bronx. His two little children have joined the club. Mr. Tower says:

My two children, William Beaman Tower, Jr. and Mary Tower, aged seven and one-half, respectively, wish to join the Bedtime Stories Club, and request the buttons and certificates. The Bedtime Stories are an institution in our family. We have five scrapbooks full of them, all made by the children. Their grandmother, who died this winter, with almost her dying breath said, "Tell William I'll be talking of him and the Bedtime Stories in Heaven." And every night now the story must be read at bedtime, cut out, dated and indexed. We all love the Bedtime Stories.

You know it makes a fellow feel good to know his work has given so much satisfaction and been so good and so clean that that old grandmother could promise to think about it in heaven.

**Monday May 25, 1914**

**More Than 1,000 in Bedtime Club**

**The Buttons and Certificates Will Be Ready for Delivery in a Few Days.**

With a little mountain of letters still unopened because of the half-holiday



Saturday, the Bedtime Stories Club increased its membership by 283. That makes a membership of over a thousand in four days. The Globe is exceedingly proud of its new club. The editor received another letter from Thornton W. Burgess Saturday in which he expresses his joy at the manner in which the young readers of the paper were taking hold of the idea. He says he believes it will mean a great organization, which will do much to teach lessons of kindness to dumb animals and do much to repair the economic mistake which man has made in his treatment of them.

You know, little folks, that Mr. Man has not been so wise in the past as he is going to be in the future. He has ruthlessly killed a great many birds and animals which were not only absolutely harmless, but also of great benefit to him. Take Jimmy Skunk, for instance. Now, Mr. Man has always been a terrible enemy of Jimmy Skunk. He has killed him off so fast that in some sections there are no more at all. Then Mr. Man discovered that he made a great mistake. Jimmy Skunk lived on beetles that did all sorts of harm to growing crops and trees. Jimmy was the policeman of the fields and woods who kept these beetles down to a safe number.

Mr. Man has seen his mistake now. In many sections of the country the farmers are protecting Jimmy Skunk now, and allow no person to hunt him. You see Jimmy Skunk's fur is quite valuable, and there were many hunters who trapped and killed the little fellow and made a living out of selling his skin. But the farmers are stopping all that now. They have found that Jimmy is one of their best friends.

So it is going all along the line. Mr. Burgess has made a study of these things and he knows the Little People, who are real friends of the farmer, and that is what he writes about. So he is glad all you young people are joining the club to help take care of the Little People of the Green Forest and Meadows.

**Tuesday, May 26, 1914**

**Bedtime Stories Club**

**Farmer Brown's Boy Joins Bedtime Club**

**Finds a Lot More Fun in Making Friends With Little People Than in Hunting Them.**

Listen, all you club members. Who do you think joined the club yesterday? His application came in the first mail. Why, Farmer Brown's boy.

You all know Farmer Brown's boy. You know how he got his lesson—that it was better to be kind to the Little People than to hunt them with Bowser the Hound and worry the life out of them, the way he used to do.

Of course, you all remember about the time he caught Chatterer the Red Squirrel when Chatterer was helping himself to Farmer Brown's corn. You remember how he shut the little fellow in a cage and kept him, but finally when he learned his lesson of kindness, he realized that a squirrel looks better scampering over the limbs of the trees in the Green Forest than shut up in a cage. So he let him go.

And now he's a member of the club. He wrote the nicest kind of a letter. I think he had half an idea he would not be admitted. But I want to tell you something that is not for him to hear. That boy of Farmer Brown is one of the best-behaved youngsters in the

neighborhood. He's going to make a good man. You can see it sticking out of him. For he has learned to be kind and considerate of creatures weaker than himself. And do you know that the very strongest men in the world are the men that are kindest and most considerate of people and creatures who are weaker than they are? Moreover, anybody can become strong by being that way. It doesn't make any difference how little you are or how weak you are now. You can become strong by practising deeds of kindness and consideration. We want every member of this club to become strong that way.

But now about Farmer Brown's boy. He wrote a delightful letter. Here it is just as he wrote it:

Bedtime Stories Club Editor—

Please may I join the Bedtime Stories Club? I want one of those red buttons to wear all the time. You see I've learned a whole lot in the last two years and the best thing of all is that there is a whole lot more fun to making friends with Old Mother Nature's children than in hunting them and trying to frighten them the way I used to do. I've made friends with a lot of them already and I want to make friends with all of them. Tommy Tit the Chickadee will eat out of my hand. Peter Rabbit doesn't run away as he used to. Mrs. Grouse is still a little shy, but I think she knows that I am the best friend she has. Chatterer the Red Squirrel comes and takes things out of my pocket. The last time I was over to the Smiling Pool, old Grandfather Frog didn't budge from his big green pad. He just said "Chugarum," which I suppose was his way of saying "Good morning."

I've put away all my traps and I'm never going to get them out again, not even if Unc' Billy Possum does come snooping around my henhouse after eggs. I suppose he thinks he has just as much right to them as I have and I guess maybe he's right. I know Jimmy Skunk thinks so. Jimmy and I are getting to be pretty good friends. I hope all the rest of the club members will get as much fun out of making friends with the little people as I am having and I think the club idea simply great. Please send me a button and certificate right away by the next mail.

FARMER BROWN'S BOY

Funny thing how excited some people get when they write a letter. Farmer Brown's Boy never put his address to it. Now if we didn't know just where Farmer Brown's boy lives he'd be in the same fix that G. Frederick Cole is. G. Frederick wrote a nice little letter. Wrote it all himself. But he did not give his address, so he will have to write again in order that his name can go on the list and we can send him the button and certificate. So, you see, you will have to be very careful....

**Wednesday, May 27, 1914**

**1,677 Members in the Bedtime Club**

**List Gaining Fast, and the Buttons and Certificates Will Be Ready in a Few Days**

Three hundred and thirty-nine new members were added to the roll of the Bedtime Stories Club today, making the total to date 1677. They came from all over New York,

New Jersey, and other states. The idea is just reaching the little folks up state now and they are just crowding in their applications...

Only a handful of applicants have sent in pictures of the Little People of the Green Forest and Meadows. The Bedtime Stories editor would like to have any member of the club or any applicant for membership who feels that he or she is any kind of an artist to send in drawings of what they think those little people look like. Mr. Burgess is going to have something to say to all of you in a few days. He is one of the most enthusiastic members we have, and he and Farmer Brown's boy are busy getting new members. That Brown boy is another enthusiast....

**Thursday, May 28, 1914**  
**More Than 2,000 in Bedtime Club**  
**Largest Number of New Members Yet is Announced Today**

A week ago Tuesday, The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club started and with the 452 new names added to the membership list today the club now has 2,129 members. When you think that it is only a week old, it shows what a wonderful organization we all belong to. It is an organization to be proud of. Yesterday's was the biggest mail yet, in fact, there are a lot of letters which properly belong in today's list, but it was impossible to get them all read and assorted and properly indexed....

**Friday, May 29, 1914**  
**Another Letter From Mr. Burgess**  
**Doing All He Can to Spread News of the Bedtime Club Among the Little People**

These are awfully busy days for the Bedtime Stories Club editor. The printer man has delivered the certificates and now they all have to have the names of the members written on them, then envelopes have to be addressed for each member and by that time the buttons will be here. The button man has just about finished his job. So by the first of next week buttons and certificates will be going out from The Globe office to the members of our club all over the country.

In the mail this morning came a letter for each of you from Mr. Burgess. He wants it printed in the paper for him so you will all get to read it, for it is impossible for him to write a separate letter to each one of you. But Mr. Burgess wants each of you to consider this as a personal letter, for that is just what he intends it to be. Here is what he says:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 27, 1914.

Dear Fellow Club Members:

As I write these lines, Cheerful Robin is singing as if his heart would burst with joy. Perhaps he has heard of the new club and the promise all of you have made to be kind to him and his friends and to protect them from their enemies. He sings as if he had, and I have a suspicion that perhaps the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind have whispered the news to him. But he is no happier than I am. Each day when I pick up The Globe and read the new names I want to go right out in the Green Meadows and shout

for very joy. I wish I could write to each of you and tell you how glad I am that you have made this promise, because I feel that it is a promise to me personally as well as to my dear little friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. You see, I have been asked to allow my name to be signed to the certificate that is to be sent you, and so when I go out to see Johnny Chuck and Peter Rabbit and all the rest of the little people, I feel personally responsible for the way in which you keep that pledge.

But I can't write to each of you personally because there are so many of you, and I haven't fingers enough or time enough to write so many letters. So I want to thank you right here and now for making that splendid promise, and I want each of you to feel that this is just as much a personal letter as if it came to you in an envelope through the mail. In return I promise you that I will do all can to spread the glad news among my little friends in fur and feathers, and that I will do my very best to get from them more and even better stories than they have given me in the past so that I may tell them to you. They all send their love to you, and so do I.

Your happy fellow club member.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

That letter ought to make all of us feel better and feel like going out and getting new members. But no more so than the letters that are piling in from the little folks. Here is one of them from little Master Herman Schubert, down at Glendale, L. I. He has an advantage over lots of club members because he lives out of town and he and Old Mr. Toad and Bumble and Busy Bee are personal friends. He says:

I love the little people of the Green Forest and Green Meadows. I love Peter Rabbit, Jumper the Hare, and Buster Bear the best. I often see Mr. Toad because I live in the country. And I see Bumble and Busy Bee, too. Last Sunday I saw Buster Bear swimming. And I saw Redtail the Hawk and Hooty the Owl, Old Man Coyote, and Mr. Blacksnake in Bronx Park. My papa or mamma reads *The Globe* to me every night. Then I cut it out and save it, and I have sixty-nine now. Hope I get the button soon. I am seven years old.

Herbert Lehman writes the kind of a pledge that delights the heart of Mr. Burgess and all the Little People. Here it is:

I hereby promise that I will love and protect the members of the Green Forest and Green Meadows. Kindly send to Herbert Lehman a certificate and button which makes me a member of the Bedtime Stories Club.

Then there is little Miss Helen Sanderson Morris. Her sympathies have been greatly aroused by the adventures of Peter Rabbit and she writes:

I am very interested in your stories and I will promise to love and protect the little people except Reddy and Granny Fox. I think it was mean of them to try to eat Peter Rabbit up so often. I have read your stories from the

beginning of them, and I would like to be a member of your club.

**Saturday, May 30, 1914.**

**Bedtime Club Grows Rapidly**

**Membership Increased by 348 [...] What Stories Are [...] for Some Boys.**

[...] new members in the club to [...] Bedtime Stories family is growing so big it is hard to realize the club is not yet two weeks old. School teachers are awakening to the value of [...] organization during the coming summer vacation, when all the [...] folks will be turned loose and are able to practice some of the [...] of the Bedtime Stories Club as well as to study nature along with Mr. Burgess.

It is a pleasure to learn that these [...] have been helpful in shaping [...] have been somewhat [...] There is in New York a big organization which looks after small boys who from one cause or another—have or are likely to get out of the [...] path.

This organization is The Boy Conservation Bureau at 90 West Broadway. The bureau has gathered up more than [...] boys who have been send away from the crowded city streets where they were learning evil ways and have been found permanent homes out in the country or have been sent to some industrial shop. [...] W. Watkins is secretary of this organization and he has written the following letter to the Bedtime Stories editor:

[...] much interested in the Bedtime Stories Club, and think it a [...] idea.

I have read the “Little Stories for Bedtime” aloud to my wife almost every night for around two years and we would regard it a great loss if we were deprived of the privilege of having them.

I am the executive secretary of an organization engaged in the work of pleading the cause of homeless and imperiled boys. We find them permanent homes in the country, or arrange for them to spend a few years at a boys’ industrial and farm school, keeping in close personal touch with them wherever they are. We have been sending these stories to “Our Boys” for over a year. They are often read aloud to groups of boys and are read in one school at their evening chapel service before about 100 boys. The boys are delighted with them and are constantly asking for more stories.

I have taken great pleasure in commending these stories in my public speaking, for the information given about the life of the little people of the Green Forest and Green Meadow and for the hidden moral so skillfully and interestingly woven into them.

If we are acceptable to membership. Mrs. Watkins and I would like to join this club. I would like to have all “our boys” do so, too. If you can send me leaflets of information about the club. I would like to send them to around one hundred boys.

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins can both join. Their names were added to the roll right away, and they will get their buttons and certificates next week...

And here is another letter from the daddy of one of our young members. He says:

Many happy evenings at bedtime have my little "Peter Rabbit" and his dad spent with your bedtime stories. If they linger in his memory as they do in his dad's my boy will have a store of happiness to gather from. He wants to ask that he be made a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. We both thank you for the pleasure derived from your stories, and will sign for the happy little fellow sitting by my side.

That was from the daddy of Edwin Church Douglas, so you see the papas and mammas of our Bedtimers get as much fun out of these stories as we do.

**Monday, June 1, 1914.**  
**Certificates and Buttons Going Out.**

Two thousand buttons and certificates of membership in the Bedtime Stories Club were sent out last Saturday, and more are going out every day now....

Our little artist friends are beginning to send in sketches of the animals they read about. Miss Elsie Schafer of 22 Morningside avenue has sent an excellent pen picture of Buster Bear, while Winthrop H. Hall of Cranford, N.J. has sent two interesting drawings of several of the Little People as well as of Buster Bear....

When you have tried to do good work, fellow club members, does it not make you feel good sometimes to have people tell you about it? It makes us feel that way, too. That is why the following letter from J. M. Eadie makes that pleasant feeling in The Globe editorial staff

Bedtime Stories Editor, Sir—

...

I hope that the success of your club will be so great that it will have the effect of convincing New York editors that there is more popularity to be gained from presenting instructive, well written sketches, comic or otherwise, than is to be had by filling their pages with the coarse, slangy, so-called funny sketches which impel one to keep the newspapers away from their home and children. More power to your pen and paper.

**Tuesday, June 2, 1914**  
**More Than 3000 in Bedtime Club**

School teachers came to the front yesterday with a list of names of scholars that made such a long string it was impossible to get them all added to the roll in time for publication today. From all over Greater New York and from towns outside the big city the school teachers have taken up the Bedtime Stories Club as a delightful means of interesting their young charges in nature study.

It is surprising how many of them have been using the stories printed in The Globe to read to little folks in their schools, as well as some of the other books Mr. Burgess has written. Those who have experience along this line are enthusiastic over the results and commend the Bedtime Stories as the best reading for the purpose they have been

able to find....

Our club membership is now above the 3,000 mark, which is something to be proud of for an organization only two weeks old today. The little folks have taken no more interest in it than their fathers and mothers. The older readers of The Globe who began reading these stories simply because the little folks demanded it all confess that they await each day's story almost as eagerly as the youngsters do. They have taken hold of the grownups and the adventures of the little people are followed by them as earnestly as by their children. The club has lots of fathers and mothers in tis membership, and even some grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no age limit, so they are all welcome....

**Wednesday, June 3, 1914**  
**Just 3,500 in Bedtime Club**

With 391 new names added to our membership roll today the Bedtime Stories Club, now two weeks old, numbers exactly 3,500 members. Is it any wonder we are all proud of our membership? From all over the city letters are coming from delighted young folks saying they have received their buttons and certificates and expressing pleasure at being regularly enrolled as fellow workers for the care and protection of the Little People of the Green Forest and Green Meadows.

**Thursday, June 4, 1914**  
**Mr. Watkins Boys in Bedtime Club**

What a boost the Bedtime Stories Club got today from the Boy Conservation Bureau! You little folks all remember that The Globe printed a letter the other day from E. W. Watkins, secretary of this bureau, asking if he and his wife might join our club. Of course we wrote him that we would be glad to have him, and also invited any of the boys in his charge to join. You know the Boy Conservation Bureau takes boys from the city who are living in overcrowded districts and haven't much show to grow up into good boys, and sends them out to permanent homes on farms or to industrial schools the bureau has a line on in different parts of the country.

Well, Mr. Watkins, he thinks the Bedtime Stories are great, and he sends them to the boys up on their farms. He thought the Bedtime Stories Club was another good thing and he put it up to the boys. Up at the Berkshire Industrial Farm, at [...]. N. Y, seventy-two of the boys signed an application for membership in our club, and at the Charlton Industrial Farm, at Ballston Lake, NY, there were thirty more of them who wanted to join. That made 102 new recruits added by the efforts of Mr. Watkins. Their names will be printed to-morrow.

In addition to all these, we have 297 new members in the list to-day and it appears as if the young folks were just beginning to get rightly interested. They are crowding every mail now and the more the merrier. We have plenty of buttons and certificates to go around.

And out of all the thousands of applications for membership we got, what do you think? There was one resignation from our club. We could not understand it at all. The idea that one little boy wanted to withdraw from our organization was simply beyond



our understanding.

The resigner was little Jacob Cutstadt. He lives away over in East New York. Now the Bedtime Stories editor hates mysteries, so he thought he would go over and hunt little Jacob up and find out what the trouble was. And what do you think? Jacob was scared. Yes, sir, he was scared. He thought he had to draw pictures of all the little people, and he says he cannot draw.

He got that idea because the members of the club were invited to send in drawings of what they think the little people look like. Some of them have sent in some. Not very many, however, and the Bedtime Stories editor wants a whole lot more. But it is not compulsory at all. If you do not want to draw you do not have to. The only thing that every member of the club must do is to be kind to dumb animals. That is all the club is for. Just to teach you to be kind to people and animals weaker than yourself. So if Jacob does not want to draw he does not need to worry. He is a member of the club and his resignation has been withdrawn.

Here is what a school teacher has to say about the Bedtime Stories and the club:

I am a teacher and I want to add a word as to the pleasure the Bedtime Stories have given me this winter and I think for the children the club is a splendid idea.

From a grown-up who has read the Bedtime Stories all winter.”

That is from Miss Alice Hall, and she is a teacher and she ought to know. And the way the teachers are sending in lists of names indicates that a whole lot of them have learned the value of these stories in teaching their little folks. It is queer about the human mind. You tell a person something in a dry, schoolbook way and he will forget it. But tell it to him the way these stories tell it and he will never forget it. That is why the teachers are appreciating them so they are an immense help in the schoolroom.

Here is the list of new club members for to-day:...

**Friday, June 5, 1914**  
**Just 4,100 Now in Bedtime Club**

With 371 new names added to the membership roll today, the Bedtime Stories Club now has exactly 4,100 members. That means 4,100 young people who read the Bedtime stories and are learning the lessons of love and kindness they are intended to teach. That makes a pretty sizable club. Few, if any organizations could be formed with that many members in less than three weeks. Is it any wonder the club fellows are all proud and happy?

...

One young woman wrote today and asked for buttons and certificates for two men who are going to celebrate their forty-fifth birthday this month. The buttons and certificates are to be forwarded as birthday presents for them. These two men, she said, despite the fact that they are busy professional men, never fail to read the Bedtime Stories every night. There are no children in the house to demand that they be read, but

these two older lovers of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows are as enthusiastic over the stories as any child could be....

The editor is waiting for more drawings to be sent in. Somehow it seems the Bedtime Stories Club members are not inclined to art. At any rate, only a few of them have sent in drawings of the animals Mr. Burgess tells about and the editor is getting anxious for more...

**Saturday, June 6, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

This has surely been a busy week for the Bedtime Stories Club editor. The club has been increasing in membership by jumps. Today there are [...] new names added to the roll and ever so many more are piling in for listing on Monday.

There is going to be lots of news in a few days for club members. A lot of little folks have sent in drawings of the animals they read about and the editor is having cuts made of these wonderful Little People of the Green Forest and Meadows. Mr. Cady himself has produced nothing more interesting than these. You all know who Mr. Cady is, of course. He is the man who draws the pictures for Mr. Burgess's stories.

In a day or two we are going to print some of these pictures the little folks are sending in...

**Monday June 8, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

With 5,000 members in our club right in sight, the success of the Bedtime Stories organization can be said to be assured. If anybody had told the editor that he would have 5,000 members in the club in less than four weeks, he would have considered that person over-enthusiastic, to say the least....

The little artists in the Bedtime Stories Club are getting busy, and today The Globe prints the first reproductions of some of their work...

**Tuesday June 9 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Just as was predicted yesterday, the 5000 mark will be reached today and then every boy and girl in the Bedtime Stories Club may feel proud to belong to an organization that has grown from nothing to 5,000 members in less than a month. It is wonderful what a lot of good has been accomplished already. Young folks are writing the editor new interest they are taking in studying the animals and birds the Little People of the Green Forest and Meadows. One little girl writes and asks if we cannot get in something about the trees and the grasses and flowers of the Forest and Meadow. It is evident this little lady is interested in botany. We are going to take the idea to Mr. Burgess and see if he cannot tell some delightful Bedtime Stories about the citizens of the vegetative kingdom as well as those of the human kingdom.

...

A number of school teachers are now using the club as the idea for further studies

in animal life than they had been pursuing in the schools before. You know little folks that one of Mr. Burgess's books is called Old Mother West Wind and [...] student is one of the textbooks in the [...] for the New York Schools and a number of the teachers have taken it up now and are using it....

**Wednesday June 10 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Here is one of the secrets the Bedtime Stories editor has been holding back:

Harrison Cady, who draws all the pictures for Mr. Burgess's stories, has drawn four of the characters which appear in these little bedtime tales. They are lifelike pictures of Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, and Danny Meadow mouse.

The pictures are 7 by 10 inches in size and printed in four colors. Sold in stores they would cost 25 cents each. The Globe has arranged to get many thousands of them and will furnish them to readers of this paper at 10 cents for the four.

These pictures are beautiful specimens of the art of colorgravure and are suitable for framing. They will delight the heart of any child and will be particularly appropriate for hanging in the bedroom of any little lover of Bedtime Stories. Any Globe reader desiring the set can get them by sending ten cents cash or stamps to the office of The Globe....

**Thursday June 11 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

One Little Bedtimer writes and suggests that we elect a president and other officers of the Bedtime Stories Club and get the big army of little folks solidly organized for effective work in protecting the children of Old Mother Nature.

It would be a good idea, but in our form of club it is hardly possible. You see we only know each other by hearsay, as it were. It would scarcely be possible to carry on a campaign for the election of a president for this big organization, but if the member who offers this suggestion will work around among his or her friends it ought to be no trouble at all to get up a local organization.

If these local organizations are formed in schools and neighborhoods they cannot fail to be of immense value. They will teach the members something about the work of organizing, how to conduct meetings, and all the knowledge of the Little People, which may some day be of real value to them, besides affording a great deal of pleasure. The editor of the Bedtime Stories Club would be glad to learn of such organizations being formed in every school and wherever The Globe and the Bedtime Stories go. Even families—when there are two or three or more members—might form such local clubs.

Orders are already coming in for the pictures of Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Reddy Fox and Danny Meadow Mouse. Fathers and mothers of little Bedtimers are sending them in—evidently with the intention of framing them and presenting them to the small club members. There are plenty of them now, but with the thousands of members who are already in the club and the thousands more who are expected to join, it will not be well to wait too long. They are real works of art and well worth the ten

cents for the four of them, which is the price The Globe has fixed.

**Friday, June 12, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

This is another 300 day. Yesterday there were 300 new members added to the Bedtime Stories Club membership roll. To-day there is exactly the same number. We are getting up toward the 6,000-mark now and the club is growing faster than ever.

This has been an exciting week in Bedtime Story Club circles. We have all been watching the development of the story as to how Blacky the Crow undertook to prove whether or not Farmer Brown's boy really is afraid of Buster Bear. As one of our club members, we are all interested in Farmer Brown's boy of course we know now that he is afraid of Buster, but we have also learned that Buster has no chance to crow about him. But we have all been so busy watching the development of that situation that we could scarcely think about the club.

But the pictures are here and ready for delivery. You know the editor told you a couple of days ago that Mr. Harrison Cady, who draws all the pictures for Mr. Burgess's stories, had made four particularly good ones of Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, and Danny Meadow Mouse. The Globe has had them printed in four colors by a new process of printing and they are particularly fine. They are for sale to any reader of The Globe at 10 cents for the four. A lot of orders for them have already come in, and the pictures have been mailed to the parties ordering them. There are still plenty left however, and any reader who wants them may send 10 cents to The Globe....

**Saturday June 13, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Hot weather seems to have had the effect of booming the membership of the Bedtime Stories Club. While the thermometer is sizzling the applications of membership have been rolling in in increasing numbers. Today we added 436 new members and that brings us away up above the 6,000 mark.

The most pleasing part of it is the way the school teachers have taken hold. Today we have several school classes in the list, and the chances for the organization of local clubs for the study of natural history and the enjoyment of the Bedtime Stories are most promising. These teachers have all been reading the stories to their charges.

To many school teachers it was news that one of Mr. Burgess's books—"Old Mother West Wind"—is on the list of New York text books. Next term it is possible there will be a couple more added—"Old Mother West Wind's Children" and "Old Mother West Wind's Animal Friends." City Superintendent Maxwell, at a recent conference of the district superintendents, warmly recommended these delightful little stories of Mr. Burgess for school use.

In the mean time The Globe is doing its best to get the mothers and fathers and all the boys and girls of New York acquainted with these clean little classics that get their grip on the big folks as much as on the little ones. That is why the Bedtime Stories

Club has been organized.

Now there are still a whole lot of little folks who do not know what our club is. The editor gets letters from them every day asking about it, so he is going to tell the story all over again.

Of course you all know the Bedtime Stories, so it is not necessary to tell you about them. Well, one day a bright idea struck a reader of these stories. He thought if all the readers of the stories who were learning to love dumb animals and to help them and protect them in their struggle for existence against their natural enemies in the fields and forests and against men, would organize themselves into a big club they might be a power for good in the protection of bird and animal life.

So he submitted his idea and it was passed on to the readers of The Globe. It took like wildfire. More than 6,000 youngsters have applied for membership. We want to make it 10,000 within the next couple of weeks and think it can be done. All you have to do to join the club is to write a letter and address it to the Editor...

### **Monday June 15, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

With 263 new members added to our roll to-day—and last Saturday a half-holiday at that—the Bedtime Stories Club can now proudly look at the 6,000 mark. It seems the young folks are only getting acquainted with it. It is a month old now and is growing faster than at the start.

The editor would dearly love to answer the hundreds of letters that are pouring into the office every day from the would-be members, but it is impossible to answer them all! But every now and then some little boy or girl asks a question that just has to be answered.

Now there is little Dorothy May Pulls, over in Herkimer street, in Brooklyn. She has a pet dog and a rabbit she calls Peter, and seven goldfishes. She asks a question which has the editor completely stumped. She says her cousin has told her that rabbits never drink, and she wants to know if that is true.

Really, the editor of Bedtime Stories does not know, but he is going to pass the question on to Mr. Burgess. It is the belief of the editor that rabbits drink the same as most other animals, although there are some animals living in the deserts that seldom ever need to drink water. There are some rabbits that live in the desert in the western part of this country and perhaps they don't drink, but why a rabbit right around New York here, where there is a whole ocean full of water, should not drink when he feels like it, is a mystery. But the editor is going to let Mr. Burgess answer this question himself.

### **Tuesday, June 16, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

With 224 new members added today the Bedtime Stories Club now has more than 6,600 names on its membership roll, and is hurrying toward the 10,000 mark. By the end of this month it is hoped that number will be reached and there is every prospect

that it will.

If every member of the club will make it his or her business to try to enlist some other boy or girl it will be easy. To that end every member of the club is appointed a committee of one to gain a new member before the first of July....

### **Wednesday June 17, 1914**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Our Bedtime Club membership is nearing the 7,000 mark now. With 294 new members added today it brings the figure up to 6941. Mr. Burgess is more than delighted with the result. He has been so busy lately that he has had no time to write a personal letter, which he wanted to send by way of The Globe to each of the club members, but he wants them all assured that he is watching the growth of our organization with much pride. You see, Mr. Burgess feels that because he writes the Bedtime Stories he is a sort of father to the club, and then you know his name is signed to all the certificates.

The editor is anxious to show a membership of 10,000 before the month of June passes and he hopes every member will help get in the necessary 3,000 or so. With an army of 10,000 young people all banded together with a promise to be tender and kind to all dumb animals and to study about their lives and habits and help them when they can we ought to do a lot of good in this world...

### **Thursday June 18, 1914**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

...

The Johnson Club of the east side came in in a body today. The editor would like to tell you all about the Johnson Club, but he does not know any more about it except that every member of the club is now a member of the Bedtime Stories Club and has received his button and certificate.

### **Friday June 19, 1914**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

The Bedtime Stories Club is nearing 8,000 in membership. With the new members added today our roll shows the names of more than 7600 and more still piling in....

The schools are coming in fine. Today we have a number of schools added to our roll and they are all welcome. There is nothing that will make studying lessons easier to do it in a clubby fashion, and the teachers who have grasped this idea are getting all their charges under the Bedtime Stories banner.

### **Saturday June 20, 1914**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

With 263 new members to-day the Bedtime Stories Club is winding up the week with a glorious finish. The 10,000 mark is now easily in sight, and hundreds of our members are hustling to help reach it before July 1.

We have two members now who live over in Switzerland. They are two little Americans, Fairlie and Edgar Park Valentine, and they live in the beautiful city of Geneva. Their grandmother sends them the Bedtime Stories from America, and yesterday a nice little letter arrived from each of them, requesting enrollment as members. They have been duly entered, and two red buttons with jolly Peter Rabbit's face on them and two certificates are now traveling across the ocean to them.

David Meyer, one of our little members who lives up on the east side, has had a tragic experience. He has suffered from a couple of bold highwaymen. Here is his pathetic little letter to the Bedtime editor:

"I wish to notify you that my button entitling me to membership in the Bedtime Stories Club has been taken from me by two notorious thieves named Ackerman and Jimmy. Ackerman is the leader and Jimmy is just his accomplice. I would deem it a great favor if you will attempt to get my button back. Please try to stop the outrages committed by these thieves upon other boys. They always interfere with the boys' fun and often search the boys. Whatever they get they divide among themselves.

"By so doing you will greatly oblige.

"Respectfully,

"DAVID MEYER."

Immediate action has been taken by the editor. David's letter has been forwarded to Police Commissioner Arthur Woods, with a request that he get busy at once and trace these highwaymen to their lair. The Bedtime Stories Club cannot afford to have bandits wearing its buttons. At the same time a certificate of membership and a button have been sent Commissioner Woods, making him a member of our club in good and regular standing. He will probably work harder on this case if he is a member, and the button will serve his detectives as a clue. In the mean time a new button has been sent to little David Meyer with the hope that he may meet with no more misadventures.

### **Monday June 22, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

The Bedtime Stories Club less than two months old, is now entering on the last lap of the race toward the 10,000 membership mark. With 293 new members added today we only have about a thousand more to go before we reach the five figures.

Everybody wants to be with successful people and successful things. Failures are the tin cans of society. Every member of the Bedtime Stories Club can feel proud of the fact that our club has been proven a big success and is growing even faster now than it did at the beginning. In fact, it is growing so fast that the clerical staff employed specially to fill out certificates and mail buttons and certificates to applicants for membership has not been able to keep up with the work....

The pictures of Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Reddy Fox, and Danny Meadow Mouse are going out with a rush. Danny Meadow Mouse, by the way, is all dressed up in his best clothes—the ones he wore when he went to call on Miss Nanny and met the



fat old fellow with whom he had that awful fight. These pictures are certainly worth seeing...

**Tuesday June 23, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

With 276 new members added today The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club is now almost up to the 9,000 mark and this week we all want to get to work and hurry it along to the 10,000 figure. It will take just a little work on the part of all of us to get it there and we will all feel proud enough of that record to pay us for the work we do hustling for new members...

The schools are still piling in, and we have a couple more big ones today. Some of these are organizing local clubs and are going to work all summer, studying about the Little People and trying to learn a whole lot to tell us when the school vacation is over...

**Wednesday, June 24, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Only 1,200 more members are needed for the Bedtime Stories Club to run the membership roll up to 10,000. The 330 new members put on the list today bring us to over 8,800. The rest, of the week ought to see the 1,200 new members on the roll and a respectable start toward 12,000.

All the readers of the Bedtime Stories are interested in animals, of course, and therefore they must like to see lions, and elephants, and rhinoceri and all these wonderful animals that live in Africa. They can see lots of them at the Bronx Zoological Gardens, of course, but they are all so quiet and sleepy up there, caged as they are.

Now, if you want to see real wild animals ripping around through African Jungles, fighting with other animals they want to eat for food, and fighting with men who have gone to hunt them, you want to get your papas to take you up to the Casino Theatre to see the African hunt pictures of Paul Raines.

All this week these pictures are being shown there for the benefit of the little newsboys of New York. You know there are lots of newsboys in this big city who have no homes and no papas or mammas to read them Bedtime Stories. They have to work in the streets to make enough to live on. The newspapers of the city have organized a club for them, and they have tried to put some more pleasant things into the lives of these boys than they usually enjoy. So they have got up this benefit exhibition of moving pictures up to the Casino Theatre, and they are being shown every afternoon and evening this week for a the benefit of the newsboys.

At the Lyric Theatre the newsboys also have a benefit exhibition. At this theatre the moving picture play of Little Lord Fauntleroy is being shown. It is a wonderfully beautiful story. The editor of the Bedtime Stories Club read it himself when he was a small boy. No doubt your papa or mamma read it at that time....

**Thursday, June 25, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

With nearly 10,000 members in our list to-day, the Bedtime Stories Club is growing with an utter disregard of hot weather. It felt yesterday as if the ambition of all our members would certainly be melted away, but it was not. They are coming as strong as ever.

This month of June is the month country boys get out and kill woodchucks. It is up to the members of the Bedtime Stories Club who are going into the country this summer to help protect these little animals as much as possible and to do that it will be best to learn what a woodchuck is useful to farmers for. You can always reach a farmer if you can show him that any of the Little People are of use to him.

Lots of the members of the club have written the editor and said they are clipping all the stories from The Globe and pasting them in books to take to the country with them this summer. They are going to try to learn a whole lot about the Little People and tell us what they have learned when they get back in the fall.

Here is the list of new members to-day...

**Friday, June 26, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Only 309 more names are needed to the Bedtime Stories Club membership list to give us the full 10,000. With the 302 new ones added to-day the club has 9,491 names on its list, and there is little doubt now that this week will see the full 10,000.

Many suggestions have come in from club members as to some things these 10,000 young people might do to make this old world of ours a better and happier place to live in. They are all good and each one of them has been given a lot of consideration. The Globe wants to get these 10,000 young people united in doing something that will be as pleasant as play and yet which will accomplish some real good purpose. So the editor is doing a little watchful waiting, and thinking it all over before he decides on any one thing that we may all do at once to help somebody else or to make it easier for the Little People of the Green Forest and Green Meadows. The right idea is coming along.

Nobody knows what it is going to be. Even Mr. Burgess does not know. But when it gets ready, it will come and present itself to us so big that we cannot help seeing it and then we will all go to work to carry out that one idea and it cannot help but be a success with 10,000 enthusiastic Bedtimers working for it....

**Saturday, June 27, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

If David Meyer, who was held up and robbed a couple of weeks ago of his Bedtime Stories Club button by two "notorious thieves" is not happy, he ought to be. The members of the club will remember the thrilling incident in little David's life, for it gained prominence in The Globe at the time.

As said in The Globe, the complaint of David was referred to Police Commissioner Arthur Woods for action. At the same time, a certificate of membership and one of our buttons was mailed the commissioner and he is now a member of our big club. Now the machinery of the vast police force of New York City is at work to capture “Ackerman and Jimmy” as the following letter received by the editor of Bedtime Stories Club would show.

Your letter of June 19, 1914, addressed to police commissioner, relative to complaint of David Meyer, has been forwarded to this office.

The matter will have the prompt attention of the Detective Bureau.”

And it is signed by Second Deputy Commissioner J.R. Rubin, who has charge of all the detectives of New York City, himself. So let Ackerman and Jimmy beware. The hounds of justice are on their track and will never chase until they are brought to book. That ought to make David feel happy.

We did not grow as fast yesterday as we expected. Only 175 new names were added to our list. Slowed up, probably, because we were so anxious to get 10,000 this week. But the 175 are more than welcome, anyway. We assure them of a hearty club welcome. Here are their names:...

**Monday, June 29, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

We just made it. But we are all out of breath trying. Talk about winning by the skin of your teeth. You know the Bedtime Stories editor has been talking all week about wanting the membership to roll up to 10,000 by last Saturday. There was no particular reason why it was wanted, but the editor had set his heart on it and he wanted it.

Thursday it looked most promising with 302 new members, which swelled the total to 9,491. It looked easy then and the editor felt he was going to win in a walk. Friday the new members fell off to 175 and it began to look very doubtful because Saturday is never a big day. The editor felt sort of like a failure.

On Saturday morning they began with a rush. Every mail brought in bundles of letters from applicants. It is a half-holiday, you know, and the mail is never so heavy as other days in the week. The editor watched them piling up. They seemed to go dreadfully slow. Finally the last one for the day was in and the count began. It reached 337.

Whoopee! That makes 10,003, enough to get us safely by the 10,000 mark on the day we had set. You don't know how relieved the Bedtime editor felt. It was like winning a big race. He leaned back in his chair and smiled. We can all smile now for we belong to a club that is not two months old and has 10,000 members and a couple to spare. That is accomplishing something, I tell you.

Now we are going right on to the 15,000 mark. We ought to do that easily this month and possibly more. If every member will get out and hustle for new members, we can do it easily. Tell them about the certificate of membership and the pretty red button with Peter Rabbit's picture on it. Tell them about the Bedtime Stories Mr.

Burgess writes and tell them all they have to do is to write to the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club and the button and certificate will be sent them free....

**Tuesday June 30, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

The Bedtime Stories Club is growing by leaps and bounds these days. The membership is swelled today by the addition of 315 names, making the total 10,318. The 15,000 mark is not far away, and every member of the club should scurry around now and see if it cannot be reached by July 15. Get your friends to join and help your club to grow. Five thousand members in two weeks is going some, but it can be done. Let's try anyhow....

**Wednesday July 1, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Little Joe Muldoon had never seen the country. All his eight years of life had been spent down in Vesey street, where his parents and brothers and sisters live. His knowledge of green grass and trees was confined within the high iron fence which surrounds St. Paul's Churchyard. The monotony of his life has been broken by regular visits to the Orthopedic Hospital, up at Fifty-ninth street and Lexington avenue. For little Joe is a hopeless cripple. Pott's disease, the doctors up at the hospital call it. He has had it for just half of his short life, and his poor little back will never be straight again like other children's, nor will he ever grow much.

He is such a little bit of a fellow, for he has not grown any since he was four years old. When he walked into The Globe editorial rooms a week ago and announced that he wanted to join the Bedtime Stories Club, his head scarcely reached above the desk. But he is well acquainted with the wonderful Little People that Mr. Burgess writes about. His sister has been reading to him about them for a long, long time, he said.

In spite of his sickness and his crippled condition, Little Joe is one of the cheeriest, sunniest little fellows you ever saw. He has a great big smile that comes at the slightest provocation. His big gray eyes look straight into yours, and his answers to your questions come right to the point. Moreover, he is a little gentleman. Even if he does live down in Vesey street, where the only sounds he ever hears are the roar of traffic and the rumble of elevated trains, he is a very well-behaved small boy. In fact, there are plenty of little boys in much better localities who could a great deal from Little Joe.

It was a week ago last Saturday when he first appeared in the Globe office in tow of little Raymond Leik, who lives in Cortlandt street. Raymond is one of the staunchest members we have in the Bedtime Stories Club. He has been gathering in the little folks from all the neglected forgotten, seldom-thought-of, way-down-town streets and enlisting them in the Bedtime Stories Club. Raymond has not had much experience in the rural districts himself. He saw a rabbit once in the bird store window in Cortlandt street, and some day his papa is going to take him up to the Bronx Zoo. But he has not had any extensive experience among the cows and the chickens.

Little Joe's pale face made a hit with everybody in the office. "I've been sick a long time," he informed inquirers. "I got to wear a brace. But some day the doctors say

I'm going to the hospital and get my back straightened and then I'll grow like other boys."

"Were you ever in the country, where Peter Rabbit and Johnny Chuck and all those Little People live?" he was asked.

He shook his head slowly. A place where green grass is everywhere, where the wind is forever softly sighing through green tree tops, where little boys have lots of room and there are no wagons to dodge and no automobile trucks to look out for was entirely beyond his comprehension.

"Is it like the park?" he inquired doubtfully.

"Yes, like the park, only better," he was told.

"Better'n the park!" he exclaimed, while a look of wondering doubt and amazement spread over his pale face. Could anything be better than the parks?

"Would you like to go out to the country and see all those little people, and run around in the grass and get well and strong before you go to the hospital?"

You should have seen his face light up. The idea that he, little Joe Muldoon, might go out to that wonderful land of green grass and trees and sunshine and see the rabbits and cows and chickens and all the wonderful things out there! Never in his wildest dreams had he conceived such a thing.

So The Globe man and Little Joe went up together to see his mother and talk it over with her. The upshot of it all was that Little Joe is out in the country now, and you never saw one small boy crowd so much fun into the daylight hours as he is doing. He has been there all this week and he is looking better already. The first morning after his arrival he got up with a little rose in his cheeks. No, it was not a hectic flush. It was a good rosy color, due to sleeping in the open air all night and sleeping as soundly as any small boy could sleep for a straight ten hours.

The boys were prepared to see a cripple who could not help himself. They were somewhat surprised to find that little Joe has almost much vim in his tiny body as any of them. He can play ball like a veteran. He is a pitcher of considerable ability and handles the ball with an inshoot that baffles all the embryo ball players in the neighborhood.

At the bat he is another Honus Wagner. He is just as tall as the bat, and it looks odd to see the little tadger swing the bat over his right shoulder, get the proper balance, and then smash a ball away out into the field. Little Joe is certainly making good.

Fourth of July he is going to have a big time. There are to be three ball games that day in the park right near the house. Joe is going to attend all three of them. There will be fireworks in the evening and fun all day long and little Joe is going to have his share. He has seen a lot of wonderful things already. He went over to the dairy and saw the cows and a little herd of calves and a whole lot of pigs. Never in his life had he seen such wonderful animals except as they hang from the hooks in Washington Market. The ducks and chickens were a wonder to him. He cannot understand how eggs come from

those fowl. He witnessed the process of milking and received a revelation that made his big gray eyes stick out like a pair of doorknobs.

He is going to stay all summer. When he comes back It is believed he will be sunburned and healthy. Then he is going to go to the hospital, and they are going to try to straighten his poor little back. He will be in the hospital a long, long time. Perhaps he will just get out in time to go to the country again next summer and revisit all the wonderful things he is seeing now.

And remember, little Bedtimers, he is one of your club brothers. There are thousands and thousands of other little boys in this big city of New York who never saw the country and know no more of it than little Joe. But isn't it worthwhile for you to know that the Bedtime Stories Club has adopted little Joe, admitted him to full membership in our great, big organization, and is looking after him to see that he gets a chance in spite of his crippled condition? Every one of our nearly 11,000 members can take some credit for this, for if it had not been for the Bedtime Stories Club. The Globe might never have heard of little Joe.

Harrison Cady's four pictures, Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Reddy Fox and Danny Meadow mouse, printed in four colors by the new colorgravure process, will be mailed to any reader of The Globe on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address the Bedtime Prints, care of The Globe.

We have 294 more new members to day and here are their names:...

**Thursday, July 2, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Ten thousand eight hundred and forty members of the Bedtime Club read yesterday of little Joe Muldoon, the Bedtime Stories Club boy whom The Globe has sent to the country to get a few lungfuls of fresh air before he goes into the Orthopaedic Hospital to be operated on for that angular curvature of his spine. For The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club has that many members now with the 228 new ones added to-day.

Little Joe, by the way, is doing fine. He is discovering things he never knew existed before. He has been out berry picking and his nimble fingers have gathered in as many blackcap raspberries as any picker in the party. He has been down to the Laughing Brook and other children out there hunted up Old Mr. Frog for him, and showed him a crawfish, and he saw the house of Johnny Chuck. Only Johnny was not at home. Mr. Striped Chipmunk scampered along fence by the Laughing Brook, and he even saw some fishes—very little ones—in the brook. He was surprised that fishes ever were so small. The ones he has always seen in Washington Market were good sized ones.

Blacky the Crow is a regular visitor out there and Joe is also getting acquainted with the Scarlet Tanager, Jennie Wren, old Mr. Robin Redbreast, and a whole host of other birds, some of whom have figured in Mr. Burgess's stories. Hooty the Owl has not shown up yet and there are no foxes right around there. They live away back in the mountains. But there are lots of 'possums and 'coons and Joe is hoping he will yet get a sight of some of them. Old Mr. Toad lives in the garden and has quite a family. Everybody is very considerate of old Mr. Toad, because, you know, he eats up the bugs

in the garden so all the children are very careful not to hurt him or any of his family. Mr. Blacksnake lives over in the woods by the Laughing Brook, but Joe has not seen him yet.

You can imagine that his life at present is a fairly strenuous one. Between times he is playing baseball. He is the greatest fellow for playing baseball you ever saw, and there is some talk between him and the small boys of the neighborhood of organizing a team and playing a game over on the grounds where the big boys, who call themselves the Cedar Grove Athletics, play. Those Athletics are some team, you understand. They have not lost a single game to any team for a couple of years and Joe is anxious for the Fourth of July to get here, so he can see them play.

So, you see, little Joe is having quite a busy time. Miss Alice Theban of the Bronx writes in to ask what the Bedtime Club is intended for and what its members are supposed to do. Well, that is what it is for—to try to help make the lives of the Little People of the Green Forest and Meadows and of all little boys and girls—yes, and men and women too—brighter and happier. That is what the Bedtime Stories Club is trying to do for Little Joe. Every Bedtimer has a part in it. We do not have to hold meetings and write papers and pass motions for this sort of thing. When we find it to do we get out and do it.

Joining our club, you know, is easy. All you have to do is write to the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club, care of The Globe, and he will send you the red button with Peter Rabbit's picture on it, and the certificate of membership. There is no cost, no dues, no expense of any kind.

It is not all little folks who are joining. Here is a letter the editor got yesterday, which makes him feel good:

“Although I am an old man, I seek to be enrolled as a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. May I have a button and a certificate? I admire Mr. Burgess's work very much, and agree with Dr. Maxwell that there is a marvelous gift in Mr. Burgess's possession. He appeals as much to me as he does to the children, and the day is not complete that fails to allow me a few minutes to read the adventures of his charming people of the dumb animal world.”

It was signed by Halleck Seville, and that letter is one of the most highly prized that has come to The Globe office...

### **July 5, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

July 4, 1914, saw 11,272 members in the Bedtime Stories Club, and here's hoping they all had a big time. But there is one member of our club who had the finest time of his life. Space is too scant today to tell the other members all about him and what he did, so we are going to save that for tomorrow. But we know that every member of the Bedtime Stories Club will be interested in hearing what Little Joe Muldoon did on the Fourth and how he enjoyed the day from sunup until the last rocket zigzagged its way across the sky at night. But we'll save all that for tomorrow, and just tell you the names



of the 174 new members we have today...

**July 6, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Because the Bedtime Stories editor did not have enough room in the paper yesterday he did not tell you about little Joe Muldoon and his Fourth of July out in the country, but he promised to do so to-day. So here goes.

Little Joe was up early, you may believe. There were packs and packs of firecrackers, for out there in the country, where there is no danger of setting fire to apartment houses and plenty of room a long ways off from the barn, it is not so necessary have one of these new fashioned safe and sane Fourths. People out in the country are still living like their fathers lived in the good old days.

So little Joe had firecrackers and lots of them. He covered the front lawn with their red ruins, and by the time he had had all he wanted of them it was time to go over to the ball grounds and see the boys of the town play their fathers. The boys won 17 to 7, and it was a game for keeps, too. Their daddies did their level best, but when a fellow hasn't handled a baseball bat for twenty years, and he has a son who is making an athletic record in high school he stands mighty little chance.

Well, over at the ball grounds the Camp Fire girls were selling ice cream and cakes and chewing gum and lemonade, and little Joe had his share. In fact he could have accumulated the share of several small boys for everybody at the ball park wanted to treat him. It would have been the ruination of his little stomach if he had not been carefully watched.

In the afternoon came the two big ball games. First Cedar Grove played Verona. Three weeks ago, Cedar Grove beat Verona 3 to 2. Cedar Grove has vanquished every team it has crossed bats with for the last couple of years. But Saturday little Joe had the melancholy pleasure of seeing the champions lose a game. Verona took it from them by a score of 7 to 2. It was a great game—lots of pep in it, but Verona simply seemed to be too much for the Cedar Grove boys.

The Watsessing team from Bloomfield went into the field against Cedar Grove next and the Grove boys trimmed that team 10 to 1 in three innings and it was 6 o'clock then and the game was called off. But little Joe saw more fast ball playing in one day than he ever saw before.

He had lots of fun on the side, too. He was presented with a fine, big tortoise which another small boy captured in the woods near the ball park. He enjoyed this queer reptile for some time, and then carefully turned it loose again in the woods. He had a ride in an automobile, too—the first time he was ever in an automobile. You should have seen his face as he sat on the back seat.

This week one of the neighbor boys who has a pony cart is going to take Joe driving and another man who owns an automobile has invited him to go automobiling with him, and the indications are that he will have a pretty full week of it. Wednesday he is coming into town for the day to see his doctor up at the Orthopedic Hospital, but

he will go back to the country again that evening.

Almost forgot to tell you about Joe planting corn. He is a great little corn planter, but he cannot understand how you can drop three or four grains of corn into a hole in the ground and get back roasting ears. That is a miracle to his mind, and between you and me it is a miracle to lots of grown folks. Joe never saw any gardening operations before and he takes intense delight in roaming around among the cabbages, peppers, corn, potatoes, and everything which he knew of before only, in Washington Market.

Saturday evening, he wound up the glorious day by standing by while the flag was reverently hauled down from the big flag pole. Understand, Bedtimers, that out where Joe is, the raising and lowering of the flag is a ceremony, and must be conducted properly and with reverence. The young folks in that household are taught to respect the flag, and when it is flung to the breeze from the big flagpole, or when it is taken down as twilight comes and the stars of heaven begin to twinkle down on its bright stars, they all gather around and respectfully salute as it comes rippling down on its halyards. It was Joe's first experience either at the raising or the lowering of the flag—but he stood bareheaded at attention and proudly aided in the work.

Then, when darkness came on, there were more fireworks. He had boxes full of sparklers and he counted balloons sailing overhead until he got a pain in the back of his neck. When it was all over and the last rocket had blazed a fiery trail across the sky and the last Roman candle had sputtered and fizzed its contents into the air, he went to bed an exceedingly tired but very happy boy.

And we have 352 new club brothers and sisters for him to-day. Here are their names:...

### **Wednesday July 8, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

Here are a few letters the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club has been getting lately. Here is one from Miss Gladys Tulsgen of Bergenfield, N. J., which is certainly worth any one's while to read:

"I will promise you that I will always be good to all animals. I had a little goldfish and it died. I made a little grave for it, and I put daisies, black-eyed Susans, and some roses on its grave. It looked very pretty. I made a little box for its casket, so the dirt wouldn't get on the fish. I put a cardboard up to look like tombstone. I cut the cardboard round at the top. I wrote on it:

" 'FISH'.

" 'Died Sunday, June 28, 1914, two years old.'"

Now that is an interesting but sad tale of a fish. The editor wishes he had a lot more little stories about the pets of the members of our club. Suppose some of you try your hand at writing some stories and send them in.

Here is another from a "grown-up" who wants to join our club, and she is certainly more than welcome:

“Please enroll me as a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. For some time I have found the stories of the inhabitants of the fields and woods to be interesting and restful after a hard day’s work in the business world. If there is anything I can do to further the interests of the club you may rest assured I will do the best I can. Gladys M. Shultes.”

Here are three more grownups applying for membership. They are all musicians. Mrs. Anita Beccaria is a violinist and Mrs. Adla Cassetta is a cellist. They live at 200 East Twenty-seventh street, while Miss Mary Mansfield, a pianist, lives at 287 West Eleventh street. There are not many inhabitants of the green fields or forests down in that section of Manhattan, but these young women have carried with them to crowded New York recollections of other scenes and other places, where the animals of bedtime lore are common. They say:

“We are not three children, but our Interest in Mr. Burgess’s Bedtime Stories is none the less as keen as that of the kiddies, and we want to join the club.

“We are all animal lovers, and so your promise exacted is given before it is asked, as the open sesame to membership.

“Kindly forward the buttons and certificates to the three addresses given below. We heartily wish you all success in this splendid work of animal life protection and as for Mr. Burgess, words fail. He is a wonder.”

Sometimes, fellow Bedtimers, when you have had a busy day and things do not seem to be going exactly right, such letters as these are as good as a day off. Now the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club would like to have the members who feel they have an animal story in them write them and send them to him. Within a day or two he intends publishing pictures of all the animals which the members have sent in and it would be mighty nice to have some stories to go along with them.

We have 170 newcomers in our ranks to-day and here are their names:...

**Thursday, July 9, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Wouldn’t all you Bedtimers think it funny to see a mother cat cuddling a baby chicken along with her fluffy little kittens? Well, that is what Barbara and Kathleen Cummings, out at Stelton, N. J., write the Bedtime Editor about. In a very neatly written letter these little ladies tell of a nature story of this kind that is really remarkable. Says Miss Barbara in her letter:

“My sister Kathleen and I would like very much to join the Bedtime Stories Club.

“We live out in the country, and in front of our house is a great stretch of Green Meadows, and this is bordered by a huge wood, or, as we call it, our Green Forest.

“We also have a little Peter Rabbit, with his little cotton tail. He lives in our barn and is quite tame. In the middle of our Green Meadow is a large brush

pile, like the brush pile in the Bedtime Stories. In our Green Forest one time I was picking blueberries and I saw a little striped chipmunk. I tried I tried to catch him, but every time I got nearly up to him he would run away. He disappeared in the underbrush.

“A mother cat of ours has four kittens—a pair of gray twins and two little black and white ones. One day a little baby chick got kicked by a horse that went along the road by our home. Sister and I picked up the chick and found he had his head twisted a little to one side. We brought him home, fed him, and put him in the clothes basket, where the kittens were. He huddled right down among them, and has lived there ever since. The mother cat came and laid down beside her kittens. She was a little surprised at seeing a baby chicken among her kittens, but did not touch him. The chicken always sleeps under the mother cat’s arm.”

Now, that is what the Bedtime Editor calls a real good animal story and Miss Barbara has written it very nicely. That is the kind of stories we want the young members of our club to send in—stories about their pets, and animals they know.

With 164 new members to-day, the club now has a membership of 11,958, and we feel sure all these members will be interested in hearing about Barbara’s and Kathleen’s chicken and cats. Here are the names of our new members to-day:...

**Friday, July 10, 1914**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

It is all the fault of the Bedtime editor, of course. He should have told you. He asked the members to write him some stories and a number of them have done so. But nearly all of them have written on both sides of the paper.

Now, printermen cannot use stories that are written on both sides of the paper. The editor should have told you about it but he neglected to do so. You all know it now.... And keep the stories short...

Now that the schools have closed the membership is not growing so fast. None of those big school clubs are coming in. But still there is a good healthy growth and today we added 180 new members...

**Saturday, July 11, 1914**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

There are lots of story writers in the membership of the Bedtime Stories Club, judging from results so far. A lot of excellent little stories have already come in and the editor has no doubt many more are being evolved from the brains of The Globe’s little friends.

Next Monday we are going to begin printing the stories...

Of course you will all be careful to write as plainly as possible. Just write slowly and carefully and make sure that every word is spelled rightly and that it is written so plainly that the printerman will have no trouble reading it. You know printermen as a

rule are the best-natured men in the world. They can read some of the worst writing you ever saw. But they do not like to read bad writing. They do not want it all fancy flourishes. They do not care whether it is pretty or not. But if it is plain that is all they ask for. Then they have no trouble reading it, and can set the type for it fast, and that is what a printerman likes....

**Monday July 13, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

ANIMAL STORY (POEM).

A little while ago I had some baby chicks.  
And baby chicks, you know, are very small.  
Sum old chickens came & took a few picks  
And now the old chicks aint here at all.  
Note—They was ate up  
FANNY CANMYER KENNINGTON.

That is little Miss Kennington's contribution to the Bedtime Story Club collection of literary efforts of members, and it is certainly worth starting off these publications with. The editor congratulates Miss Canmyer on her promptness in responding to the call for stories and trusts that she will grow into another Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Right here, before going any further, the editor wants to answer the query of little Arnold Hack. He writes:

"I like the club has Peter Rabbitt got four legs and a mouth like mise?"

Yes, Arnold. Peter Rabbit is fully equipped with four legs and a mouth like a mouse, only bigger. Didn't you ever see a Peter Rabbit? Well, you ought to live out in the country, where he lives. It's the finest place for little boys to live and learn things you could imagine.

Herman Tannenbaum writes about his kitten, and says:

"One day I was playing in our yard and one of my friends came in and asked me if I wanted a kitten, and I told him to bring it in.

"It was as white as snow. We tried to give it a little milk out of a saucer. But it stepped into it and got its whiskers all wet, and would not lap it. So we had to give her milk out of a bottle. She used to take two or three bottles a day. But now she takes one or one and a half. She is most always asleep, and whenever she is awake, she meows all the time."

The Bedtime editor almost fears that Herman's kitten is not so well as it should be. Perhaps he nurses it too much. You know if you nurse kittens or puppies or baby rabbits they will get sick and die. Healthy little kittens should not meow all the time when awake. They ought to play with strings and spools and things.

Now here is a story by little Marion Jacobs that shows this little Bedtimer has real talent. Even the editor of the Bedtime Story Club, hardened as he is to stories of all kinds, read this one to the finish and breathed a big sigh of relief when he learned of

Peter Rabbit's escape. Here is the story just as our fellow club member sends it in:

"In the cottage next door to us, far from New York city, in a little country place, lives a boy who is a member of the Bedtime Story Club. He is a good, loyal member and the story below will show it.

"Not far from his home is a dense woods. Every day Will (that is the boy's name) would go there to feed his little friends. But his real pet was a cute rabbit. Will called this rabbit 'Peter Rabbit,' after the famous one all the members of the Bedtime Story Club know. He even spoke to this rabbit in a strange language I did not understand.

"One morning Will asked his mother where his dad was. 'Oh, dad went hunting with Uncle Ned.'

"Hunting." The very word brought tears to his eyes. That meant that all those helpless people of the woods were in danger of their lives. And his poor Peter Rabbit. He was the first one that would be killed. Will was sure of this because Peter never expected an enemy in the morning, for that was the time Will visited him."

"He was so excited that he forgot to eat his breakfast and ran to the woods. He ran along the path he usually took, but he did not see the rock in his way, and stumbled. He got up quickly, but he could not run again. His foot was bruised. So he just walked.

" 'Daddy, Daddy,' he called out. No answer, so he continued to limp along.

"All at once he heard a shot. At that sound he lifted up a piercing cry: 'Daddy.'"

"His father dropped his gun and turned white. He recognized his son's voice, and he thought he had killed him. Just imagine how he felt to think he had murdered his child. Well, that is just how the mother and father bird and rabbit feel when their little children are killed.

"But of course Will wasn't shot. He cried 'Daddy' so loud because the shot came from the very spot where Peter Rabbit lived. Will's father was very happy when he saw he did not kill him.

" 'Now dad, I'm going to show you Peter Rabbit,' said Will, and he called him out of a little hole. " 'Isn't he lovely, dad? Would you kill such a cute, helpless animal?'"

"His father glanced at Uncle Ned and smiled."

"Don't you know I belong to the Bedtime Story Club?" continued Will. I wouldn't have my daddy kill any of my friends."

"I suppose I'm too big and too old to join that club,' said his father.

"Too big and too old, Will looked up in his father's face reproachfully. 'Nobody is too old to love and take care of little animals, and that's all you

have to do to belong to the Bedtime Stories Club,' said Will."

Now that is enough stories for to-day. We have a lot more for to-morrow. In the meantime here are the names of 212 new club brothers and sisters:...

**Tuesday July 14, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

It seems as if the young folks were only getting rightly interested in our big club now. Of course, the entire membership, which is now 12,716, has been carrying out the promise to be kind to all animals, but there has been nothing special for them to do until now that the editor has asked them to write him some stories. Lots of stories are coming in now and it is the editor's intention to print every one of them just as soon as he can. Of course, you will all have to wait your turn, but all of you young authors are going to get a show.

We will lead off to-day with Herbert Bradley's story. He calls it the story of "Danny and the Snake." He says:

"One day Danny went out to take a walk. When all at once he heard a rattling. What do you think it was? Danny looked in back of him. What do you think he saw? A long and round thing. Danny was scared out of his wits. He told Nanny about it. He never went near that place again."

Now that's a pretty nice little story, only we would like to have known how Danny got away. He must have had to scamper along his little paths pretty fast.

The misconduct of little Mite and his elopement has evidently had considerable effect on the minds of members. They seem to be all trying to figure a way to get him safely back home again. Well, do you know, young folks, the editor has been as much interested in that young scamp's safe return as any of you. He'll get back, all right. Heroes in the stories always come home safe. But Bedtimers are trying—many of them—to figure it out for Mr. Burgess. Here is Grace Baer's story of "How Little Mite Was Found."

"It was near supper time when Danny missed Mite. Danny waited and waited, but Mite did not come. After supper Danny said 'Good-by' and started off to look for Mite.

"Meanwhile Mite was running as fast as he could, thinking he was running home, but he was running away from home. It was after Mite's bedtime before he went to sleep. Danny traveled all night, getting light from the firebugs. At daybreak he came to a crossroad and took the one to the right. When he was half way up he stopped to rest. As he looked on the other side of the road, he was surprised to see his dear little Mite sleeping there. He took Mite home, and Danny never had any more trouble with Mite."

Yelle Van Eerde tells "How Danny Hunted Mite" and was himself hunted and had a narrow escape from Reddy the Fox. It seems Reddy is always around when he isn't wanted. This little author says:



“When Danny came home that night he learned quickly about Mite and never telling Nanny scamped off and down all the paths which went except the last one. This time he went entirely wrong and off he went, but quickly he came right again and came as close as to catch the frog, but he got off the road chasing it and at last came to a pool and swam across and who should he see? Reddy the Fox. He swam back, Reddy after him, and ran under a sticker bush and Reddy too and had his fur caught and so Danny scampered home and forgot Mite.”

The Adventure of Fatty and Bell” is the story told about three kittens by Sophie Levine and she tells it very nicely, too. She says:

“Once upon a time there was a cat and two kittens. They lived in a big gray house. Near the house there was a park. One day when the cat was sleeping Fatty and Bell decided to run away (for those were the kittens’ names). So that afternoon they ran away.

“The first one they met was a big gray cat. ‘Where are you going?’ he asked. We are going to seek our fortune,’ they answered. ‘May I come too?’ asked the gray cat. ‘Yes, come along,’ they answered. They went till they came to the big pasture. There they saw a man playing on a flute. When they came near he stopped playing and put the flute in the big bag. Where did you get that flute?’ asked the gray cat. ‘I got it from the fairy Snow White,’ answered the man.

“Can we look at it? They all asked. ‘Yes,’ said the man, ‘you can they all look at it as much as you want. But you must go right into the bag so that you will see it better.’”

“When they were in the bag he drew the string tightly and threw it over his back. He walked and walked until he came to the river. He then threw the bag into the river. But the bag floated along until it came to the seashore. There Bell and Fatty crept out. They went home and never went to seek their fortune again. The grey cat married their mother and they lived happily ever after.”

Now, all the members of the Bedtime Stories Club are welcome to try their hand at story writing. Only you must not forget the rules....

There is plenty of room for new members. We have 168 more to-day. But we are going slowly now that the schools have closed. It is easy to join our club, tell your friends. All they have to do is to be kind to all animals and to each other and then write the editor of the Bedtime Story Club. ...

**Wednesday July 15, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Little Eve Rehman of Kingsbridge wants to tell us about her bunny and chicken. She says:

“The chick slept with Bunny every night. In the morning it fed with Bunny

and pecked things out of his mouth. They were very fond of each other, but now I have another bunny, so the chick sleeps with the others.

Master Joshua Golim—the editor thinks that is right—of the Bronx scrouged his name all up in a little corner of the first page, and the editor is not sure about it, but he wrote a very nice little story about Danny Meadow Mouse and his family. Here it is:

Danny Meadow Mouse is happy. Danny Meadow Mouse was really happy, he had a secret. Now this secret was a good secret, for he even was trying to sing. You remember when he first loved Nanny he tried but then everybody only laughed at him. But now he was almost home and there was Nanny with four little Baby Meadow Mice, not even old enough to open their eyes. Shouldn't he be happy?" Now Danny and Nanny warned their children not to poke their little noses in and out the door.

Now the smallest one and the smartest one also liked to know the trouble. So he kept on sticking that little nose of his out and in the door and once ran a little way out of it. Now something awful happened. Farmer Brown's boy thought to himself what do we need an extra pile of cornstalks in our field?

So he went right over and was going to break the beautiful house that Danny and Nanny built, but first he took the roof off, but when he saw the four little meadow mice he went away. Now wasn't that something awful? When they came home Nanny decided that they should move as soon as possible."

"The Adventures of a Naughty Little Rabbit," by Eleanor Lowenton of Bath Beach, makes highly interesting reading. It's a wonder to me how some mothers manage to put up with their children. Just read what Miss Lowenton tells about "Jack Rabbit."

"Once upon a time there was an Old Mother Rabbit who lived in a fallen tree which had a great hollow at the root. She had one son whom she called Jack Rabbit, and she had much trouble with him. Here is one of his adventures:

"His mother had sent him out to get to some herbs, but, being a naughty, disobedient rabbit, he ran away very far.

Finally he stopped and began to eat some grass, but as he saw some better grass further on he went there.

"No sooner had he got there than he made a very narrow escape to get away from a fox who wanted to eat him up. He then ran to the house of an old woman who had two children.

"When the children saw him, they began to play with him and they went into the garden and brought him some carrots, lettuce, and other nice things. He was very happy, and would have stayed there, but when bedtime came and the children went to bed the old woman, who did not like the rabbit drove him away, and as it was dark it took him a long time to get home. When he did get home he told his mother all that happened. She was very angry with him for bringing no herbs, coming home late, and being naughty. She gave

him a whipping and put him to bed without supper. As that is the end of his adventures for to-day it is the end of my story.”

Now that is as many stories as we have room for today and we will have to let the rest go over until tomorrow. We only have 149 new members to-day. Something will have to be done to stir all you old members up. Since the school vacation commenced we have not been keeping up our big daily gains. Don't forget to tell every little boy and girl you know about the Bedtime Story Club and tell them to write in for a button and a certificate....

**Thursday July 16, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

A BEDTIME ACROSTIC.

Begin by becoming a member  
Even though you're young.  
Doing all you possibly can  
To treat kindly our animals dumb  
If perchance you should see  
Misery for them in store  
Enlist your help at once to save them from the storm.

So let that be your feeling  
To our little friends in need.  
Or else you should not be the one to  
Receive the grand certificate indeed.  
In romping through the forests  
Endeavor to greet them all.  
So that they know that you're a friend at call.

Consider that you as a member  
Long at all times to be kind  
Unto those we read of and long remember  
By our nightly story at BEDTIME

Now there, fellow Bedtimers, is a considerable piece of work. It is sent in by Miss Geraldine Grace Ziegner of Jersey City, a member of our club. That is what you call an “acrostic.” It is so long since the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club was a young person that he had almost forgotten there was such a thing as an acrostic. But in the good old days, when there were any number of publications for young people—all of them filled to the brim with the very best kind of thrilling adventure stories—working acrostics was a popular pastime. Miss Zeigener deserves a lot of credit for this one, for working out so long a one is no easy task, I can assure you.

Many of our members seem to have the poetical bee buzzing in their heads. It would be strange if there were not some poets in a club that has almost 13,000 members. Frank Charles Kelvin writes a little squib of poetry which runs as follows:

POOR PUSSY

One time I had a pussy cat whose name was Dix,  
I put it in the water and let it find some sticks.  
It looked about to see what could be found,  
And the next time I saw my cat it was sure 'nuff drowned."

The distressingly sad end of Master Kelvin's cat efficiently disposes of the theory that cats can have nine lives. There is no evidence here that this cat drowned more than once. Lawrence M. Strauss of St. Nicholas Place, Manhattan, has an almost equally sad story to tell—in rhyme—of a humble and hard working bee, who met with an accident that permanently crippled him. And bees get no benefit from the new compensation law. Here is what happened to that bee:

There was once a little bee  
Who could not ever see  
Whenever there was a hum  
You bet that bum was stung

Once upon a time.  
He fell on top of a rock  
After he fell on that  
He could only fly a block.

After all this poetry It is time to get back to prose and see what the young story writers of the Bedtime Stories Club have to offer. Harry R. Normington sends in a very nice little story telling how little Mite Meadow Mouse reached home safely through the kindness of old Grandfather Frog.

"One day," says this young author, "Grandfather Frog was feeling very hungry and he saw something good to eat on a lilypad near by. He swam over and found it was little Mite crying.

The lilypad was near the bank. He told little Mite to get on his back and he would take him across the Smiling Pool and show him a short cut home. Mite got home all right and he is going to stay home now."

Miss Dorothy Cummings of Brooklyn has the deepest sympathy of the editor in her loss of her Angora pussy cat. Incidentally he wants to compliment the young lady on her handwriting. Her letter is one of the neatest of the 14,000 or more that he has received in the last couple of months. Here is her story about her pussy cat:

"When I was little, Mother said I could have a cat. He was very cute. Finally one day Mother said we would have to move to the city. I cried. I thought I would have to leave Peggy behind. Mother told the moving van men to bring him.

"When the goods got to Brooklyn the first thing was to look for Peggy. He came safely.

"We never let Peggy go out only when I took him on a chain. We used to run after each other through the rooms. He had a ball to roll, toss, and catch. He

was a very bright Kittie. I loved him. He scratched me a little. I dressed him in my doll's clothes and gave him a ride in my doll carriage; he went to sleep sometimes. One day I couldn't find Peggy but finally found him asleep in my doll carriage.

"He was uneasy to go out. He got out twice, but we got him back. Finally he scratched the wall paper. So my father said he would take Peggy to a cat shelter. I cried and cried, for I was lonely without Peggy. He was an Angora, and very beautiful."

Just one more story and we will have to stop for the day. Anyway, it must be almost bedtime now, and you are probably getting too tired and sleepy to read any more. But this one about the children who slid off the horse's neck is too good to miss. The editor remembers once when he was a very small boy riding a horse into a brook that way. He was just thinking that a horse's neck must be almost as long as a giraffe's when he slid down over its head into the brook. Here is Margaret Smith's story of a similar adventure to some small people:

"I am already a member of the Bedtime Club. I am sending in a story.

"My friend lived on a farm. It was a lovely place, but rather lonely.

"She had a horse called John that was quite a pet. He was an old circus horse. Her father bought John because he thought John a good playmate for his daughter, as John was very gentle and did not bite.

"One day she had company. Company was quite an event to her. She thought a ride on John would be nice. John, however, got thirsty in a little while and decided to get a drink at the brook. So he trotted there, the children still on his back not suspecting anything, were very much surprised when they found themselves in the water, having slid off John's neck when he lowered his head to drink some water."

Now good night to all of you....

**Friday, July 17, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Although we only have 130 new members to-day—which is the lowest number we have taken in on any one day yet—the enthusiasm of our club members is growing daily, judging from the vast collection of stories the editor is getting piled up on his desk.

Our poets are still with us. Whether it is the heat or something else, it is certain that many members of the Bedtime Story Club feel they cannot express themselves any other way than in rhyme. Alfred Saxe of Tinton avenue, the Bronx, writes:

"I have written a poem that sounds pretty good. I hope you will put it in your paper. Here it is:

I had a little rabbit  
Who had a habit

Of eating my cabbage leaves.  
Sometimes I'd have a race with him,  
And he'd beat me with much ease.

Roger Richardson of Washington street, Hoboken, feels so sad over the mishap which befell "poor pussy" that he relates it thus:

A little, little pussy  
Went out on the road to play.  
Along cane a big auto  
And the pussy passed away

Next day they had the funeral  
And pussy was laid in the grave;  
And no boy cried so very hard  
As poor Thomas, Richard, and Dave.

With these we get back to prose again, and Sophie Levine of 117th street, Manhattan, furnishes the following:

Teddy was our dog He was a small dog, all black. He often used to chase the cats. One day my mother put a piece of meat on the table. While I was out of the room a big gray cat came and took the meat from the table. When Teddy saw her, he ran after her and took the piece of meat away from her and faithfully brought back the meat to me. I gave it to him for a present.

After which Margaret Cristadore tells us her cat story as follows:

One bright Saturday morning I was going on a picnic when my mother told me our cat had five baby kittens. As soon as I heard that, I ran downstairs to see them and there were the five kittens underneath the mother cat. One was black and white. Every day I look to see how they are getting along and to my surprise, I found that one of the kittens had one eye open."

Robert B. Percy of Hoboken, N.J., sends his compliments to Mr. Burgess in a very neat letter and says:

"I want to say I think Buster Bear is very good natured. When he first came to the Green Forest everyone was afraid of him, and tried to get him honey, so he would be their friend.

"Jumper the Hare knew him in the great woods, and so did Digger the Badger and Paddy the Beaver and Old Man Coyote. But I just think the Bedtime Stories are great. Thank you for writing them."

Cats seem to have almost a monopoly of our Bedtimers. Here is another cat story by Hamilton Greene of Haworth, N. J. He illustrated it but it was impossible to reproduce the drawing, as he should have used another sheet for it, but It was very good.

He says:

Our old gray cat is growing so old we fear it will die any minute. We got it when it was a baby kitten three years ago. It grew and grew, always frisky and gay and am sorry to say the poor little cat birds were eaten sometimes by naughty puss. It had four batches of kittens. The first batch got scattered and lost. The second all stayed except one, which we gave away. The third were (I don't think the readers would like to hear about), and the fourth we have now. One is sick, the other lost and a big sturdy kitten is the third. The lost kitten was black like black pussy. It was very beautiful, and my sister Eleanor owned it. I own the sturdy big gray kitten, and it behaves like best and is very clever, quite as smart as Little Mite, the meadow mouse. The third little sickly gray kitten belongs to my sister Mary. However sickly it may be, it cries very seldom."

Now that will have to do us for this time. With everybody in the office excited over a big sporting event over in Europe the editor of the Bedtime Story Club is having a hard time to keep his mind on the dear little folks who compose our membership, so he will stop for this time. Here are the names of our 130 new members today:...

**Saturday July 18, 1914**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

We are slowly creeping up to the 15,000 mark in membership. The 190 new members we have to-day give us a total of 13,317. The summer doldrums are on us, and it is natural we should not grow so fast in this hot at vacation time as when school is in operation and the big classes of little folks are joining in great big clubs or every day.

But if we are not gathering as fast in numbers the enthusiasm is increasing and the pile of stories from members of the club is growing higher and higher on the editor's desk. He is beginning to wonder how he will ever get them all read. But send them along. It may take a little time, but they will be attended to in their turn and all will be printed in The Globe. Only be sure to remember the rules...

Robert Freeman of Stapleton, S. I. sends in the following story about his three dogs:

I had three dogs. One was a collie, whose name was Prince. The other two were hunting dogs. One's name was Sport and the other's name was Brownie. These three dogs were very faithful. Now I shall tell you of the good deeds they have done. Once I fell asleep on a bench outside the ferryhouse near the hotel my father owned, and when any one went by Sport would look up as if to say "If you touch him I'll eat you up." The next is Brownie's deed. One night a man was walking on our front Piazza and Brownie chased him away and when the man went to climb the fence Brownie took a piece out of the leg of the man's pants. And for Prince, he used to catch all the rats and mice in the cellar. Now I have told you about all their deeds. I will tell you what Sport did one day. My father told a policeman to raise his club to him and see what Sport would do. So he did it, and the first thing he heard was a deep growl and then he stopped. Isn't that



a good dog? But now the dogs have died and I have no more pets.

“How Peter Escaped From Redtail the Hawk is the title of the story sent in by William F. Reidell of Brooklyn. Here is his account of our rabbit friend’s adventure:

One day Peter was out for a walk. And who should appear but Redtail the Hawk far up in the sky. Peter did not see Redtail but Redtail saw him and tried to catch him. He was circling round and round and at last he flew straight down. Just then Peter saw Redtail and started to run home as fast as he could and got there just in time to escape from Redtail’s cruel claws.

Now the editor is not sure about the name of the next author because it was blotted a little and hard to read but, he thinks it is Miss Ruth Colin of St. Mark’s place, Brooklyn. She will know her own story any way and here it is:

I have a little pussy. She is all gray except the point of her nose and her toes are white. The other day while she was lying on the floor, somebody just happened to pass and stepped on her paw. She then began to cry just like a baby. So we tried to bandage it, but she wouldn’t let us but at last we put cold applications on and then it got all better. I have another story to tell you. It is about a butterfly. Once upon a time I found a butterfly. One of its wings was hurt, so I got a box and put some grass in. Then I put the butterfly in and closed the box. Later when I came over it was all better. I don’t know how it did get better: maybe it got better from the grass

Margaret White of Bound Brook, N.J. gets little Mite Meadowmouse back home safely after he had followed devious paths and winds up with a little rhyme in which he takes a vow never to run away again in search of adventure. She says:

When little Mite escaped from Miner the Mole he ran and ran. As he was running along he heard a snore. He turned his head and saw Reddy the Fox fast asleep behind a tree. He ran on faster than ever. By and by he came across a nice cozy brush pile. He crept underneath and laid down and soon fell asleep.

When he woke up he noticed a little path. He followed it. He came to a bend and saw his own home in the corn stack. He had followed one of Danny’s private paths.

When Danny’s baby, little Mite.  
Ran away from home  
He decided—for he had had such a fright—  
That he ne’er again would roam

Ida Fingerbood winds little Mite up in a light lunch for Reddy Fox and sends his mother the same way, leaving the fate of the grief stricken mother to be guessed by the bright readers of Bedtime Stories Here is her version of Mite’s finish:

Once upon a time there lived a mother meadowmouse and her three babies—Nan, Dan and Mite. Mite was the youngest and smartest, but he was full of mischief. Once the mother had to go away and she told them to stay

home. They promised, but as soon as she was away the mischievous Mite tried to persuade his brother and sister to go out to look for some adventures. They refused to go and so he went alone.

He was walking very long and enjoyed his trip well until night came and he became hungry and sleepy: then he wanted to return but could not find his way home. Finally he came to Reddy Fox's den and the latter lured him in by promises of shelter and food, but as soon as Mite entered the den, Reddy caught him and ate him up. In the meantime, the mother, who was home already and missed her Mite, worried and cried for him. A large crowd of her friends who were looking for the baby, came back and broke to her the sad news that Mite was caught by Reddy. Now the mother started on her way to Reddy to get her child, but she never came back. I think she met Mite's fate.

And Elizabeth Green of Newark, N J. winds up the day's collection with the story of their pet turtle as follows:

Monday my father brought home a turtle and we put a string through its back but while my father was eating supper we had him go in the garden but one day I went to see it and it was caught in the flowers, and we had to cut the string. Then I put it where it could not get in the flowers and every day I gave it water but Sunday I went to see it and the turtle was not there...

**Monday, July 20, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Despite the hot weather of last week the Bedtime Stories Club continues to grow. One hundred and fifteen children on Saturday forwarded their applications for membership...

**Tuesday, July 21, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Illness has somewhat interfered with the work of the Bedtime Stories Club for a couple of days, but the work of getting the short stories prepared by club members is under way again, and tomorrow will see another installment....

**Wednesday, July 22, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Why are so many poets sad?

Nearly every poet you pick up is telling about some loved one who is gone, alas. It almost breaks your heart to read poetry. Sometimes the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club makes up his mind he is never going to look at another poet and then first thing you know he is pawing over some more poetry.

Now there is Reuben [...] of Summer avenue, Brooklyn. The terrible consequences that befell his little dog on a morning when the air was filled with fog and he was struck by an auto truck and left his friends to mourn. Little Reuben just couldn't help telling about it in rhyme. In fact, one could scarcely do this subject justice any other way. Here

is the excellent little verse he has prepared on the occasion.

The day was foggy.  
And my dear the doggy  
Was out in the street all alone.  
When along came a truck.  
And poor doggy it struck.  
And now o'er its grave I moan.

How Reddy Fox almost got Peter Rabbit, but was foiled by the wisdom of Jumper the Hare is told in a little story by Grace Baer of 15th street. Miss Grace has appeared in these columns before and is getting to be quite a little author. Here is her story:

“One day Reddy Fox sent a message to Peter Rabbit, saying. ‘Come at once, I am very sick and must see you on something important.’ Peter was very much surprised to hear this and hesitated for a minute or two. Finally he picked up courage and he went. On his way he met his cousin Jumper the Hare, and told him of the message. Jumper looked surprised and told Peter to look around the room in which Mr. Fox was sitting or lying and to make sure Reddy was sick before he entered, because there might be some plan hidden under this message.

“As they parted, Jumper said ‘Do not forget to look around the room.’ ‘All right,’ said Peter, and went up in lipperty lipperty-lip along the road.

“When Peter came to the house he knocked gently at the door and a hoarse voice said, ‘Come in.’ As Peter opened the door he saw a large knife and a soup bowl on a table. Reddy was sitting near wrapped up in a blanket Peter understood in a second what this meant. Reddy had planned to kill Peter but he was too smart.

“Peter did not look surprised, but asked what the message was. ‘Come in,’ said Reddy. ‘I cannot,’ said Peter. ‘Then you can go back to the Briar Patch since you won’t come in.’ ‘Good day, good day,’ said Peter, and slammed the door. On his way home, he met Jumper and told him of what had happened, and thanked him for his advice.”

The terrible predicament into which the disobedience of Little Mite Meadowmouse got him seems to have made a deep impression on our members. It almost seems certain none of them will ever run away and be disobedient. John I. Burr of 11th street, Manhattan, tells of a new adventure which befell the runaway meadow mouse. He says

“The second day that Mite was lost he had a terrible adventure. He was going along a path in the woods when all of a sudden he heard a great noise behind him. He turned around and saw a creature of immense size. It was just going to pounce on him when someone called, ‘Here, Tray. Here, Tray.’ Of course, this was Farmer Brown’s boy and his dog. When he called, Tray turned right around and came to him.”

Ethel Kubischafa and her brother Raymond of Atlantic Highlands both contribute

to the Bedtimers literary feast to-day. Ethel goes to poetry about her pet rabbit, while Raymond confines himself to prose and tells of the value of a bantam rooster as a pet. Here is the poem by Ethel and next the rooster argument by Raymond:

One day I caught a little bunny.  
It was very small and gray  
Except its tail, which was white and funny.  
I wished that my bunny would stay.  
My brother soon had built a home.  
It was not so very small  
Through this bunny likes to roam.  
And always answers to my call.

I think that a tame bantam rooster is the best pet that a boy can have. The first thing I hear in the morning is Bill, my best pet, crowing at the top of his lungs. Although he is but a handful, one can hear his cry for quite a distance. His crow is very peculiar and it sounds like this "Bee-baa, bira-bee. He has a black tail and a reddish-brown body. On his small yellow head there is a large red comb

"He has a pair of large sharp spurs on his short handy legs. Every morning and night I feed him out of my hand. One day I taught him a nice little trick. I laid him on his back and held him there for a minute. To my surprise, he stayed in that position until I called him. Now, he does it of his own accord whenever I have little piece of bread for him. This is his way of begging.

Sally Owen Wund of Morris avenue, New York is delightfully brief in telling how Little Mite finally got home. She says:

Peter went along until he came to Black Pussy and the Stranger fighting. He paid no attention to them, but went along until he came to Mr. Mole. He asked Mr. Mole about little Mite. Mr. Mole showed him the direction Mite had gone, and Peter came upon Little Mite and took him home.

Henry Louis Wohl of Bayard street, New York, ends the day's list with his story of the three rabbits. There nothing like having a good comedian about the house in the day of trouble.

Once there lived three rabbits who were named Baby, Nemo, and Billy. Baby, who was the youngest of the three one day died, so the other two went in mourning for him. They put him into a little coffin and buried him. When they covered his grave they erected a cross on top of the grave. After this Nemo and Billy never could have any fun, for they ways thought of Baby, and how he was lying in the grave. They cried day and night until they got another friend who was Peter. This Peter was a comedian, therefore he encouraged them, cheered them, told them some funny tales, and thereby quieting them. Then the three began to be cheerful again and sang songs, told tales and forgot all about their friend Baby.

Now that is enough for to-day.

**Thursday, July 25, 1914.**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Away out in the country, where all the Little Folks of the Green Forest and Green Meadows live in real forests and meadows, it is easy for Bedtime Story Club members to get interested in such things. They can go right out of their own front yards and hunt them all up in a very short time.

But suppose you lived right here in New York City, where there is very little green grass and such as there is has signs on it to keep off. So, you see, it is not so easy for New York children to get interested in these Little People unless they have lots of imagination. You know there are thousands and thousands of little folks here in New York who never saw green grass or a tree except in picture books.

Now there is little Rhea Lane, who lives in West Twenty-seventh street. Of course she has seen grass and trees and played on the grass and romped under the trees, but she lives in a hotel up there and there is no Green Forest or Green Meadow near her. But she has evolved a beautiful Green Forest of her own and has a Green Meadow with “pretend” grass in it, and she writes a beautiful little letter about it to the Bedtime editor and offers to send in a story about her pretend animals if he wishes her to. He certainly does wish her to, and here is what she says in her letter:

“I just thought I would write and tell you that my sister and I have a bedtime story club to ourselves. Our animals are all make-believe, which I think makes it more interesting. We have a green pig, the Green Meadow of pretend grass, a stork, a large basket of pretend eggs, some chickens, Peter Rabbit, and, of course, I am going to buy a house and have it for Danny. I will have them do the stunts they do in the Bedtime Stories and some things from my own mind. I will write a story about the things they do and send you one each week. That is, if you care to read them and have them printed. Oh, yes, I forgot to add I am going to have the Smiling Pool. You will find some pictures of my animals. I am sending another Peter Rabbit picture because thought the others I sent were too soiled to use. This is all I have to say, but if you don’t mind, I will send you a story next week. Hoping you will enjoy reading this letter as much as I do writing it.”

Somehow all the little people who are disobedient—in the story books—are little boys. It would seem as if the little girls are always good. But along comes Marian E Kilcoln of West 151st street with a very nice little story about Susan Cottontail running away and being a bad little girl, and it sort of evens up for all the stories told about bad little boys. Miss Kilcoln says of her naughty heroine:

“Susan Cottontail was the smartest, biggest, and strongest of all the six Cottontail babies. She was so smart, like Little Mite Meadow Mouse, that she thought all her mother’s and father’s precautions were very unnecessary. One day she resolved to run away from the snug home in the ground to see the great world. So she ate a big dinner (to have enough to last her on her journey, she thought) and ran away down a little path.

“She found many curious things which surprised her very much. She was just going along nicely when she saw a great big thing which she guessed to be Farmer Brown’s boy, of whom her father had told her. He saw her, picked her up, and began to carry her away. She squirmed, but he held her firmly. Then she suddenly thought of biting him, and she bit. Oh, my goodness, how he squealed, and dropped her pretty quick.

“She ran away and had hardly got her breath when Reddy Fox came along. He chased her a long way and she was just ready to stop running because she was so tired when she spied an old hole of Johnny Chuck and ran in. Reddy soon went away and as she had not strayed far from a little path, she ran safely home and never ran away again.”

And Leola Bolton of Hillsdale, NY, will close the stories to-day with a very pretty one about how Danny Meadow Mouse, Peter Rabbit, and the Merry Little Breezes set out and followed the paths until they found the lost Mite.

“You know already that Danny Meadow Mouse was married and had a whole big family, and one of his children had run away,” says Miss Bolton. “It was Little Mite. You can read his adventures in *The Globe* every night. Once Black Pussy came after him, and he tells you about his narrow escape. Well, Danny went out hunting for him, and so did Peter and the Merry Little Breezes, only they weren’t merry now. They were sad because Little Mite was lost. Danny knew Peter was going to hunt, but he didn’t know the Breezes were, so when Peter met him, as they had agreed to do, he told him, and Danny almost danced for joy.

“Well, Danny, Peter, and the Breezes started out together, pretty soon they came to the big tree where Sammy Jay lived. There were three roads branching off from it, then they came together at the tree where Blacky the Crow lived. So Danny said to the others: ‘I will take this road. Peter the middle and the Breezes the third. Then we will come together at Blacky’s tree.’

“Suddenly Peter stopped and looked. Yes, right there, under his nose, was little Mite. He picked him up and hurried to the tree. Danny and the breezes were there and Peter panted, ‘Found!’ and gave him to Danny. Danny hurried home and he and Nanny were so glad. Next day he told his adventures and Little Mite never ran away again.

We have a school library club joining us to-day. You know there are no more popular stories for the children who go to the school libraries these hot summer days than Mr. Burgess’s *Bedtime Stories*. So we are all glad to see this club come in, and we invite all school libraries in the city to send in the names of their members and get buttons and certificates...

**Friday, July 26, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Little Mite’s adventures seem have stirred up more interest among the members of

the Bedtime Story Club than any other Mr. Burgess ever wrote. It certainly has caused the members to work their brains figuring out stories of how Mite got back to his happy cornpile and rejoiced the Meadow Mouse family.

Miss Marjorie Barclay of Hollywood Inn, L. I., where she is spending the summer, sends a story of "Little Mite's Adventure in the Big World," which deserves more than passing notice. It is carefully written, very plain, and would seem to indicate that Miss Barclay is a very careful little girl—just the kind of person we are glad to have in the club. Here is her story, and it will surely interest all of you:

"Little Mite was getting frightened. He had run away from home. He started to run and never stopped till he came to a big white house on the outskirts of the Green Forest. Mite wondered whether he had better go in. He had wanted to all his life, but now that the time had come, he was not so sure. While he was thinking he was looking about him. Suddenly he espied a mouse hole near the cellar window. 'Now's my only chance,' Mite whispered. But it did seem a big thing to do.

"However, he jumped in, scampered up the cellar stairs, and slowly crept into the kitchen. When what should he see coming toward him than a big, black cat. Mite didn't know it was a cat, but just the same he turned and ran, the fastest he had ever run, and never dared look back for fear the big black thing would eat him. But he ran and ran till he was so tired out he just couldn't run any more. He crept under a bush and fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start. Peter Rabbit was bending over him. "Will you ever run away again?" he asked. "No—o, sir," replied Mite."

Miss Blythe Koehler of West 181st street, which is way up on Washington Heights, sends a very nice little letter about her dogs. Up where she lives there is lots of green grass and trees, and over in the Port Washington Park there are squirrels and rabbits. About her dogs she says:

"Once I had three dogs. This was last summer. One was a fox terrier. She is the only one living. Another was a French bulldog. It is just one year, July 16, 1914, that she is dead. Then last of all I had a poodle. I don't know whether he is dead or alive, because I sold him. I had to sell him because we had too many dogs. When we moved, the fox terrier, whose name is Babe, was put in the moving van. The moving men took care of her. She is almost seven years old. She was born in Jersey. Three times she had puppies, but they were either sold or given away. Mamma says that Babe is the last dog I will ever have. If she died wouldn't that be terrible?"

The following letter from little Elwin Houston explains itself. Think of the fun he is having, you Bedtimers who are blocked in by New York's brick walls

"My name is Edwin Houston, 149 Orchard street, Elizabeth. N. J., but I am spending the summer in the country at Watchung, N. J. We have a farmhouse which had no one living in it last winter, so the squirrels lived in it. We hear them every day between the wall and the weather boards, but have only seen



three, two chatter the red squirrel and one gray bushy tail. Peter Rabbit runs around all day.

“When I was taking a walk one day I found a little meadow mouse. He was very frightened, so I think he was Mite, Danny’s lost baby.

“There are lots of Mr. Blacksnakes here, also Jimmy Skunks, Uncle Billy Possum, and Johnny Chuck, but I have not seen them. I would like to belong to the Bedtime Story Club. Please send me a Peter Rabbit button.

Here is a very brief but well written little life story of a squirrel by Delvall Goldsmith of 118th street, New York:

#### STORY OF A SQUIRREL

“I was born in a great oak tree in Farmer Brown’s garden. My mother called me Roundeyes. I was very cute. When I was little my mother did not let me go out of the tree. One day she said to me, ‘Roundeyes, I am going to leave you all alone this morning, but I will be back in an hour’s-time.’ I felt very proud of being able to stay home alone.

“Before a half-hour’s time ma came home. ‘Oh, children,’ she cried. ‘We must all go out at once and try to get pa free. He is caught in a wagon.’ We went there and pulled pa out, and we lived happily ever after.

“We have a mother cat and five kittens. They play and jump over each other. One day the mother cat caught a rat and gave each kitten a piece of it,” says M. Bernknopf of East Tenth street, and that is all the Bedtime editor’s space this little writer takes up.

Miss Elsie Schaefer of Morningside avenue fears her story is a little too long. It is a trifle long, but the editor thought it was worth printing anyway as a terrible warning against leaving poisoned mice around. The title of it is ‘The Poisoned Mouse’ The author says:

“Once upon a time a cat named Tommy lived with people who were very kind. Now Tommy was not like other cats, because he didn’t fight when he saw a cat or even attempt to speak to it, because Tommy wasn’t accustomed to seeing other cats. He always lived with people. Tom used to have very nice feasts with mice, and he caught a lot of them.

“One day the people who owned Tom were going to the country. They him with the people underneath, who were very cruel, but Tom’s owners did not know it. When poor Tom was there a few days he was beaten severely.

“When the people arrived home and took Tom they noticed he grew very slim. Then he wouldn’t eat anything, for he had eaten a poisoned mouse. Alas, poor Tom had to be sent away to be killed, for he could not live and suffer like that.

“Now, Bedtime Stories Club, don’t you think that was a sad story? If you have any animals, never leave them with people you don’t know.”

Now that will have to do us for this day We have seventy new members ...

**Saturday, July 27, 1914.**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

By this time every member of the Bedtime Stories Club knows how little Mite Meadowmouse got back to his home in the pile of cornstalks because Mr. Burgess told you all about it yesterday. It has been interesting to read the stories sent in by members about Mite's return home and the different ways they figured out for him to get back.

But of all the little story writers It remained for Elizabeth Madden to come the nearest to the true way. Somehow she almost guessed how Mr. Burgess was going to get his tiny hero back to home and mother. Here is her story of how it happened:

"Poor little Mite was tired and hungry. He had tried so long to find his father, Danny Meadow Mouse, and had no idea where he was. He was eating by the side of a wide path and thinking forlornly of his family and wishing he was with them.

"Suddenly he heard a heavy footstep. He looked in fright down the path and saw a great monster coming toward him. It was Farmer Brown's boy, but he didn't know that.

"Farmer Brown's boy saw Mite, too, and guessed right away what had happened.

"'You poor little meadow mouse. Are you lost?' he said. 'Well, well.' And he stooped and picked Mite up. For a while poor Mite trembled in Farmer Brown's boy's hand and then he saw that he was safe, and what do you suppose he did? He cuddled right up and went to sleep. Yes, sir, he did.

"Well, Farmer Brown's boy (when he cut the corn down) had seen Danny Meadowmouse's house and so he took Mite there. My, wasn't Mite glad to get home with Danny, Nannie, and his brother and sisters."

Kathleen Keates, who lives on Argyle road, Brooklyn, tells a very good little story of how Peter Rabbit was saved from Reddy Fox by his big friend, Buster Bear. She says,

"Once Peter Rabbit went out walking. He was hopping down the Lone Little Path lippity, lippity, lop, stopping here and there to nibble some sweet clover or to wrinkle his funny little nose to see if there was any danger. All of a sudden he heard a very gentle foot-step. He looked behind him and there was Reddy Fox grinning, ready to land on Peter any minute. Peter was too surprised to run, he just stood there. Poor Peter would probably have been eaten up if Buster Bear had not come to the rescue. Now Buster Bear wasn't in a very good temper: he had been unable to find any breakfast, and who wouldn't be cross if he hadn't had any breakfast. Now, Reddy is afraid of Buster Bear, and you, and Reddy ran away pretty fast. Once again Peter escaped from Reddy Fox."

Little John Bradford Milliken is only six years old. He lives in West 114th street and he has a most interesting kitten about which he writes the following:

#### MY KITTEN

“Once my pussy was playing with a Christmas box, a little pasteboard box with holly on it. She turned a somersault, and bumped herself on the bureau, and then she knocked the box about and kicked it under the sewing machine before she ran away. She was gray, with black stripes, and she was very pretty. My pussy had a great many names, one was Funnyface, and one was Frances and one was Puss in Boots, and one was Cleopatra—but I almost always called her “Wussy.” She liked to see my little play engine go round and round. Once she was playing with some catnip, and she got hold of her back feet with her front paws, and her back paws could not get away. Once I broke my ball in two and put some catnip in it, and she tried to open it. We gave her to our butcher and then she ran away, and I have never seen her since.”

Mae Joffe of West 11th street, tells of her encounter with a white mouse In the following short story

“Once while I was sitting on a bench In the park I saw something move in the bushes. At first I thought it was a squirrel, but when it came out I saw it was a white mouse.

“Having some bread with me I put out my hand with the bread and the mouse came and ate from it.

“Just then an automobile passed me and the mouse ran away, ended my encounter with the white mouse”

Ethel Kubischta, who lives down at Atlantic Highlands, has appeared in these columns before. She lives right down among the birds and many of the Little People and she has just had an experience with one of the birds Mr. Burgess tells us about now and then, which she has written for us in the following letter.

“Yesterday as I was going to feed the chickens. I was startled by a plaintive little ‘pee-weep’ at my side. Looking I saw a little bird. Evidently it was just learning to fly because just as I looked down it flew up on the skirt of my dress.

“Immediately I took it off and called my brother. While waiting I looked at the bird which was a young woodpecker.

“My brother came and we put the bird on the porch. A minute later we heard the mother bird calling and we went away. The mother bird coaxed the little bird along with a worm which it had in its beak. Soon both birds were up on the fence. A little while later they flew up into a cherry tree.”

Now as space and time are both limited to-day the editor is going to stop right here and reserve the rest of the big pile of stories he has for some other day We have ninety-

five new members to-day whose names are as follows:...

**Monday, July 29, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

First thing on the programme today is to answer a question. We get all kinds of questions in a newspaper office and many of them we cannot answer, but as this is one for the Bedtime members we will answer it. Little Miss Marie Hartmann of New Dorp, Staten Island, writes:

“Every Saturday and Sunday we go to Amityville. We were in Amityville last Fourth of July and did not shoot any firecrackers because we could not get any, so we bought some pistols and shot them off. We go out fishing every Sunday and catch a lot of fish. One day we caught twelve and brought them home and eat them. Do you know what kind? They were fluke, sea bass, sea robin, and sand shark, but you cannot eat the sand shark and sea robin.

“Dear Mr. Editor, will you answer this question: Is it against the rules of the Bedtime Stories Club to catch fish? Papa told me to ask this question.”

No, Marie, it is not against the rules of the Bedtime Club to catch fish. In fact, the editor envies you and your papa your fishing trips.

Now comes little Richard L. Sharpe of Clifton avenue, Newark. He is only six years old, fellow Bedtimers, but he writes a very nice little story. It is about our old friend Danny Meadowmouse and how he got home. Of course, we all know now how he did get home, but the story is just as good as if we didn't. Here it is:

“When you come home, Danny,” said Nanny. “If you find Little Mite, tell Little Mite that he must not run away. Do you hear, Danny?”

“Away went Danny to look for Little Mite, and he looked and looked. And he called and called. Little Mite was running along, and who should he see but Red Tail the Hawk, and Red Tail saw Little Mite. Red Tail was looking for his dinner and he swooped down to pop upon Little Mite, but Little Mite heard Red Tail squawk and ran away until he saw pile of corn. He went into it and Danny saw him.

“But Mite did not see Danny and ran away until he came to his house. But he did not know that it was his house, but Danny came home and found Little Mite in front of the house, and made Little Mite go in the house, and Danny scolded him and put him to bed.”

Miss Cella Bennknopf of East Tenth street, New York, furnishes the following story of the friendship league formed between a dog and a cow:

“In the country where I am there are many cows. One day the master saw a pretty cow in another man's yard and bought it. This cow was always alone. She never went to the other cows, because they would fight with her. One day a dog there saw this and tried to make friends with her. She saw this, and

soon they were very good friends. They are still very good friends”

After which comes the strong legal sounding argument of Miss Dorothy Lessem of Dean street, Brooklyn. Miss Dorothy has the making of a lawyer in her. Just hear her plead in this brief for pussycat

“If a cat really has nine lives and you hit or kill it on such fickle reason, remember that eight times this selfsame cat may have been treated by some one person or more as you perhaps, are treating it now and this is the ninth and last chance of the poor animal, who cannot plead but through its eyes after it has exhausted its vocal powers, which you know consists of a m-e-o-w.”

Dorothea Richtberg of Andrew avenue, the Bronx, tells us of how she found two shy, wild little kittens. She says:

“One day I went outside and looked down from the railing of our porch and I saw two little kittens playing together. I did not know if they were wild or tame, but after a while I found out they were wild and the mother had brought them under our porch to live.”

This is as good a point as any to get poetry off our chest and we here with hand you two. The first is about “The Foolish Chickadee,” by Margaret White of Beechwood Heights, Bound Brook, N. J., and the second about a picture book bunny by Hamilton Greene of Haworth N.J. They are both good:

A bird was perched upon a tree,  
Singing a song which was “Chick-a-Dee-Dee .”  
The song was glad, for the bird had babies two.  
They were very small, but they grew and grew.

One of the birds wished to fly.  
To soar way up into the sky.  
The mother said. You’re too young, my dear,  
You will fall and get hurt, I fear.”

But the foolish bird would have its own way.  
And it fell as it tried to fly one day  
When they found him he was nearly dead  
But he has learned his lesson, the mother said.

I had a little bunny  
That always ran away  
I think his name was Peter

He was naughty every day  
I did not like this bunny,  
Although he had a good look

I saw this little bunny  
In a colored picture book.

Edna L. Haas of East Twenty-eighth street tells us of a kitten she had in partnership with another little girl, as follows:

“I have a friend (her name is Audrey) who lives in the Bronx, and visits her grandma in the same house where I live every Sunday. She came last summer for about two months and found a little, hungry Maltese kitten, for she loves animals, especially cats. We had another cat which was very sick and at first we did not want to take in the kitten, but finally I we did, and we called it Minnie. We had the other cat taken away when we found it could not get better to the Home of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Audrey went to California for the winter and when she wrote to us she said, “do you know anything about Raty (which was the name of the other cat) and Minnie?” When she come home she was so happy because we still had Minnie, and she hugged and kissed it. It is a nice, big cat now, and it seems to know everything we say to it.”

And next comes Isidor Davis with the story of how he lost his canary bird. The club all sympathizes with Isadore. He says:

“Not long ago I owned a little canary bird which I called ‘Pet.’ He used to sing very nice. He would sing from about 5 o’clock in the morning until the gaslight was extinguished.

“One day I noticed that he hopped only on one foot. I looked at it closely and saw that his little foot was broken. I took him out of his cage and put his little foot in splinters. I thought that he would get better, but the next morning I found him lying in the cage. He was dead.

“I made a little coffin for him and buried him in our backyard. I made a little tombstone out of wood on which I painted: ‘Here lies buried, Pet, the canary, which formerly belonged to Isidor Davis. He died on the 14th day of June in 1914.”

“I hope that other little boys or girls will fare better with their pets than I did.”

Still another version of how Little Mite got home is told by Robert Sharpe of Clifton avenue, Newark, in the following story:

“It was night, and Mite was trying to find a place where he might sleep in safety. Above, in the crotch of a tree, sat Hooty the Owl watching for his dinner. Suddenly he caught sight of Mite running along in the grass, so he swooped in an instant, thinking only of a good dinner. But Mite heard the sound of his wings and he was wondering where he could go when he caught sight of a hole in front of him. He was off for it in a second, and reached it in the nick of time, for right behind him he heard the thump of Hooty’s claws against the entrance of the hole. He was running so fast that

he did not stop till he got farther in than he intended to go. When he did stop he stood in front of another passageway which led up toward the surface again. Mite peeped in. Something tempted him to go in. Nothing happened. He grew bolder. Suddenly he discovered an exit. He peeped out and laughed to himself to see Hooty watching the hole he had gone in. Out he scampered toward the trick grass, when suddenly—thump—he bumped right into his own father, who called Peter, and then they took him home. Little Mite never was known to run away again.”

Now here is another letter from 802 Green street, Boonton, N. J., but the writer did not observe the rule to write his or her name on the page:

“During the whole month of July I have been a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. There is a big forest near my house, which I call the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. There is Johnny Chuck and Peter Rabbit, and also Teeny, Weeny, Midget, and Mite. I am quite sure that there is almost all of the little people of the Green Forest in my Green Forest, too. Here is a little story about how Peter Rabbit brought little Mite home safe:

“One day the merry little breezes told Peter where they saw little Mite, so Peter followed the path he was told to. At last after walking a great deal he saw Reddy Fox. The first thing to do was to find a safe hiding place. He at once did so. He did not know that little Mite was under Reddy’s tail. Reddy was so interested in what he was looking at that he ran down farther to see better. When he ran down Peter saw little Mite. He ran up to him and brought little Mite home safe. After that he never left his dear home again.”

Which will be plenty for to-day young fellow club members, and we will close this column with the names of the following 128 new members:..

**Tuesday, July 30, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Narrow escapes seem to delight the members of the Bedtime Story Club. The adventures of the Little People fire their hearts and inspire them to poetry as well as prose. Little Yelle Van Erbe, who lives out where fields are green and woods are dark, knows what happens sometimes and tells it in verse as follows:

On a tree sat a little sparrow.  
Under him a boy with a bow and arrow.  
When the arrow came flying past  
Away flew the sparrow very fast,

A little sparrow sat on the ground.  
It was very quiet all around.  
Suddenly there was a great noise.  
It was a dozen of boys.  
Up in the air flew the sparrow.  
After him came an arrow.



Then comes Everett Ashley of Riverside, Conn., who writes a very short letter concerning the demise of his pet butterfly. Evidently he intended to write more, for he says: "This is not the end," but it was all of his letter which reached the editor's desk. What he did write and send is here set forth:

My little butterfly died, so I made a grave for it I put it in a box and put it in the grave and filled it in. This is not the end.

Julia Collins of Easthampton, L. I., sends a neat little story about Mite Meadowmouse and how much he enjoyed his new home in the coat pocket of Farmer Brown's scarecrow and considered moving the whole Meadow mouse family to the new location. She says:

"Little Mite Meadowmouse had a glorious time in the pocket of the scarecrow's coat and exploring it. He made a cozy bed of hay and straw and cotton-padding. He liked his new home so much he thought he would stay there always. Now the scarecrow's coat had two beautiful big pockets, and each pocket would hold two or three small meadow mice, and Little Mite thought that if he ever did find the rest of his family they might all come and live in his nice home.

"One day when Mite went out for a short walk who do you think he saw? Why, Danny Meadowmouse. Little Mite called 'Danny, Danny' very loud. Danny heard him and said: "Oh, my dear little Mite, where have you been? I am so happy that found you. Danny, come with me and I will tell you everything. So they went to Mite's cozy home and had a long talk."

"I had a cat which came from England and he had no tail like other cats have, but his tall looked like Peter Rabbit's," writes Frances D. Cherry of Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.

"Once when our church had a fair, little Nip brought several links of sausages home which were for sale at the fair. After he had tasted one, he left them to a mother with four kittens. On the back porch we had a small box fastened near the screen door and in this little Nip made his home. One day he discovered Miner the Mole and had great fun poking at him, but was very careful to keep away from his sharp teeth."

And now we will close with the letter of Robert Constantine of Lyndhurst, N. J.:

"I had three little kittens and one died. Where do you think they were born? They were born under the attic floor. That is all about that. Now there is something else. We have some little chickens. Some of them were drowned."

We have eighty-one new members in our club to-day and here are their names:...

**Wednesday July 31, 1914**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

Stories are piling up on the editor's desk faster than he can read them or find space in which to print them, so if any of you are getting impatient just remember that there

are lots of authors in our club. Some very good ones are on hand by members who have appeared in print here before and they will be held back until we can get the others out of the way.

Selma Zevie of North Branch, which is away up in Sullivan County, where they have all kinds of wild animals and the Little People are very common, is much interested in our story telling and she tells one today about a pet kitten which met with a mishap and how it showed its gratitude. She says:

“One I had a little kitten who was very plump and round, and he cause she was so very plump I named her Chubby. Chubby was very playful. I went to kindergarten then, and I used to bring home pretty paper toys. These toys I would put on my doll’s house roof. Chubby would jump on the roof and tear them to pieces. Of course I didn’t mind that; I only said to myself: Chubby’s a little mischievous darling

“This part of the story is only to tell how playful Chubby was. Now I want to tell about a grateful deed of Chubby’s.

“One day Chubby seemed to be annoyed by something in her mouth. She would not eat anything, but she kept working her jaws and her mouth was dripping with wetness, and poor Chub looked like a drowned kitten.

“My mother became anxious to know what was the matter. She took Chubby, laid her down in her lap and asked the servant girl to hold her there. Then, with the point of a pair of clean scissors she pulled a fish bone out of the kitten’s jaw.

“Now comes the main part of the story. The kitten was so grateful that she followed my mother wherever she went and kept spinning around her skirts, and even at supper time Chubby would not stop, but she kept running round and round my mother’s skirts. Wasn’t she a grateful little kitten?”

Reuben Gollin of Sumner avenue, Brooklyn, submits a story which furnishes an idea as to how to deal with rent collectors in the following:

Here is my story:

Once upon a time I had a parrot whom I called Polly. It had learned to say the words “Beat it! No dogs allowed.” So one day when the rent collector came in to collect the rent, Polly screeched out “Beat it! No dogs allowed!” The collector was a jolly man and so he laughed out loud. He thought it was a big joke.

“When Peter Rabbit saw Reddy Fox creeping slyly up he looked about for a way of escape,” says Bernard, Katz of Pulaski street, Brooklyn. “He accidentally looked into the sky and, saw Redtail the Hawk circling slowly downward. He knew that Redtail must be after something and he thought it might be Little Mite, so he ran in that direction as soon as Redtail disappeared.

“Meanwhile Little Mite, exhausted from his successful efforts to escape

from Redtail, lay down to rest, but as soon as he saw Peter he began to run. Peter easily overtook him, and told him he was a friend. He asked Mite's name, and when he learned, he told who he was and how he came there, and they started for the house of Danny Meadow Mouse.

"The Merry Little Breezes met Peter and went ahead to tell the news. All the little animals assembled and brought all kinds of food to hold a picnic. Peter soon came in leaping his swiftest, with Mite hanging on to one of his long ears. The little animals were having a very nice time when Old Man Buzzard up in the sky, cried "Farmer Brown's Boy is coming!" and they all scattered to their homes."

The adventures of "Honey," the pet cat of Lucile Kearns of Jerome avenue, Bronx, are dealt with in the following manner:

"I had a cat, and its name was 'Honey', and it was very cute, and I will tell you some of the cute things it did. When my father went to the car in the morning it would go with him and see him off and then come back. When I got ready to go to bed it would jump up on the foot of the bed and wait, but I lost him and I got some birds and can't have any more cats, but I like them all the same."

There is suspicion of a crime in the next. It looks to us as if some neighbor—an evil minded one— had poisoned Bessie. Mary Strom of East Tenth street tells the story as follows

"Once my father bought a dog. Its name was Bessie.

"One day she had puppies My mother gave them away. Every time she heard someone coming she barked. She was a real watch dog.

"One day she got so sick mother did not know what to do. But when my father came it was too late and no doctor was to be had. We had to call a policeman and she was shot."

Sophie Levine of East 110th street used to live away over in Russia. She had a dog there named Tusick and she says of him.

"When we lived in Russia we had a dog. He was a small dog. And his hair was black. A little boy brought him to us from the street. He looked very hungry and miserable. My mother washed him and gave him food. We named him Tusick. Tusick grew up very fast. He was a faithful and smart dog. Every morning as soon as he heard that children were awake he would go to our room and jump upon us and lick our hand, as though he wanted to say, "Good morning, children." He seemed to understand every word we said. Wherever we went he always used to go with us but sometimes we didn't want to take him. Then I would say to him, "No, Tusick. You can't go with us."

"He would go away and lie under the table downhearted. But if I would say 'Yes, Tusick, you can come with us,' he would jump and bark for joy and

lick our hands. He lived with us for seven years and then we had to part, for we had to go to America. A sad parting it was! I cried very hard. I often remember him now. I would give all my toys to see him again. Mamma promised me that she will get another dog for me, but I think no other dog would be so dear to me as Tusick was.”

This is page 13 of the copy for the printer. Perhaps that is why poor little Mite was so unlucky, as Leonard Enst of West Ninety-second street says he was in the following brief story.

“Little Mite, the lost baby of Danny Meadowmouse, ran until he came to the Smiling Pool, where Buster Bear saw him. When Little Mite saw such a huge creature he ran. Buster Bear ran after him. As he ran he came across Reddy Fox. Reddy can run faster than Buster Bear, so he caught him.

And now we will finish for the day with this very well written little story by Bertha Schack of Cannon street, New York City.

“Peter Rabbit had started to hunt for the lost baby of Danny Meadow mouse, but he did not realize into what danger he himself was running. He had looked under all the corn piles, but no sign of a mouse could be seen.

“Meanwhile Old Man Coyote was hunting for his dinner, and he had not gone far when who should he see in the distance but Peter Rabbit, evidently seeking something. Hiding behind a rock in the bend of the road, Old Man Coyote awaited the arrival of Peter Rabbit.

“Meanwhile along came Peter Rabbit, never dreaming of the danger that might have befallen him. As he turned he saw a sight which he never, forgot in his life. Farmer Brown’s boy, gun in hand, was standing and looking at something the distance, when turning around, he saw Old Man Coyote. Dropping his gun. Farmer Brown’s boy ran, never turning to look back. Old Man Coyote, hearing a noise, looked in the opposite direction, and seeing Farmer Brown’s boy, flew away from that place, and Peter Rabbit darted away from both Old Man Coyote and Farmer Brown’s boy. In this way Peter Rabbit was saved.”

Which will be enough for to-day, fellow club members. Incidentally, the editor would announce that we have 14,181 members in our club to-date—which makes a sizeable organization.

#### **Thursday, August 1, 1914** **Bedtime Stories Club**

Bedtime Story Club joiners seem to be affected with the July cold spell. We have only fifty new members to add to our list to-day, but they are just as welcome as if they were 500. Space is very short with the editor of the Story Club to-day. This war news from over in Europe is taking it all. Newspapers to-day have room for scarcely anything but announcement of the moving of great war fleets, the tramping of armies of men and the strife and bloodshed of battle. The Little People who live in the Green

Forests and Green Meadows of Europe are going to be terribly disturbed for some time to come, while men are fighting and dying all around them. Isn't it good to be here in America, where we have few wars? But for the present the war news from Europe is going to shut out the little stories of our club members. Here are the names of the new members to-day:...

**Friday, August 2, 1914**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Elizabeth Madden of Ridgewood, N. J. opens our columns to-day with a very neatly written little poem about a birdie. Here it is:

Pretty little birdie.  
Sitting on a wall;  
Pretty little birdie  
Had no cares at all

When night comes to birdie.  
Straight to mother's nest  
Flew this little birdie.  
And had a good night's rest.

Little Frederick Rankin of Riveredge, N. J. follows her with a story about the Toad family which lives under the Rankin family's back porch. That Riveredge is a fine place for small boys and girls to learn lots about the Little People. Here is the story:

Under our backporch Old Mr. Toad lives. Mr. Toad and Mrs. Toad lives there both. First Mr. Toad comes out for food. Then Mrs. Toad comes out. I have a garden right near it. That is the place where they get their food."

That the influence of the Bedtime Story Club is altogether for good is evidenced by the following story by Bluma Regenbogen of Clinton street, New York, who has saved a starving cat's life because she is a member of our club. She says:

"A few months after I moved into this building a cat came into our home. We all wanted to drive it away, for it always got into the ice-box and ate up the chicken. Then I received my button, and said, 'Poor pussy, I will never again try to drive you out and I gave her some meat. Every day after that I gave her her breakfast, dinner, and supper. When she came to our home she did not look fat but now she is beginning to be lazy, for she is fat. She lets me touch her but she doesn't like it. Now I cannot write more, and hope you approve of my story and put it in your paper."

And here comes a thrilling little adventure story by Wilfred Brodnax of West 138th street with which we shall close for to-day

"A little girl having no brother or sister lived with her mamma, papa, grandpa, and grandmamma on a farm in Virginia. Her playmates were the tiny pigs and a great many little chicks, some of whom—like the Bon Ami chick—had never scratched. There were horses, cows, and all the animals

usually found on a southern farm.

“One day, when the little girl was about four years old, her papa brought home a new dog, his hair was a light brown, and he had a white ring of hair that formed a perfect collar around his neck, and because of that they named him Ring. Her grandpa had a dog named Ring for the very same reason, only his hair was short and straight, while the new Ring’s hair was long and curly.

“The new Ring wasn’t used to little girls and seemed to be a little jealous too, so his temper wasn’t very sweet nor pleasant. But the other Ring had known the little girl since she was a tiny, tiny little baby and loved her very much.

“One day the new Ring, feeling very important, lay down on the little girl’s bed. She promptly asked him off. He refused to obey. Then the little girl started toward him. The new Ring was very angry and sprang snarling with rage upon the little girl, who was too frightened to move. But her grandpa’s Ring, who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, saw the leap and quickly sprang to meet him. There was an awful fight, but they were soon parted. Wasn’t grandpa’s Ring a hero?

“A few years later the hero died and the little girl was very sad.

“Not long after that this new Ring saw a mad dog coming directly to where the little girl was playing. He had learned to love her dearly now, and instead of running away he sprang directly in his (the mad dog’s) path, and so terrific was the defense that the foe was soon put to flight, leaving the little girl frightened, but unharmed. So the new Ring became a hero also and lived to protect the little girl many years afterward

“Note—The little girl is my mamma.”

The editor has several very good stories on his desk which he would like to print, but they are entirely too long. The limit is 200 words. One little girl has written a real good one of about 500 words, and it is to be a continued story at that. You see, we have to fix a limit on them. They must be short and plainly written on one side of the paper only. We only have fifty new members to-day, but they are just as welcome as if there were 500. Here are their names:...

By this time all the Bedtime Story Club members know that over in Europe a terrible war has begun. Many of the young members of our club have brothers or other relatives who are still in Europe, and who will go into the army of the kaiser or the czar, or one of the other nations to fight in the battles that will take place.

This war news has taken so much room in the papers that even the list of new members has been crowded out for a couple of days. It will be impossible for the present to print any more of the stories by our members, so the editor would ask them not to send in any more. When more peaceful times come perhaps we can renew that work again. For the present here are the new members who joined us last Saturday and yesterday:...

CLUB SUSPENDED  
RETURNS IN MARCH, 1915

**Monday, March 1, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Now Has Nearly 20,000 Members

Just imagine what a really great big club this has grown to be. Nearly twenty thousand boys and girls just like yourself. Why, if they were all in a row, hand in hand, they would stretch for nearly ten miles, or half way round the great Green Forest where Buster Bear and his furry friends spend so many happy days.

The printer man and the club-button maker have just sent over hundreds more certificates and club buttons, so WE ARE GOING TO INVITE

A LOT MORE BOYS AND GIRLS TO JOIN THE CLUB.

The buttons are a beautiful ruby red, with a picture of cheerful Peter Rabbit on it like we show at the top of this column.

SO GET YOUR APPLICATION IN QUICKLY,

Boys and girls. Be sure and write very plainly and give your address, and do not send any postage stamps or money, for there is nothing to pay for membership in this club. Just write to Bedtime Stories Editor, THE GLOBE, New York, and ask for certificate and button, and you must promise to love and protect all dumb animals.

NOTICE to Those Who Are Already Members:

Harrison Cady, who draws for many books and magazines, has made a set of pretty colored pictures showing Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, and Danny Meadow Mouse in the fields and among the trees where they live.

The colors are so natural and the drawings so real that you will surely want them to hang up in your bedrooms, where they may be seen at bedtime and wake-up time.

Just think how nice to have colored pictures of your old friends Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox and the others, where you may look at them any time!

Cut and fill out the following coupon, mail it with 10 cents to us, and we will send you a set of the four colored pictures.

Bedtime Story Prints NEW YORK GLOBE, New York. Enclosed please find ten cents. Please send me set of Bedtime Story Colored Prints. Name Address

**Tuesday, March 2, 1915**  
**Spring Calls Bedtime Club**

Bluebirds and Robins Wake Up Bedtime Story Editor, and Listen, Kiddies, to What He Says.

It is a long time since the Bedtime Story Editor has had a talk with the members of the Bedtime Story Club. All you young Globe readers who are members of the



club know how fine we were getting along last summer. In a couple of months our membership grew from nothing to nearly 20,000.

Then came the terrible war in Europe. That drove everybody's thoughts from Bedtime stories. For months we have thought of nothing but war and its suffering.

The time has come to think about something else. Spring is coming. It is just a couple of weeks around the corner. Out where the editor lives the bluebirds have shown up and a robin or two have been around. There is no better time to think about our club than when the new grass is about to start and the birds are coming back and all the Little People of the Green Forest are going to awake from their winter sleep and scamper around in the Green Meadows and the Green Forest.

So here's for the club again. Every boy and girl who reads *The Globe* is invited to join. There are 20,000 of them now in the club. All you have to do is send your name and address to the Bedtime Story Editor. Do not send any postage stamps or money. In reply you will get a certificate of membership and the beautiful membership button showing you belong to the club. All you have to promise is that you will be kind to all animals and help them. That is what the Bedtime Story Club members have to do.

Now, although we have been asleep ever since the war started, we are going to get busy now and run the membership of our club up to 30,000, and keep right on from that figure until we get—well, maybe 50,000. We want every boy and girl who reads *The Globe* to join. There is no age limit. Boys and girls of all ages are invited. We have members one year old, and we have a number who are seventy or eighty years young. Some of them are grandchildren and some them are grandparents. So long as the hearts are young and they are willing to promise to be kind to all animals we want them in the club. Mr. Burgess, who writes these delightful Bedtime Stories, has several of the finest ones he ever turned out, which will be published from day to day. Don't miss a single one of them. Be sure your papas or mammas get *The Globe* every day, and that you read the stories or have them read to you. And be sure you send in your name and address, carefully and plainly written, and become a member of our club.

### **Wednesday, March 10, 1915**

#### **The Bedtime Club**

If you are not a member of the Bedtime Stories Club, send in your application quickly. Each boy and girl who joins the club is entitled to a beautiful ruby red button with a picture of Peter Rabbit on it. All you have to do is to write your name plainly and give your address and do not send postage stamps or money for there is no charge. Write to the Bedtime Stories Editor. *The Globe*, New York and ask for certificate and button, and you must promise to love and protect all dumb animals.

#### **THINGS TO REMEMBER**

Now that spring is coming, you may look into the sky and see birds flying above and we know that the birds which have been south are coming back north. This leads us to ask how is it that birds can find their way? They even cross the ocean and we know that there is nothing to guide them. No one can say just how birds find their way but it is possible that they have a very great sense of direction. Some people lose their

wit very easily, and we are more interested in the accuracy of the birds flight on this account.

Birds also have a keen “sense of smell” for if the eggs in the nest are touched the mother bird leaves them never to return. Perhaps she is discourage and feels that she has built her nest for nothing.

#### THINGS TO DO

Now before you try the following suppose you think how to do it before you begin.

How may bright boys and girls can do this?

[Nine dot figure puzzle]

Answer the above and send letter with name, age, and address to the Bedtime Stories Editor, The Globe, New York. On Saturday, the correct answers will be published, together with the names of those who have, each day, sent in the ten best answers. This we will call our Honor Roll. Watch for it.

**Thursday, March 11, 1915.**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Story**

#### THINGS TO OBSERVE.

There is a difference between merely seeing a thing and observing it. Members of the Bedtime Stories Club [...] observing. Not only do they protect and love all dumb animals but they keep their eyes open,” as the saying is.

Let us look at the ordinary things about us and see how interesting they are. How human the clock is! It has hands and a face. What are the hands for? They are to tell the time, but they do not strike, even if the clock does.

There are twelve numbers on the face of the clock and there are twelve months in the year.

Now you see how easy it is to amuse yourself when sitting alone in your room. Why, even the chairs have backs and legs! The bed has one head and one foot and if you will look in the kitchen you will see that the stove has a pipe and sometimes smokes.

If there is a cat in the kitchen you will observe that she has whiskers. Now why has a cat whiskers? The answer is very interesting, and we request all members to write us why they think a cat has whiskers.

#### THINGS TO DO

A policeman stood looking at the Town Hall clock and said to himself.

“I wonder how many times the minute hand crosses the hour hand on that clock form 12 o'clock noon until 12 o'clock at night?”

How many bright members of our club can answer this?  
Here is another question to answer. If 1888 was short, why was 1889 shorter?

Answer the above and send your letter with name, age, and address to the Bedtime Stories Editor, The Globe, New York. The answers will be published on Saturday, March 20, and also the names of the ten who have sent in the ten best answers each day up to Thursday, March 18....

**Saturday March 13, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club.**

Honor Roll...[9 names].

Dear Members, Here is our first honor roll and you don't know how proud we are of those who worked so hard this week. Why? Those who have sent in answers did it because they love to work. Besides the time was short as your editor realizes.

...

Here is an idea from Lillian Wood, Brooklyn. She wishes to become a "permanent member." This means that she wants to keep busy. We do not want our friends to take an interest in the club for a day or two and then stop. Your editor was thinking of what we all over 20,000 of us could do each day to remind us and others that we are members of the Bedtime Stories Club.

Can you guess what it is?

Suppose we all smile. That's easy, and if you haven't smiled for a month or a week or a day, you must begin slowly so that it will not tire you. But we are a happy lot and I guess it will not be hard to smile. You see we can all smile and it reminds us of our club. Others seeing boys and girls smiling will say, "They are members of the Bedtime Stories Club."

All in favor of wearing a smile, raise your hands.

My! There go 20,000 hands, so begin NOW

Thank you Lillian.

...

**Monday, March 15, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT.

Question No. 4. Have you a pet? Tell us something about it, and, if possible, send a picture. We have a picture of Happy Jack the Squirrel. You shall hear all about him, too...

**Tuesday, March 16, 1915.**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Here we are with our second week of [...] fairly begun.

We hope you all have learned as much as your editor.

We received a letter from Alice Schorr, Bronx, in which she told us that she would

not only like to join the club but would even promise to give the sparrows pieces of bread.

This puts an idea in your editor's head, and he has been throwing a piece of bread on the window sill each morning and finding it gone the next day. Mother Nature is very close in the hearts of our members.

#### THINGS TO DO

There must be a lot of our readers who are handy with tools and we want them to tell us how they make bird houses and send us photographs of drawings of ones they have made. Your editor made a bird house the other day and he found that he had very few tools, still he remembered the Bedtime Stories Club and "did the best he could." He even burned holes for windows with a red hot poker. How this will amuse our readers who are handy with tools. ...

#### THE POST OFFICE

Now we had not forgotten to tell you why snow is white, but were waiting for some members to let you know and here is the very answer we were looking for...

Why snow is white.

Snow is white because the millions of crystals which form it do not absorb light the way water and clear ice do but throw it off in all directions. ...

Katherine Kiernan, Brooklyn, writes that she is interested in birds. As we learn by doing we hope Katherine will tell us something about birds, because we want letter which come to our post office to be helpful and nothing is more helpful than putting our thoughts on paper. Our members will soon be saying that they themselves did not know that they knew so much about things in general until they began to write about them.

Ruth E. Jeffery, New York city, writes that she could not find the Club news in The Globe Monday or Wednesday. Ruth should write a little note like this—"Never Give Up"—and pin it on her looking glass...

**Wednesday, March 17, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

#### THINGS TO DO

O dear!

Willie, the Bedtime Stories Club office boy has taken our dictionary to the bindery. You see it had to be used so much that it was worn out. So to-day you will see, perhaps, a few misspelled words in this column and we are going to ask you to find them....

Have you noticed what beautiful days we are having? Your editor thinks it is because so many members of our club are smiling, but that is only one opinion. The wonderful thing about our club is that we are always learning. We have nothing to go by, for there never has been, to our knowledge, a department just like this in any newspaper.

When people ask, “Where do you get our ideas from?” The answer is always, “Where do ideas come from, anyway?”

With nearly 21,000 members of our club we ought to get many, many ideas. Our membership increased 650 last week.

You remember that one of our ideas was to think right and right thinking means thinking of useful things.

We wanted to ask what our members think of having a “thought for today” at the head of our column. Those of you who approve of this suggestion may send in a line or two of prose or not more than four lines of poetry. Be sure to put “answer 10” on the line or poem.

For instance, here is a thought from Browning.

“Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise

From outward things”

...

Let us make this a helpful club. Those who do not care to answer questions may write in and offer suggestions. The keynote of our Honor Roll is “Service,” and those who help all of us the most will find their names at the head of this column Saturdays....

### **March 18, 1915**

### **The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

...

#### **OUR POST OFFICE**

What are you doing to help along the membership of the Bedtime Stories Club? Do you know that we are now nearing the 21,000 mark? So far as we know, we are the largest children’s club in the world. We received over 600 letters last week, so you see our members are active. Most of the letters were from those who wished to join us. How happy we should be if on July 4, we have 50,000 members?

If you know of any one you think would like to become a member of The Bedtime Stories Club, send us the name and address. We can be happiest by making others happy.

Did you ever wish for anything and then get your wish? Well, your editor has wanted to ask some of our members who have chickens to tell us of their experience, and here is a letter from “Feather Farm” up in New York State, and here is another letter from “Alter Ego” in New Jersey. The first is from Louis and Helen Hunt, and we hope they will tell us how the chicks are getting along and if they use incubators or setting hens. The second is from Celia, Mollie, and Henry Baerman, and we wonder which one will write about her poultry farm first. ...

**March 19, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

THINGS TO DO.

This is the time of year when we begin to think of flowers. Yesterday your editor went to the seed store to ask what seeds could be planted in the house at this time of the year and the man gave him a package of alyssum (sweet alyssum). We thought this would interest members who like to see the little plants shooting up through the earth at this time of year. We hope some of our members will tell us just how to make a window box for a garden and what they are planting....

Mother Nature is very near and dear to members of the Bedtime Stories Club and we should know more of her wonderful laws and try to obey them. We are going to ask from time to time questions about the wonderful working of Mother Nature, and if you will follow them with the other members you will learn many things, and "knowledge is power."

...Why are bedroom windows sometimes covered with crystalline forms on winter mornings?

TALKS ABOUT ANIMALS.

We are glad to hear from Elaner Loewenton, who asks "whether the birds and animals really do talk and scold each other as we do only in different language which we cannot understand." Your editor will tell some of his experiences and then other members may tell theirs. Remember, Eleanor, the members of our club do not "scold"; at least, they do not as much as some of them used to.

Those of us who were brought up on the farm know that chickens talk to each other, for does not Mister Rooster call the hens when he finds a nice fat worm? Have we not noticed two roosters on the opposite side of a fence peacefully scratching and feeding, and suddenly one "says" something to the other, and they start to tear the fence down to get at one another?

The Negroes of the south think that the jay bird does Satan's work every Friday, and that he goes around the woods teasing the other birds. Surely he could not do this if he did not have a language of his own and one that the other birds could understand. We are sure, at any rate, that the Jay bird is a big tease.

Every farmer knows the neighing of a horse when it wants a drink of water, and a horse must understand some things we say or it would not "whoa."

One of the best answers to the question is that animals all warn their young of approaching danger, and you will notice this more and more as spring approaches and the mother bird is on the lookout to protect her young.

The main point is, what is the difference between the action of the minds of animals and our own? We find it is a matter of discrimination. If I wish to bail out a boat and the scoop is missing I may make the motion of hailing and send my dog for the scoop at the boathouse. If he cannot find it, he will not bring a tin can (which would

do just as well) but will return without anything. His mind does not discriminate.

...

#### OUR POSTOFFICE

Elizabeth Maxwell, New York City, was the first of our members to approve the motto "I will do the best I can."

Constance V. Hall, Staten Island writes: "Father says that the first tomcat could not get a shave and grew whiskers, so then all the rest couldn't either."

Perhaps Eleagor Loewenton will be interested in this note from Julia S. Radford, Port Chester. "Near our house in a tree lives a little squirrel. He reminds me of Chatterer. I feed him nuts, and it is very interesting to hear him scold if they are not cracked.

St. Patrick's Day we went down to see the Globe editor with an armful of your letters, and he was pleased to see how happy you all seem. Won't he be surprised when we have 50,000 members on July Fourth?

Do you suppose all this beautiful weather we has been having is caused by our 21,000 (almost) members smiling, being happy and keeping busy.

**Saturday March 20, 1915**

**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...Speaking of friends, you editor is indebted to a great many fathers and mothers for writing to us and also to the [...] kind "aunties" who take such an interest in the club.

**Monday March 22, 1915**

**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

[poor reproduction]

[...] of Staten Island are so anxious to get the Bedtime Stories news that they sometimes wish The Globe came out in the morning....

[...] Bronx, kisses his mother good night (as all good members of the Bedtime Stories Club should) and tucking The Globe under his arm marches upstairs. We think [rest illegible]

**Tuesday March 23, 1915**

**The Bedtime Stories Club**

#### TALKS ABOUT ANIMALS

What is the difference between a cat and a dog in regard to the affection they display for their owners?

A dog always loves his master, while a cat will always favor the one who feeds it.

The ordinary dog which you see about the streets is one of a family watch is found in nearly every part of the world. He is a faithful friend to man and not only protects his



home, but also acts as a beast of burden in certain parts of the world.

There are many things which we may read about dogs in books, but the most interesting things are not printed, and can only be found out by observation. For instance, how does a dog perspire in the summer time?

The perspiration drips off his tongue. Perhaps you will understand now, but you did not know it before. Then again, why does a long-haired dog hate to get wet? Because he has fleas, and he cannot find them so easily when his hair is wet.

Have you ever noticed a dog growling in his sleep? He dreams the same as you do, and the chances are he is dreaming of chasing some rabbit or having a fight. During the summer time a dog is more apt to growl in his sleep than at any other time for he loves grasshoppers, and their legs are like little saws which irritate his stomach.

In olden times, before dogs had such comfortable homes as they now have, they lived in the long grass and used to turn round and round before lying down. Did you ever notice your dog going round in circles before stretching himself before the fire? Now you know why he does it.

...

**Wednesday March 24, 1915.**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Have you a special time for doing the Bedtime Stories Club work? We are trying to be systematic and want you to set aside a time each day when you can be alone and answer the puzzles. Work becomes very easy when it comes to be a habit. All habits are not bad habits.

Mother Nature works rhythmically: the sun rises like clockwork and sets the same way. What would happen if the sun got up late some morning or the tide forgot to rise?

With all your work there must be play, for your mind will get tired as well as your arm, if it keeps doing the same thing all the time. If you are in school all day, we want you to have a "fad" or "hobby" or "pet." This is why it is a good idea to collect stamps, learn wireless, play baseball and other games, or take care of dolls and make new dresses for them for Easter.

Remember, each one of you 21,000 members, this is your club and the success which it has attained is your success, just as though you were the only one in the club.

You make the club what you think it ought to be. If you have a good idea, pass it along, don't keep it. If some one in the neighborhood is ill and shut in the house and you send him a few flowers, write and tell the club about it, not to praise yourself, but to suggest the idea to others.

Kindness is like mucilage, you can't handle it very long and pass it around without getting some yourself.

Look for the good. If you think Jimmy is about the meanest boy in New York, just

try to find out what there is good about Jimmy and you will find, what, that Jimmy changes? No, he seems to, but it is your idea of him that changes.

Your editor knows a little girl who used to have to wash dishes until her mother invented a game in which the knives and forks are all submarines and torpedoes. Now there is a battle royal every night at dishwashing time.

It's all the way you look at it.

Keep smiling.

...

**Thursday, March 25, 1915.**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

**THINGS TO MAKE**

A kind friend tells us that the government issues a book on building bird houses. It is No. 609 and if you want one address, Henry W. Henshaw, United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D.C. We do not understand that there is any charge.

...

**Friday, March 26, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Hurrah!

It looks as if just about everybody in P.S. 17, Corona, N.Y., has joined the Bedtime Stories Club, judging from the postals which flooded your editor yesterday. We are going to have 50,000 members by the Fourth of July, are we not?

...

**Tuesday, March 30, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

A Personal Letter to the Readers of Bedtime Stories—by Thornton W. Burgess  
Their Author

Dear Bedtime Story Club Members:—

A great many letters from Club members and from others who are not club members but who read the Bedtime stories just the same have come to me asking if these little stories have been printed in book form. Not all of them have, but a great many of the best of them have in a series of little volumes called the Bedtime Story Books. The first of these is the Adventures of Reddy Fox, and I am delighted to learn that The Globe has arranged with my

publishers to offer this little volume for a limited time at just half price.

It is a collection of the best of my earlier stories about Reddy and his neighbors, Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck and others, and at this very special price gives you who desire it an unusual opportunity to secure in a permanent form some of the stories which I have personally selected as among the most interesting of those dealing with this sly gentleman in red. Mr. Harrison Cady has drawn some fascinating pictures for this book and it is most attractively bound.

It gives me more pleasure than I can express to learn that this book is to be published in a special edition for members of the Bedtime Stories Club and their friends and I am sure that Reddy Fox will be as delighted me I am. You see I know that clippings from newspapers do not last long and I would like to feel that each club member has some of these stories in a form to keep always as a reminder of the pledge to be kind to Mother Nature's children and protect them from their enemies.

Always your sincere friend, Thornton W. Burgess

**Wednesday, March 31, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Did Daddy bring home a Globe for you Monday night?

Well it is a wonder that the paper was ever printed because you see, on Monday, the advertisement of Mr. Burgess's book, "The Adventures of Reddy Fox," appeared and everybody hereabouts bought a copy.

They read and read and read and almost forgot there was any Globe or any Bedtime Stories Club anxiously waiting for the puzzles and things.

The Adventures of Reddy Fox is very exciting and Jimmy the office boy on the got so excited reading it that he forgot to go out to lunch.

When the good people finally got out The Globe, the printers, who are kind enough to put our puzzles in [...] stood in line to get the book. We learned afterward that one of them was so interested himself in the doings of Reddy Fox that he went past his station on the subway.

Yes, indeed!

Now, if you want this book, as you surely will, here is the way to get it. [...] your arms around your pap's or mama's neck (or any near relative will do) and tell him or her gently but firmly that you want the book, "The Adventures of Reddy Fox" for your Easter present and to send twenty-five cents for it right away.

Do it as soon as possible and see if it doesn't work.

...

**Thursday, April 1, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Patience is a word which we would like to have our members study for a while. We are flattered to think so many are anxious to join the Bedtime Stories Club but we want them to understand that we have from 160 to 200 letters per day and many of them are requests for memberships and while we do our best, there are many delays. So be patient, and if you do not get your button and certificate in a day or so drop us a postal card....

...

**Friday, April 2, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

You must not think that your editor forgets the letters you write for he does not, but trying to keep all he has to say in the small space allotted to our club news is like trying to put the Atlantic ocean into Central Park....

Frances Maynard Lockwood street, Long Island City, writes that she things the music in question [puzzle from earlier in week] means "Peace on earth, good will to me." Members of the Bedtime Stories Club must realize that they are living in a time when the greatest war in the world's history is going on and that the line which Frances has sent us means more today than it ever has or possible ever will.

Would it not be a good idea to keep all the beautiful sayings our members send in a book for that purpose. Let's call it "Our Memory Book."

Your editor thanks Samuel Blumenthal of Woodhaven, L.I. (and so do the other members) for the names he has sent in and the end is not yet. We have a picture in our mind of Samuel Blumenthal scooting around Woodhaven getting members for us.

Good Luck!

We are not supposed to know this, but there is a rumor that we are going to have some Bedtime Stories Club stamps in about another week. Oh goodie!

...

**Monday, April 5, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Another Interesting Letter to the Readers of Bedtime Stories—by Their Author.

Someone has asked me why I have chosen "The Adventures of Reddy Fox" from among all my books as the one for The Globe to offer at this very special price, just half of the regular price, and I am going to let you into a secret. It is this: Right down deep in my heart there is a very warm feeling for this sly gentleman in red whom everybody seems to regard as a scamp and rogue. Yes, I must confess I rather love the rascal and without him the Green Meadows and the Green Forest would lose much of their charm. So

I want others to know him, to know that though he makes trouble for others he is not free from them himself, and that he has his place in Old Mother Nature's great plan.

Then too, some of these stories were among the first of the Bedtime Stories and I have had many letters from readers of The Globe who did not take the paper when these appeared asking if they can secure the early stories in some form. This little volume will afford them the opportunity. Also it gives others the chance to secure them in a permanent form at less than a penny each for there are twenty- six stories in the book. Of course they are not wholly about Reddy, but include his neighbors, Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck and others because, you know, they enter very much into Reddy's daily life.

The Globe was one of the first papers to print my stories and so it is peculiarly pleasing to me that my publishers have consented to make the arrangement whereby The Globe can make this limited offer. Mr. Harrison Cady has illustrated the little volume delightfully and I am sure you will be as pleased with his drawings as I am.

Yours for a better understanding of Reddy Fox,

Thornton W. Burgess

[Probably an advertisement. Letter printed on consecutive days.]

**Tuesday, April 6, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Edmund Gannon, Monroe street, Brooklyn, sends an envelope full of question marks. He asks what the age limit is in the Bedtime Stories Club and we have to say frankly that we don't know, for your editor is a very active member and he is over eight and under eighty. We have this to say: We do not wish to send buttons and certificates to grown-ups, for there are enough children who want them. We may say that any one of "school age" may be a member of our club. How's that, Edmund?

...

**Thursday, April 8, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

On page two of the The Globe for Tuesday, April 6, you will find these words:

It's Service Nowadays.

In the News Extra, Home Edition, of the Globe, you will see the words in large type under the picture of Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium. We are glad the advertising manager gave a little talk on service, for that is the keynote of our club. We are always trying to do something for others and the great thing about it is, we love most those for whom we do the most.

Some time we wish you think, if you can, of nearly 21,000 children, all good

soldiers in the cause of the Bedtime Stories and all devoted to service—all being helpful.

Those who are just becoming members may not know that there is one thing which all our members do which is very simple, which costs nothing, except a little effort, and that is, all our members smile. This is one form of service, for it makes others smile then they see a child smile.

There is another thing we can all do, and that is, we can all be glad about something. Where can you be glad? Right where you are. Always start with yourself—be glad that you are a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. Be glad that a great newspaper like The Globe is interested in YOU. Be glad that you have somebody to write to—somebody who is AT YOUR SERVICE—the Editor of The Bedtime Stories Club.

Learn to serve.

...

**Friday, April 9, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Please do not send any money to the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club...

Why don't you get a little bank and put all your pennies in it and call it your "Bedtime Stories Club Bank." You will be surprised to see how the pennies [...]. Soon you will have a dollar and then you can put it in a savings bank and see the dollars [...]

While we are talking about money let us remember that John D. Rockefeller used to keep account of his pennies in a little book, and as he became one of the richest men in the world we might well follow his example. We may not all become wealthy, but thrift and economy are good traits and I am sure it would please Mr. Rockefeller if he knew that members of our club have followed his example and are keeping track of their pennies in little books as he did.

Spend one or two cents for an account book. Put on one page an account of the money you get and the opposite what you spend...

**Monday, April 12, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

How many of our members have formed themselves into smaller clubs of Bedtime Stories Club members? We should like to know how you are progressing as we wish to report your proceedings.

Shall we have a mother club and then smaller clubs? If so what name do you suggest for the smaller clubs?

This thought has been suggested by [...] who with [...] has formed a little club all of their own, each being a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. Our friends met at [...] house and elected her as president.

Will all our members put on their thinking caps and see how well they can plan out

smaller clubs and also offer names for our consideration?...

**Friday, April 16, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Do you keep the questions and answers of the Bedtime Stories Club? The reason we ask is that there are times when young folks give parties, and it is interesting to have conundrums and puzzles on hand, at such a time in a scrapbook of club news would come in very handy. It is not too late to start a book now.

What are you doing to get more members?

...

**Monday, April 19, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

One of our members writes in to ask why we do not have more questions about Mother Nature and her children. The most interesting child Mother Nature has is YOU and we have tried to ask questions which would make you think and start you on the road to right thinking, but as this is YOUR club, we will return to the Mother Nature subjects and ask questions which will tend to give you information, first about yourself, and then about the wonders around you.

Thank you for the suggestion.

**QUESTIONS TO ANSWER**

How many teeth should a child have?...

What can you say about the end of an elephant's trunk What happens if you feed tobacco to an elephant? How long does an elephant usually live? Where was the last elephant you saw and were his eyes large or small?

The Bedtime Story Club garden is 10 by 20 feet. Tell us what vegetables to plant in it....

**Tuesday, April 20, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

[...]

This is a secret, and no one except members must read it. No grown person except mothers and fathers of members or any one of The Globe must know this because IT'S A SECRET and a GREAT SURPRISE.

Now listen. Friday, April 23, there will appear in The Globe the 1000th Bedtime Story which Mr. Burgess has written and your editor thinks it would surprise Mr. Burgess if 1,000 or more of our members would write to him. Here is the way to do it:

Take a postal card and address it to the Bedtime Stories Club....write...  
"Congratulations to Mr. Burgess from" and then sing your name and address.

We think this will make Mr. Burgess very happy and will show him how much you



appreciate what he has done. Please do not wait...

We have 22,000 members, and this is the first time your editor has asked you all to do something special, and it will mean a great deal to all if everybody helps....

**Wednesday, April 21, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

What a lot of letters with a lot of thoughts in them come to your editor! One of our members asks if a parrot should be protected and loved, as he isn't a dumb animal. What do you think about it?

Another of our members writes that she has not time to join the Bedtime Stories Club because she has so much to do.

We know that there are many things for our busy members to do, but your editor had tried and tried and tried to have members systematize their work. By that we mean to have a time for everything just like dear old Father Sun has.

How much easier it is to do the things we love to do! Now, if our friend really wanted to belong to the Bedtime Stories Club, she would find a way to send in an application, for it would not have taken any longer than it took to write and say that she didn't have time to belong.

It is really a great thing to belong to a club with 22,000 members all trying and succeeding, too, in being helpful. We believe that if our friend would become a member of our club she would soon find the time to answer our puzzles and write letters for those who are members are writing every day to say how the club is helping them.

Please do not tell anyone you haven't time to do anything.

**QUESTIONS TO ANSWER**

Have you ever thought how many times the figure "two" is used when we come to study ourselves? We have two eyes, two ears, two hands and two feet. Now, will you tell us how your teeth come in both in childhood and when you are grown-up? One at a time or two at a time?

How kind Mother Nature is to her children! After the winds of March come the April showers. Will you tell us what rain is?

How many days after a kitten is born do its eyes open?

...

**Thursday, April 22, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Let us talk about self-reliance today, for we all know how self-reliant the animals are and how soon they learn to get their own food and protect themselves.

For instance, when Cubbie Bear goes out on his "own hook," as boys would say

and comes back to Mama Bear she gives him such a spanking that he would rather starve than come back again. Of course she loves him but she wants to make him self-reliant and she knows the time may come when Cubbie will have to get his own food when Mama is not near.

When the lion babies get to be old enough to “sneeze for themselves,” Mrs. Lion takes them into the jungle and tiptoes away from them and when the babies return home, Papa and Mama are calling some place else and the dear little ones have to shift for themselves then they must rely on themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Eagle live in a flat called an “eyrie” and it hasn’t four rooms and bath either. Here Mrs. Eagle treats her babies and when her mother instinct tells her that dear little Tommie Eagle or Bessie Eagle is ready, she pushes him or her as the case may be out of the front window (so to speak) and [...] Tommie or Bessie HAS to fly or be dashed against the rocks and you may be sure it is the former.

[...] may not take you out for a walk and leave you in Central Park only to spank you when some kind policeman brings you home or your mammas may not take you over to the wilds of New Jersey and leave you as they tiptoe home or your parents may not like Mother Eagle push you out of the window, BUT

We may learn a lot of things from the animals and one of these things is SELF RELIANCE.

...

### **Monday, April 26, 1915** **The Bedtime Stories Club**

You will all stand up very straight and smile while we welcome into membership [public school classes]. This last grade has organized a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty Animals with Harold Dixon as president.

We have no objections to having members all over the country, but we must have their names for reference. We have just received into membership John Storm Lombard and his sister Mary of Colorado. They live on a ranch and we hope they will tell us about their life out west.

We are going to make special mention of those of our members who have been kind to animals, birds, etc. Here are two [...]

One of our members has a little dog named Fanny which she wishes to dispose of and she says no one wants her. If some of our members in the country would like this dog, write to the Editor and he will forward the letter to our little friend.

Your Editor wishes to thank you for writing so many postals to Mr. Burgess. There were not 1000 but enough to please him, we are sure....

### **Tuesday, April 27, 1915** **The Bedtime Stories Club**

By Roger Smith

I took a walk in Bronx Park one morning just in time to hear the animals speaking to each other.

The lion said "I am tired of staying in this cage. I should like to go to Atlantic City for the summer."

The Monkey spoke up and said "Oh, Mr. Lion, you are the King of Beasts. You cannot be spared from your throne. I could go."

The Peacock said "Who would take your place in the monkey show? The children would miss you. I could go and not be missed."

Mr. Rhinoceros answered "You are so beautiful you would make the ladies envious of your beautiful clothes."

"No one could blame you for being beautiful," said the Alligator, "but you have no summer clothes to wear. I could go."

Then the elephant said, "You would frighten all the bathers. I am the only one who can go, and I have my trunk packed, so good bye."

And that is the way the elephant came to stay with us at Atlantic City, and you may see him any day if you care to walk far enough down the boardwalk.

### **Wednesday, April 28, 1915** **The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Have you noticed since you became a member of the Bedtime Stories Club, how the animals and birds, in fact all of Mother Nature's children, seem to know you?

Animals are very quick to know their friends and we should like to have you write and tell us about your experiences.

When your editor began writing these talks to you, we did not have a cat in our house and soon one came to live with us. She was called "Bounce" and seemed to know that her master was very fond of children, for she used to come and sit beside him while he wrote these little talks. One morning your editor came into his "den" and began writing as usual. Pretty soon he heard a noise in the closet and, upon looking discovered three little kittens! Soon the mother came along and said, in cat language of course, "NOW you see what it means to be editor of the Bedtime Stories Club. You must tell your 22,000 members about me and my family and ask them to name the kittens for me."

Will you help Bounce name the kittens?

This makes your editor think of many other instances where animals have seemed to know that he was going to work for children and he hopes that in our club there may be many who notice that the animals recognize the members of our club.

This is your space in The Globe and your editor does not wish to take up with things that do not interest you, but if you want to know more that is going on out in the country, more about Bounce and her family, something about your editor's hens and so on, just say so, for he tries please you and above all to HELP YOU.

Oh yes. Someone asked what became of little Joe who came out here in the country last year. He is well and happy. More about him later...

**Thursday, April 29, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

During the eight weeks we have been having puzzles and running club news like we are now, there have been but three cases of sickness reported. This leads your editor to think that members of the Bedtime Stories Club are a very healthy lot as a whole and the reason is we are all fond of animals and we are busy!

We are too busy to be sick.

Nervousness, headaches, and the modern ailments or sicknesses are unknown among wild animals. What would you think of Willie Elephant saying to his mother Mama, "I can't go to school to-day. I have such a headache."

It makes you laugh to think of it and yet there are boys and girls who say this very thing to their mothers and no one thinks it is funny.

There are some boys and girls who are proud of being "not strong" and who "have to be so careful."

Just imagine Billie Bear saying to his mother: "You know that I am not very strong, mother, and I do think I can go so far after something to eat."

Do you think Mrs. Bear would let her angel child talk like that very long? She would box his ears just to show him that she loved him.

We are keeping near Mother Nature and she helps us over the rough places and when we feel as though we were going to be tired, we think about the woods and trees and the children running along the mossy bank of the little brook—then we are better.

It is good to make others laugh, and when you want to cry, just cry, for that will wash your eyes so that you can see the flowers of spring-time.

LIVE NEAR NATURE

...

**Friday, April 30, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Here is something new.

How would YOU like to run the Bedtime Stories Club just for a day? The idea was suggested when your editor saw Roger Smith's name in such big type in our news last Tuesday.

The best "story" we receive will be printed in The Globe on next Wednesday, May 5.

By "story" I do not mean something you make up, but in The Globe office and all other newspaper offices a "story" is what you send in, whether it be for the Bedtime

Stories Club or a big fire on Broadway.

Here is the way to begin. Put in the upper left hand corner the word, "Wednesday." This shows that your "story" is to appear on Wednesday. Then put your heading and name, thus

### THE BEDTIME STORIES CLUB

Conducted for to-day by....

Now for the start. That's the main thing, for our members are apt to skip what you say unless you start off with something interesting. Suppose you try to arouse their curiosity as your editor has done to-day. He says "Here is something new" and you have to read it all to find out what is new.

We have a very deep suspicion that some of you want to become writers and we want to help you, so here are some rules for writing (1) Attract attention (2) Make a statement. (3) Give your opinion about the statement. (4) Make the reader do something.

Let us start off on a little story just to show you how the editor would like to see a story start off.

"A little fly was sitting one day on top of the Woolworth Building looking for a happy child."

Now, go on with the "story" and when you have finished, ask the questions as usual and leave the numbers blank. ...your editor hopes with all his heart that you will all try your hand at his, for it will show you a great many things about writing which you do not now know.

At the end, do not try too hard to make the reader do something, for if you merely make him smile, that is enough....

**Tuesday, May 4, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

### TALKS ABOUT ANIMALS

Did you know that monkeys have callings cards? Well they haven't, but when they go calling or anyone calls upon them, the polite method of announcing their presence is by dropping a twig on the caller instead of handing out a calling card.

If no attention is paid to the twig that is dropped, another comes down and another until Mister Monkey lets his visitor know that he is around. The next thing is to let him know that his presence is not desirable and the he goes away the better for all concerned.

Monkeys belong to what we call the "four-handed animals" and apes, baboons and monkeys are all in one class and should not be mixed with their relations popularly called "rats," "cats" and "dogs," which do not have a man-like appearance.

As the jay bird is the mischief maker of the forest, so the monkey is the mischief maker of the animal kingdom, and wherever he finds home with his human friends, his presence is always a source of anxiety as to what Mister Monkey will do next.

While we speak of a monkey's hand, we really mean a "paw" for man is the only earthly being that possesses [...] hands and feet. We should remember that while the strength of some of the four-handed animals is great, yet our strength lies in our mind or intellect and not in mere brute power of bone and muscle.

We will print from time to time funny stories about the doings of monkeys and if you have any stories about our mischievous friends, send them on....

**Wednesday, May 5, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

I am a little wood violet. All my life I have spent in a nice, shady place with my sisters and brothers.

One sun-shiny day there were two boys who came to play in the woods and I heard one say: "Oh, look, there is a pretty violet! Don't you think mamma would be pleased with it?"

I was so frightened I thought I would die. Then the little boy dug me up, roots and all. I hung my little, head and felt very badly at leaving my brothers and sisters, but the little boy carried me gently to my new home and planted me in nice, soft earth. Then he gave me a drink and I raised my head and looked about me. I saw my next door neighbors were a lot of pansies. They were talking about me and said I was very beautiful. We got acquainted at once and now from our window box we chatter all day long and enjoy the sunshine together....

**Thursday, May 6, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

We are glad to see so many of our readers are interested in writing stories for nothing helps to develop your mind more than putting your thoughts on paper. Did you know that no matter what you think, it will amount to nothing unless you do something with it?

There may be some who read this who have made up their minds time and again to join the Bedtime Stories Club, yet they have not done it and the result is, they have to think about it, after the first time, is just that much thought wasted. Now, when you wish to join you sit down and put your thought on paper. That makes a lot of people busy—

No, we are not going to tell you to "get busy" but you must write that yourself. We want to develop your imagination. Do you know what an IMAGE is? Do you know what IMAGINATION is?

Suppose you write a letter to the editor, put a stamp on it and drop it in the letter box nearest your house. What happens to that letter? Suppose in the letter you ask to become a member of the Bedtime Stories Club? How many people in the Globe office

do you suppose you start to work answering that letter of yours.

When you write a story or a letter it shows just how clearly YOU are thinking. You cannot write very well about something of which you know nothing unless you use your imagination, then you must make it clear to your reader that you are just “making it up...”

**Friday, May 7, 1915.**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor realizes that he must give you more time on stories. By the way, how did you like the story which was in last Wednesday? It was by [...]

Oh dear. We have run out of buttons, and you who are waiting must be patient.

The poster stamps are [...] and will be ready for you in a few days.

Wasn't Mr. Burgess surprised when he received your letters of congratulation? He has written us the following letter which we hope you will surely cut out and put in your “Memory Book.”

[microfilm partially illegible]

Bedtime Story Editor—Would you please thank for me all those [...] people who sent the cards [...] It is wonderful in this work to hear directly from [...] little readers, and I hope that each one who writes will feel that he or she has done something which gives them a share in the writing of future stories. With all my heart, I thank them. Please say so to them.

Yours most sincerely,

Thornton W. Burgess

While we are in the thanking business, let your editor send his thanks to the many school teachers who have sent in the names of their pupils as members of the Bedtime Stories Club.

**Monday, May 10, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

**TALKS WITH MEMBERS**

Are we not having a good time? Here it is the tenth week and it seems only yesterday when your editor began asking you questions and making up puzzles...

Your letters are a great help too. [...] writes from Westerly, R.I. to say “I guess the animals know that I belong to the Bedtime Stories Club for a lovely big collie dog follows me home every day.”

Do you know, we believe that there are lots of grown-ups who read this column. Your editor has seen some of them and he has caught two or three men at it and they really blushed when he asked them what they were doing. We think grown-ups are just children at heart and only their bodies get bigger. What do you think about it?

Wait a minute! Here comes Bounce and she wishes to thank all the members for



helping to name her kittens. Yesterday we took the kittens out under the cherry tree and Bounce was so nervous about them that we had to bring them in again.

Oh yes! Tell Daddy to tie a string around his finger so that he will not forget to bring The Globe to you tomorrow, for we are going to try SOMETHING NEW.

**Tuesday, May 11, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Very special!

The stamps have just come from the Printer Man and they are beauties—by far the best work of Harrison Cady we have seen. The Quaddies are there in their natural colors. Peter Rabbit, with his big “floppers” Sammy Jay, Blackie the Crow, Hooty the Owl, Reddy Fox well, all are there— twelve of them in all.

**THE STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM**

By Estelle Zappas

In a dark wood there lived among ferns a little Strawberry Blossom. The big ferns used to talk and say, “Little Strawberry Blossom will never be pretty.” But this is what happened:

One day a little boy picked some of the ferns, and a little Sunbeam stole in and alighted on little Strawberry Blossom and made it strong.

In the night, when the moonbeams were shining, a glowworm was passing along. Little Strawberry Blossom called him and said, “What do you think: I have a nice little playfellow, he is a Sunbeam.”

“Why, that is a surprise,” said the Glowworm, and passed on.

Every day the little Sunbeam came, and came, till little Strawberry Blossom grew up big and strong Little Strawberry Blossom grew, and grew, and to the surprise of all her friends she bore a crimson berry on one of her stems.

So this is how little Strawberry Blossom got ahead.

**Tuesday, May 11, 1915**  
**Ad for poster stamps**

Boys and Girls! Here’s Good News. The Globe Has Just Issued the First Set of a Series of Poster Stamps on the Quaddies in Bedtime Stories By Thornton W. Burgess. 12 Poster Stamps in Beautiful Natural Colors (Reproduced From Harrison Cady’s Original and Clever Drawing)

The Set 5 Cents

It Is a Fascinating and Popular Craze to Collect Poster Stamps—Your Set Will Not Be Complete Without The Quaddies—

Get Them Today

On Sale at Any of the Following Stores:

**Wednesday, May 12, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...We want you to help us get 50,000 members by July 4th, and if each of our 23,000 members does his or her part it will be easy...

**Thursday, May 13, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Have you a "Memory Book"? You will remember when we started your editor suggester that we all keep a memory book in which we kept the things we wanted to remember. Some of the things we printed in the column were intended for [...] a book....

If you have been keeping a memory book you will look in it ten, twenty, or thirty years from now and see that the fleet was anchored in North River and perhaps you will take your child on your lap and say: "I remember in May, 1915, the fleet of battle ships was anchored near our house and my father took me to see them."

What a wonderful thing memory is!

Your editor was born among the battle fields of the south and he remembers as a boy going out after a hard rain and picking up bullets with which to make toy lead cannon.

Remember those who are kind to you and forget those who are unkind, for they really do not mean it. No one can be unkind to a child, they are thoughtless, we should pity them. Besides our members are always smiling, and it is hard to be unkind to one who is smiling.

Treasure your memories!

Tell Daddy tonight to tell you a little about when he was a boy. It will please him....

**Friday, May 14, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

We wish very much all our members who have had amusing experiences with animals since they joined our club would write us about them. You have heard of Bounce and her kitten, and now another thing has happened which we must tell you about. Your editor set a hen nearly three weeks ago, and the other day he went down to see how she was getting along. What do you think he found?

Well, a strange cat had come and made a home in the nest with the hen, and not only that, but she had two kittens, and one of them was carefully tucked under the hen's wing.

Some of the neighbors say that such a thing could never have happened to any one except the Bedtime Stories editor.

Have you ever noticed the peaceful expression on a cat's face? How placid and tranquil it is compared with a dog's? Cats are very intelligent, and many instances are

recorded where they have tried to tell their masters of fires and other disasters. Some people even go so far as to say that cats communicate with one another.

Cats have remarkable control over their bodies and when they meet their enemy the dog they arch their backs in a very amusing way. It is this remarkable control which enables a cat to light on her feet when she is thrown in the air.

Did you ever notice how very, very particular a cat is about her paws? She hates to get them wet and should anything stick to one of her paws, it is a terrible calamity.

Your editor knows of a very remarkable cat which can pick a card from a deck and here is how it is done. Try it.

Take a pack of cards and from them select one and rub catnip on it. Then tell your friends that your cat will pick out the card you mention from the pack and of course she will pull out the one on which the catnip has been rubbed when the cards are thrown on the floor....

### **Monday, May 17, 1915** **Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor often wonders what you think about just before you go to sleep. He wonders if you have ever thought that the stories which run in evening papers all over the country were originally intended to give children happy thoughts before they went to sleep?

If you go to sleep where do you go? To the Land of Nod or the Land of Dreams. Let it go at that. Have you ever noticed some one sitting in a chair going to sleep? Suppose it is Daddy. His head begins to nod and finally he pulls it up with a jerk, for the sounds around have awakened his brain.

When we go to sleep our brain takes away the power of some of our muscles and that part of the body ruled by those muscles loses connection with the brain and becomes dead. So Daddy's head, not held up by muscles, drops down gradually until he wakes up.

The heart and lungs keep up their work or we would not live.

How wonderful our dreams are!

We go sailing all over the world, dream of people we have never seen. We laugh, we cry, and sometimes we drop down and wake up.

It is a beautiful thought to send out messages as we go to sleep and your editor wonders how many of you say "Good night" to our members as we all set sail for the Land of Nod. Of course you can't say it to each and every one of our members and you cannot say it to our animal friends: but you can say it to the most important member of the club, yourself. Just say "Good night fellow members. May we have 50,000 members by July 4."

If some of you will do this, your editor will tell you of a new idea he has which will please you very much. If you happen to stay awake some night just make up a

story for our club. Tell us what you think Santa Claus is doing in the merry month of May.

Once there was a little boy and he thought there was a feather band in his pillow and when he could not sleep he used to listen to the music of the feather band and it made him go to sleep. Good night fellow members. May we have 50,000 members by July 4.

**Tuesday, May 18, 1915**  
**Ad: Bedtime Story Week at Best & Co.**

Caw, caw, caw—which in the language of Blackie, the Crow, means “How very beautiful.” So shall you say when you see the set of attractive pictures of the quaddies in poster stamp style which are now being sold at Best’s at 5c for a set of twelve.

Blackie, the Crow, just as you see him the above picture, Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Old Mr. Toad, Buster Bear, Hootie the Owl,—in fact many of your little woodland friends that you read about in the Globe every night, are very cleverly portrayed.

This is the first set of the bedtime series and you should buy it today. Best’s, for many, many years, have been headquarters for everything that is worth while for little folks. Perhaps mother will take you there this afternoon if you ask her. You know—the Liliputian Bazaar at 35th Street and Fifth Avenue.

**Tuesday, May 18, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Oh dear! Here your editor has been thinking that we had the largest club of the kind in the world and now he hears that there is one in Kansas City which is larger.

We must work all the harder now. We will write and see how many members the club we are speaking of has and we must have more members than they have. New York comes first, by all means.

Are we doing enough for our members?...

**Wednesday, May 19, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

We should have colors for our club. Do you not think so?...

By the way, why not color Peter Rabbit and then compare it with one of the Peter Rabbit stamps or send your painting to us and we will tell you how we like it....

**Thursday, May 20, 1915**  
**The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

Be good to your hands...

**Friday, May 21, 1915**  
**The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

Do you like to read?...

We are surprised that we never heard more about wireless...

**Monday, May 24, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

How many of our members saw the beautiful ring round the sun last Thursday? There is one thing we must all do, and that is to watch Mother Nature and phenomena....

**Wednesday, May 26, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

We hear a lot this week about TEETH...

**Thursday, May 27, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Habit!

If your editor can impress upon you the importance of Habit he will think his task is well done...

**Friday, May 28, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Frank Blanchard, who is the editor of the Editor and Publisher, asked your editor yesterday where he got his ideas from and your editor said "From Mother Nature." Mr. Blanchard, being grown up did not quite understand, as he is not a member of the Bedtime Stories Club. Then your editor also told him that he got many many ideas from the letters he receives...

**Saturday, May 29, 1915**  
**Tuesday, June 1, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

We get many letters from grown-ups. Here is one from Goodwin Lee, who runs "The Fire Engineer" at 1 Broadway. "I believe I enjoy those "Bedtime Stories" as much as any other child in the country. More power to your elbow."

Thanks, Mr. Lee, you just watch this column and you will see the power in the editor's elbow before the week is over. Don't tell our members but there is a big surprise coming.

**Wednesday, June 2, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Oh dear! It isn't all roses being the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club. Ella Isler is as she says, very angry, because we did not use her name when we used her question...

**Thursday, June 3, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Don't you think it is far more interesting to tell you of a man who bit a dog and then ran up Broadway than to tell you of a dog which bit a man and then ran up Broadway....

Use your imagination....

Many of you have written beautifully of Louisa May Alcott, who brought the world to her door...What do you think her first poem was? If she had known of our club, it would have been for us, we think. We quote it and hope it will find a place in your memory book.

#### ADDRESS TO A ROBIN

Welcome, welcome, little stranger  
Fear no harm, and fear no danger  
We are glad to see you here  
For you sing sweet spring is near  
Now the snow is nearly gone  
Now the grass is coming on  
The trees are green, the sky is blue  
And we are glad to welcome you.

Always in writing have a purpose. The purpose of our club is to ask our members to love and protect dumb animals and the purpose of our little daily talks is to MAKE OUR MEMBERS THINK RIGHTLY. That is why your editor is always urging you to write letters to him...it makes you think clearer to put your thoughts on paper...

#### **Friday, June 4, 1915** **The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

You know that for a long time we have been trying to get our members together, and we told you of two Broadway theatres which are giving children's entertainment.

Tomorrow the Strand Theatre, Forty-seventh street and Broadway, will give a real live children's entertainment.

J. Victor Wilson has promised to do something very special for our members. He tells your editor that if you will wear your Peter Rabbit buttons he will give each member the first set of Bedtime Stories Picture Poster Stamps.

Your editor has tried for a long time to get entertainment for children in various theatres and he thanks the Strand for its good beginning tomorrow.

Wear your button so you will know your fellow members and be sure to ask for Bedtime Stories Picture Poster Stamps.

More surprises are in store for our members.

#### **Monday, June 7, 1915** **The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Dear Members, Your editor takes pleasure in introducing you to our first FUNNY STORY DAY..

**Wednesday, June 8, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

In few days boys and girls all over the world will be having commencement...

**Monday, June 13, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

**JUST A WORD**

Sometimes you find our news on the inside of The Globe. Do not worry for some day we are going to have more space for our club. It took us fourteen weeks to get our new quarters and we hope some day to get half a page once a week for our nice letters and stories...

**Tuesday, June 14, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

**WORKING TOGETHER!**

Some time ago your editor went to pay a call on the editor of The Globe and told him how nicely we were getting along—that we got 313 new members in one day and over 1,000 letters in one week. “You ought to get 3,000 members in one week,” replied the editor. So your editor, remembering that we never get discouraged, had some blanks printed so that thirty-three children may sing the pledge at once. We have sent these to our members who ask for them and to the principal of every school in Manhattan.

By the end of this week we hope to lay 100 of these sheets on The Globe editor’s desk and then he may be willing to give us more space for our club....

**Wednesday, June 15, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Listen, dear members. When you are writing a story see that it has a point...

**Thursday, June 16, 1915**  
**The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

We want to thank some of our members for sending us pictures for our new office. Most of them are of our old friend Peter Rabbit.

PETER RABBIT,

By Kenneth Earl Mix

Peter Rabbit had been told by his mother to be careful when he went for some cabbage and juicy lettuce leaves which his cousin was to give him to watch out for Reddy Fox who loves tender bunnies, but, being heedless, off he ran laughing.

Now Reddy saw all this and said, “I have rabbit for dinner.”



Just as Peter was crossing a bridge Reddy caught him and hurried him to his den. Peter screamed, but no one heard him and Reddy just howled with laughter.

But far away a hound heard Reddy. He hated foxes and bayed with joy. As soon as Reddy heard him he let go of Peter and started home. As soon as Peter was free, off to his hole in the oak tree he went, a very frightened Bunny.

But after that he always did as he was told.

We know that Kenneth has done the best he could and yet we think he could make the first sentence clearer. Will some of our members write this story over for Kenneth and let him see which sentences should be clearer....

**Friday, June 17, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

There are so many grown-ups who read this column that we think they ought to have a story to themselves, so if you please, write a BEDTIME STORY FOR GROWN-UPS, and we will have lots of fun.

Our club is only for children and it is really amusing how many grown-ups want to write letters to us and show their interest. We are glad to have them...

**Tuesday, June 21, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor has tried from time to time to give you a sentence or word which you might put on your looking glass or in your memory book. He has had our good friends, the printers, put these words and sentences in heavy type so that they may be remembered. Here are three words we hope you will treasure:

Never Give Up....

**Wednesday, June 22, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Gunda is dead.

We are wondering what kind of a place elephant heaven is.

Your editor thinks it is a beautiful place, much larger than Central Park, and that it is filled with children and bags of peanuts. We Imagine that all day long Gunda is now carrying children about on his back and that when bedtime comes he lies down under the sugar plum tree beside the Lolly Pop river while the good dream fairies fan him to sleep.

What do YOU think?

Perhaps now that he is in elephant heaven, there is a Mrs. Gunda to lie down beside him and he will not be lonesome, like he was in the Bronx Park Zoo.

It is hard to believe that any one or anything which is fond of children could be

“bad” and yet they did call Gunda a “bad elephant.”

But there was a time when the children rode upon his back and fed him peanuts and they tell of how a little old lady from Peabody Home, near by, used to whisper in his ear while he hung his trunk lovingly around her neck. It was Gunda who received pennies from the crowd round the elephant house and rang them up as he deposited them in a little cash box over his head!

And now dear members, we would like to know what you think elephant heaven is like. We are only an editor, after all, and perhaps we are wrong and our description of elephant heaven is incorrect.

However, Gunda is dead.

**Tuesday, June 27, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

OUR POSTOFFICE

Mr. Free, our cashier, wishes us to thank Margaret G. and Harold A. Swann for the \$2 they sent to The Globe's trachoma fund....

May we call for volunteers to distribute some flowers for us?...

**Wednesday, June 28, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Dear Members –

There is an end to everything. The day begins and ends. A war begins and ends and we have begun asking for new members and now we are going to stop.

We thank you for helping us get members. You may rest from your labors, for we have all the members we can serve faithfully at present.

We asked if members would be willing to pay for the pins they lost and many, many would, but some cannot. The pins have been given freely by The Globe and they have been freely lost. We do not say that we will not enlarge our membership later, but to those who have their pins now, this minute, we have this to say:

Your editor resents on your behalf the letters which have been sent in by unthinking parents demanding that we send their children pins or showing peevishness because there has been delay in sending them. Your editor would gladly hire a fleet of stenographers and 400 office boys to do the work which is now faithfully done by Miss Wesson and the boys at The Globe office, but unfortunately, or fortunately, the editor of The Bedtime Stories Club does not own The Globe.

He wishes, however, to impress upon parents who have children too lazy to write for themselves that he is not a thin-skinned individual who weighs sixty-five pounds and is afraid to say what he thinks because he is the children's editor.

Listen It takes more courage to be a children's editor than it does to run the police force of New York City or shoot people in Europe. Because everybody regards a

children's editor as an easy mark. This is shown by the letters we get from grownups.

So, now, dear members, let us make it hard to be a member of The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club. Heretofore it has been easy. Your editor cannot do all this alone and so he will tell you from time to time who his helpers are. This is your club and we most respectfully say to those who have in the past or try in the future to say what we shall do or what we shall not do:

HANDS OFF!

**Monday, July 1, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

We know that lots and lots of men read this column, and we want to ask if one of them will not send \$100 to the Globe's Trachoma Fund as coming from the Bedtime Stories Club....

Mr. Tibbs has been puzzling his head to find something for our members to do during vacation...

**Tuesday, July 2, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Dear Editor—

Do you think the Sunshine Biscuit Company would make some biscuits shaped like Peter Rabbit, Hooty the Owl, Winsome Blue Bird, etc.? Sister and I would like to have some made from whole wheat.—Charles N. Cantrell, St. Albans.

We are glad to print this letter and will say to the biscuit company with such a beautiful name that there is not enough money in New York City to buy mention in this column, for editors know nothing about money: but if the Sunshine people wish to take this up they should write to Mr. Tibbs care of The Globe. He has been appointed by the Bedtime Stories Club to worry about money matters, and that we think the club should be paid something for the use of these names. We have stopped doing something for nothing—we no longer give away our pins and certificates, even.

What do you, dear members, think about it?

We want volunteers and ask that those of you who would like to make up the questions for two weeks write to us.

Wear your pin when you can so that your parents will say, "HOW DIFFERENT OUR CHILD IS SINCE THE BEDTIME PIN CAME!"

We want you to BE DIFFERENT. We want people to point you out because of your smile and the great love that is within your hearts.

**Saturday, July 3, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Just Ourselves

**GROWN UPS MUST NOT READ WHAT FOLLOWS!**

We have not our 50,000 but we have a much better club than when we started for we are now on the right track—we are **DOING SOMETHING**. This means **REAL SERVICE**. Your editor wants you to be more helpful to yourselves and your parents and your club in the future.

**Tuesday, July 6, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Dear Samuel. You have written to the editor, as you say, to pour out your troubles and we hope we may be a patient listener...

Now, girls and boys, seeing that our club has grown to be a very great organization, not quite 50,000 as we hoped by July 4, but very nearly 40,000 (and growing rapidly), we will remind ourselves what this club is all about. Let us recall what we promised when we sent for our membership buttons. We promised to be kind to all dumb animals. Now, that's a very important promise. For good little boys and girls are always kind little boys or girls, and so from now on suppose we get together and study natural history.

We will ask and answer questions. Most of the animals we shall talk about may be seen and enjoyed in either one of our zoological gardens in Greater New York, and your editor has no doubt that if you are unable to get any information direct from your animals friends that the kindly keepers will only be too glad to help you...

Questions (1) What are the several kinds of squirrels that inhabit North America? (2) What do squirrels live upon mostly? (3) In what country are the handsomest squirrels found? (4) How many different kinds of squirrels live in the United States?

We suggest that you keep these questions and answers in a scrap book, for they will be very valuable to refer to later on, and will help you keep posted on the habits and doings of your four-legged friends.

**Wednesday, July 7, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories**

We must not be disappointed or discouraged because we did not get 50,000 members by July first. We may settle down comfortably now and take things easy, for we have plenty to do.

Last week we suggested that perhaps we might be able to find something interesting and profitable to occupy the time of boys and girls who felt they would like to make a little pocket money.

What we have in mind is closely connected with Bedtime Stories and club work, so those of you who are big enough to know a little about dollars and cents and

percentage may write to your Summer Editor, because by the time you read this your editor will be off for a vacation...

Questions (1) Why do they call Peter Rabbit a rodent? (2) Where did the first Peter Rabbit originally come from? (3) What is the correct name for a Jack rabbit? (4) Why is a rabbit gray in the summer time and white in the winter?

**Monday, July 12, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Your Summer Editor would like to get the opinion of our members as to our new plans for studying Natural History. You will agree with him that one cannot know too much about the dumb creatures we have promised to love and protect; and from now on, every day, we shall ask at least four questions referring to them, and we hope that every member will do his or her best to answer these questions. If any member has any questions to ask us about animals, we shall be pleased to answer them as promptly as possible...

Most of our members will have lots of opportunity during vacation time to study nature and her animal tribe. So, wouldn't it be a fine idea if each of us would write a letter about some little animal or other with whom they made friends during the holidays? \

Daniel Shine says he has a whole room for his club, and he has named it the Peter Rabbit Branch of the Bedtime Stories Club. Good luck to you, Daniel! We surely will be getting lots of names from you in the near future. Daniel asks us what we think of having branch post offices. We might arrange later to establish such places, and we might elect officers of these branches, the ranks of which could be graded according to the number of new members each officer brought in during a given time. We should like to hear more about this from other members.

... All those members who would like to make a little pocket money during vacation time may write us for full particulars.

Please answer these six questions, which are the fifth series in our new summer Natural History study: (1) How can you tell foxes from wolves and dogs? (2) When does the fox hunt for his wood? (3) What else do foxes eat besides rat? (4) How many kinds of foxes are there? (5) Of what country is the silver fox a native? (6) Which of the fox tribe can climb trees?

**Tuesday, July 13, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

After all, this club was organized chiefly to form an army of special friends to protect those dumb animals that look for our help and love. And we, as members of this now well-organized association of nearly 40,000 girls and boys should feel proud of the care entrusted to us.

We are very glad indeed to know all our members are deeply interested in animals

and love them, [...] only yesterday we received a letter from William B. Nute, who says that not so very long ago the cutest little dog came to his house and because he was treated kindly, he made up his mind to stay. William calls his Dash, and tells us that whenever this little fellow is hungry he gets up on his hind legs and asks for something to eat, even more politely than many girls and boys do, of course, not our club members.

Edwin Burke says that one time when his father was shooting in the meadows in Jamaica Bay he came across a seagull that had been wounded in the wing. This poor fellow made a terrible fuss when the man picked him up but soon gained confidence as he realized he was in friendly hands. Edwin's father brought him home and that evening the kind physicians performed a very careful operation on Mr. Seagull's wing. A bullet was removed and in two weeks Bobbie (who had in the meantime been christened) was able to get about from fence to fence in the yard. Strange to say, Bobbie has never tried to get away, for like all dumb creatures, has learned to love those who were kind to him.

Here is an interesting letter from Miss Anna Crehore of Metuchen NJ. You will observe she is a true member of our club because she has that loving kindness to all dumb creatures instilled in her little heart.

Dear Editor This I am sure will interest you. To-day I heard some birds making a big fuss and there a bluejay with a young robin in his mouth. I tried to shoo him away and he flew to a small pine tree near his nest. I ran under the tree and scared him by waving my arms, and he dropped the little robin, and then flew around and around, near his nest. I picked up the little bird and my friend, Margaret Ayes, held it.

We got the ladder and put it up against the tree where the bluejay's nest was and then climbed up the tree, and brought the nest down, and what do you suppose was in it? There were three skeletons of little birds which half-filled the nest. When I brought it home, my mother said I may keep it and I did.  
"Yours truly, "ANNA M. CREHORE"

We might expect as much from this garrulous bird, the bluejay, who makes a terrible noise, and like some people in this world is of no use to anybody and is always getting himself into trouble. He has his place, of course, in the universe, whatever that place may be; perhaps it's to make some little boys mind their "p's" and "q's," so that mothers and fathers can point to him as an example of waywardness, noisiness, cruelty, and other things generally to be avoided.

Please answer the following questions in our natural history summer study (1) Of what country is the polar bear a native? (2) On what does the polar bear feed? (3) Compare the head of the polar bear with that of the grizzly bear. (4) Where does the polar bear sleep and how?

Most of our members are saving these questions and answers (which are published on Saturdays) for they will be making a very interesting scrap book later on.

**Wednesday, July 14, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Answer the following questions for our Summer Natural History Study:

(1) Where does the grizzly bear make its home? (2) What is the difference between a cinnamon bear and a grizzly bear? (3) What kind of bears are sometimes found in the Adirondack Mountains? (4) Name some of the things that a black bear likes to eat. (5) What is the favorite food of all bears? (5) Where do bears sleep during the winter time, and how are they able to live without food?

**Thursday, July 15, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Please answer the following questions for our Natural History Study: Where does a possum usually make his nest? How does he swing himself to sleep? In what part of the United States are possum found?

**Friday, July 16, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Of course, we think a whole heap of Peter Rabbit, and our members love him dearly. Jessie Torrance wants to know if a certain maker of very wholesome biscuits intends to make some up in the shape of Peter Rabbit.

Isn't that quite a good idea, then every time we loved Peter good enough to eat, why we could just do it. Why does not Jessie write one of her sweet little letters to the manager of that great beautiful biscuit factor, over the river, and tell him of her clever idea.

Next to Peter Rabbit, who do you like best of all the bedtime folk?

Nearly all our members must now have a set of the Bedtime Poster Stamps, for they have been going very quickly of late; next time you write to your editor be sure and tell him what you think of these stamps and the book of bedtime fables by Thornton W. Burgess.

...

(1) Can a wildcat swim? (2) In what part of United States is the wildcat found? (3) Describe this wildcat (4) Upon what does a wildcat feed? (5) What color is the Texas wildcat? (6) In what part of the United States is the striped wildcat found?

[Daily natural history questions continue for rest of year]

**Monday, July 19, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Splendid! We have added one thousand names to our membership since our Editor went away, which is just a little over a week ago. If we keep this good work up, what a



surprised Editor he is going to be later on!...

**Wednesday, July 21, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

...Bertha Roberts thinks that in order to keep our club exclusive, we should have a club ring. She thinks that if The Globe ordered them in great numbers that even the cost of solid silver rings could be greatly lowered....

...

Dear Editor—I have sadly neglected the Bedtime Stories Club since vacation began.

I wish to tell you of what I did with the poster stamps of the Bedtime Stories Club posters which I bought.

I took a piece of white paper and pasted them on it, and put my friend Peter Rabbit in the very middle of it. Then I framed the paper, and I have it hung up in my room.

Any morning that I wake up and feel very gloomy I just look at the picture and begin to laugh....

**Thursday, July 22, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Here is an interesting vacation letter from two of our members:

North Branch, Sullivan County.

July 15, 1915.

Dear Editor, We are two girls, Helen and Selma. At present, we are in the country enjoying our summer vacation. We often wander in the woods. One day as we were doing this, we found a very large rock. Helen suggested that we build chairs, tables, and stores on it and have it for a playhouse. I agreed, for it was in a lovely, cool, shady place. One day, as we were playing there with our dolls, we spied a cute baby rabbit leaning against a stone wall panting for breath. Helen ran over and found that it was bitten several places by the sharp teeth of some animal and that it was so weak that it could not run. She picked him up and started to go home with it. On the way home we met a farmer whom we knew. We showed the rabbit to him and he said it was half dead. We walked on and all at once the rabbit who had been very quiet all the time, started to struggle and then lay still and was very quiet.

He became stiff and we thought he was dead. When we got home we laid him in a shoe box and went down stairs to tell the other people about him. When we came up, he was still in the same position we left him in and was stiff and cold. Then we knew he was dead. We brought him back to where we found him. We dug a hole in the ground under the shade of a maple tree. Then we wrapped him in a paper, and laid him carefully in the hole

and covered him with soil. Then we picked black eyed susies, daisies and yarrow, and, arranging them carefully in small bouquets, put them in the grave. After we built a framework of stones and pebbles around the grave and left the poor rabbit to rest in peace Sincerely yours, SELMA ZIVIE,  
HELEN ROCHOW.

**Saturday, July 24, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Do you realize, girls and boys, that this is a very large club. Even Madison Square Garden would not begin to hold it if all our members were to assemble together as one day we hope they will.

You will realize, therefore, that such a big organization requires quite a bit of managing. We have some very active members, but the weight of it all falls upon a very few and this is a call for help to some of you clever girls and boys who have lots of good ideas and a considerable knowledge of club business....

So we have decided to appoint an advisory committee...

You should see the letters we are getting about the club rings.

**Monday, July 26, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Our daily mail begins to look something like the mail of a real club....

Very shortly we are to have a special examination, which will be a series of questions on club rules for our members to answer with the object of those who get the highest marks into an advisory committee of the Bedtime Story Club.

...

Wilford Crane, our six-year-old member from Locust Valley, writes us this letter:

Dear Editor: I was one of the first members of the Bedtime Stories Club. I have had a pet dog and his name is Jack. I saw Jack this morning lookin at something. I went to see what it was and found a bird that had fallen out of its nest. I gave it some crumbs and I left it. Soon I went back and the bird was gone, so the mother bird must have taken it away.

Your editor would like to ask Wilford if Jack is above suspicion, or has Wilford trained him not to eat little birds?

**Tuesday, July 27, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

We always knew we had a great deal of talent in our club, but your editor is delighted and surprised at the number of our girls and boys who have shown a keen interest in the new ring that we are going to get out.

We have had a number of very delightful vacation letters, but, dear children, most of them are too long to print. Helen Ecker charmed us with her description of her

vacation on a houseboat. She tells us all about the scenery and the jolly old sun dancing over the river at noon and in the evening nestling behind the mountains quite red in the face and the fish and the blackbirds, the Peter Rabbits and forest friends she describes very prettily, and her faithful collie, whose name for the moment we have forgotten....

Harriet S. Bellin sent us a beautiful little letter expressing sympathy for the poor children who are sick and have to stay in the hot city all summer. She says there are billions of wild flowers where she lives and if some of our members will be kind enough to tell her where to send them it would make her very happy to dispatch a box or so now and then...

**Wednesday, July 28, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor would like to hear from those members who keep scrap books and from all those who are collecting poster stamps...

**Thursday, July 29, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor wonders how many of you could tell him what a myth really is...

Here is a pretty little letter from Evelyn [...]

Dear Editor, I have a canary bird and he is so tame and calls until I let him out of his cage every morning and then he flies on my shoulder or upon the shoulder of whoever is close to him and sings beautifully.

Then he flies onto the breakfast table and helps himself, then he flies to the kitchen for his bath, and plays with me until I put him back into his cage. Is he not [...] to do that?

...

**Monday, August 2, 1915**  
**Little Bedtime Stories Club**

...

These rings will cost us 25 cents each, so those of you who want them will please send the stamps and 2 cents extra for postage to your editor and the ring will go forward in the course of a day or two, when we expect delivery....

**Wednesday, August 4, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

You will be surprised to learn how curious some of our members are to know when we are going to have that meeting of the Bedtime Stories Club. Would it not be a good plan? I would be a big undertaking, but think of the pleasure we would derive by actually meeting one another....Before a meeting of this kind could be brought about we must have our advisory committee...

Donald MacLaughlin says he saw a poor horse shot and hopes he does not have to see such a thing again. We agree with you, Donald. It is a pitiable thing to see any dumb creature in pain, and especially it is heartrending to witness the suffering of a horse, but, doubtless, this horse had been hurt very badly and it was a kindly act to put him out of pain. Any time our club members see anybody being unkind to horses, you are at liberty to write about it to your editor.

**Friday, August 6, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Constance Simpson tells us that she is a member of the Young Defenders, which is a part of the Royal Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She sent us some little leaflets, which are very interesting, especially the one about the horse's prayer, which says, "Feed me, water and care for me and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bend, and stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Always be kind to me, talk to me, pet me sometimes, that I may serve you more gladly and learn to love you."

...

We have already six volunteers for our advisory committee. This is splendid. The first thing you know we will have twenty-five... We cannot complete our arrangements for the coming meeting of the club (which will be one of the biggest surprises you have ever had) until we have appointed our advisory committee.

...

Editor of the Bedtime Stories Club:—When my daddy brought me the Peter Rabbit ring home, I felt as though I was the happiest boy in the world. Peter Rabbit looks so cute sitting on my finger and I will have to keep my hands clean now. I think I deserve the ring as I am very fond of animals, especially cats....

**Saturday, August 7, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Now we are getting down to real business....your editor, with the permission of your parents, will call a committee meeting. Won't that be interesting? He is very anxious to see you, talk with you, and plan for the meeting of this great club, which we are going to try and hold this autumn...

Keep on writing in suggestions about the club meeting—where you think it should be, how we ought to get promises in advance of every member to attend, what we should do, etc.—because your editor is not going to tell you of the surprises he has in store for you until the very last...

Just imagine if 40,000 of us were all to shout at once—what a cheery sound that would be. Your editor wants to get this club working in its full strength like a powerful machine, and every individual member must help. Just think what a power for good we

can make ourselves...

**Monday, August 9, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Our Bedtime Stories Club is going to be more thoroughly organized and governed by a special committee of members. Is not that fine?...Have you ever thought of what we could do if every one of us made up his or her mind to send in two members this week? That would make 120,000 members instead of 40,000. It almost makes one gasp to think about it and all the stamps and things it would take. When such a club as this makes up its mind to do something that will help someone else, to help love and protect little dumb animals, and to give old Dame Nature all the help possible, to further the interests and happiness for all we meet, then perhaps it would even be doing better than getting new members; but there is no reason why WE could not do both....

**Tuesday, August 10, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor was very much embarrassed on Sunday because the boxes for our club rings did not arrive...We have now twenty-two volunteers for our advisory committee....

Your will be anxious to see the new arrival at the Central Park Zoo, for he is no less important a personage than the baby zebra, now only a few hours old...

Your editor would like to hear from all the boy members of this club, who are interested in the Boy Scout movement...

**Wednesday, August 11, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

Your editor has seen the baby zebra at Central Park, and he thinks it is the cutest little creature he ever saw...Your editor also learned many other very interesting things from that kindly and most competent keeper, who is familiarly known to New Yorkers as Bill Synder. He is a good friend of dumb animals and we are going to make him a great friend of yours before very long...

**Saturday, August 14, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Something happened today that made your editor very pleased indeed but we are not going to tell you what that something is until the date of our big club meeting has been decided upon. If you should happen to guess that another surprise and treat has been added to the happenings scheduled for that date you would not be so very far off.

**Monday, August 16, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Thank you very much indeed for responding so liberally to your editor's call for volunteers for our new committees....and very likely the first meeting of the greatest

children's club in the world will be arranged for by the week following. Can you imagine how much space nearly 40,000 boys and girls who are frolicsome and willing to be entertained will require? It seems to your editor that we will have to go to one of the beautiful parks. Now, we did not mean to say anything about it, but this is a hint, and will doubtless help you when you write making suggestions.

**Tuesday, August 17, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Our advisory committee is complete. What do you think of that?...

We shall hold our first committee meeting at The Globe office some day next week, and as this is vacation time your editor would like to know if Friday morning Aug 27 will suit everybody. We will then decide when and where we will hold the great meeting of this tremendous club...

**Wednesday, August 18, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Young ladies and gentlemen of our new advisory committee, your editor salutes you...

Here are the questions for the advisory committee applicants to answer

1. If this club had a general meeting which would be the best way to take a roll call of all members present
2. Where would be the best place to hold a meeting of a club of this size (nearly 40,000 members)?
3. What would be the best attractions to provide for so large a gathering?
4. Should all children be accompanied by the parents or guardian?
5. Would a special magazine for the occasion be appropriate?
6. How would you get this magazine up?
7. Should it be necessary for all members attending this meeting to wear the club colors besides the buttons and rings
8. Who would you suggest to be the principal speaker of the occasion?
9. Should all those members who are boy scouts come in uniform?
10. If held in a park, which one in New York City would be the most desirable?

**Thursday, August 19, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor would like to have opinion about our club starting a pet department? Don't you think it would be a very good idea? We could talk about dogs, cats, birds, rabbits, and all our pets, and we could advise one another as to the best way to take care of them, what is the most suitable food for them, and how to best live up to our promise in becoming members of this club to assist Mother Nature as much as possible....

**Friday, August 20, 1915**  
**The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

We notice that quite a number of those who have volunteered to be members of our new advisory committee have out-of-town addresses...

Freddie Wainwright, one of our Brooklyn members, suggests that when our new pet department is opened it would be a good plan for members to have an exchange bureau for such things as pigeons, chickens, rabbits, etc. He says he has a great many baby rabbits and would be glad to change for some other pet. Now, isn't that a good idea?...

**Saturday, August 21, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Well done, Advisory Committee! Your answers are splendid....

When we open our new pet department, you will be able to ask all sorts of questions about the care of your pets...

**Monday, August 23, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor had to beg the help of several noted animal experts because our members are asking so many questions in their anxiety to look after the welfare of their pets that there is danger of our regular department being severely over-taxed. It only shows just how interested that members are becoming...

Your editor has a confession to make. He is actually counting the days until the meeting of our Advisory committee...

Now, note this very carefully. Very soon we are going to issue a "call to arms" to every member of this great club. The first volley of activity from the entire membership will be a rush of postcards directed to your editor. We shall tell you about this in a few days, but every member who reads this must bear in mind that when the call comes, you are to respond because those who do not respond will not be considered as members any longer....

**Thursday, August 26, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

We are going to start a photograph gallery and your editor would like to have as many photographs of members as he possibly can get....

Will all those members who have pets write and tell your editor about them, and ask any questions they wish?...

**Monday, August 30, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...this meeting was such a grand success....it was really a wonderful meeting, and we are quite sure now that our big meeting will be a great success...



Now listen. The day has been decided upon but we are not going to tell you definitely for a few days, because there are one or two things which have to be settled. But we discussed the meeting at all angles, and besides, we had a very pleasant time. We had some surprises, too. Don't you think it was very nice of Maillard's to send every member of the advisory committee a box of chocolates? Well, that is just what they did. And we are going to send them a note of thanks. We know now that there are lots of grown-ups reading the Bedtime Stories news and interested grown-ups too. Before the meeting of his great club, your editor is going to have three "grown-up days" when he is going to invite letters from grown-ups asking their advice and co-operation if at any time we should ever need it....

**Tuesday, August 31, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Now to tell you more about our meeting on Friday. In the first place it was resolved that every member this club would add to their present obligation of being kind to dumb animals the loving labor of protecting all flowers, plants, trees, and property of the parks, which are kept up by this city and other cities in the United States for the recreation and education of Young America. Now you see, we have a double object to our club, and we know that many of you will be especially interested and your editor would appreciate letters from members with their promises to carry out this new resolve.

The advisory committee discussed such things as a souvenir magazine of the event, entertainment plans, the manner of securing names of all those present, badges for members to wear, invitations to speakers, etc. Bronx Park is the place of meeting decided upon because of its great educational features in the Botanical Gardens and the Zoological Park.

Your editor is going to take up the matter of arranging for members to be excused from school without loss of marks on the afternoon of the meeting for it would be better not to have it on a regular half holiday because there will be quite enough of our own crowd without having any others present on that day.

This is the letter that we sent to Maillard's. Your editor prints it because he thinks you should all know and have a say in our club doings.

Aug. 30, 1915.

Mr. Henry Maillard, 116 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York City:

Dear Sir—On behalf of the advisory committee of the Bedtime Stories Club I desire to thank you for the fifty dainty packages of chocolates so appropriately named "Little but Good." Not only was this appreciated for the acceptable nature of the gift, but for the thoughtfulness expressed by it and the implied sympathy with the great work this club is doing. Very truly yours,

H.S. Tibbs, Bedtime Stories Club Editor.

We are not getting nearly enough questions about the care of pets. You will really

prove to your editor that you are a lover of animals if you write...

**Wednesday, September 1, 1915**  
**The Bedtime Story Club**

Letters are fairly pouring into the Globe office. We have surely aroused the interest of the great majority of this wonderful club of ours...

Photographs are beginning to come in, too...

**Thursday, September 2, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

The "call to arms" will be given on Saturday, just two days off now, and every active member is expected to answer it...your editor appeals to every member to tell all those other members that have joined the club through them, because a member's standing will be gauged by the number of their friend-members who answer...

Next Wednesday...[subcommittee] may call on your editor to discuss the plans for the magazine...By that time we will have dummies made up and we can lay the foundations for the wonderfully interesting contents of his souvenir of the meeting of the greatest children's club in America...

**Friday, September 3, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor had a great treat last night. He went to see "Young America" at the Astor Theatre, and it impressed him very much. The play was suggested by the stories of Pearl Franklin and Mrs. Doray, and it is about a very much neglected boy and a faithful dog named Jasper, whom he loves dearly. This poor little boy, having no parents, had been allowed to run wild and had almost forgotten what kindness meant. Like most boys, he gets into trouble, and, like all boys whose hearts have been hardened by brutal treatment, his ideas of right and wrong became warped. He eventually lands in the Children's Court on his third offense and is about to be sent to the reformatory for a year because his hard-hearted foster mother refuses to be responsible for his actions any more, when sweet little Mrs. Doray, in the kindness of her heart and at the risk of a domestic break in her very new household, makes herself responsible for the boy's behavior and assumes the guardianship of him. You would just love this play.

It is so full of human interest and it all revolves around the theme which is so vitally interesting to this club and its work—the love of a child for an animal. Any boy who is capable of a great love for a dumb animal is never really bad. Perhaps later on in the season we might arrange a matinee party. What do you say to this? This club certainly ought to take "Young America" to itself. Masters Percy Helton and Benny Sweeney, who play the two principal boy parts, would surely be very much interested in this organization of ours.

To-morrow "The Call to Arms" of this club will be issued. The honor roll will be printed and the answers to all questions asked during the week. Don't miss to-morrow's paper unless you want to be a very disappointed member later on, and you will be

doing a kindness to all members in your neighborhood who by chance might not read this to tell them about the “Call to Arms” to-morrow.

The editor is very satisfied at the number in of questions that are coming in about the care of pets. Keep it up. Don’t leave some one else to do the questioning. If your pets are not well, if you think they could be better, if there is anything you want to ask about them, your editor is just waiting to advise you. Then again, don’t forget our exchange column, which is free to the members of the club only. Both the pet department and the Exchange Column will begin in a very short time now. We have received the inquiries and have the answers all ready to print, so we won’t keep you waiting very long.

**Saturday, September 4, 1915**  
**The Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

ATTENTION! Every member of the Bedtime Stories Club, this is your “CALL TO ARMS”—the call that thousands have been waiting and watching for since we first formed our Advisory Committee. Now that you are all at attention, please note carefully what you have to do in order to hold your standing as an active member of our wonderful club. Get a one-cent postcard, address it carefully to the Editor, Bedtime Stories Club, The Globe, 73 Dey Street, New York, and on the other side write these words:

With the consent of my parents, I promise to do my very best to attend the first meeting of my Bedtime Stories Club on Thursday, Sept. 30, 1915, in Bronx Park, at 1.15 P. M.

Then sign your name plainly and underneath it write your address.

Now that is not a very hard thing to do, but it must be done if we are going to make a success of our meeting and your editor will not do things by halves.

Now we will tell you about a few of the things we have planned. All those members who attend school we shall arrange to have excused without loss of marks or standing, for our meeting will be more or less of educational value to every member who attends. All the children will be met at the gates of the Botanical Gardens at the head of the Third Avenue elevated, or at the Botanical Gardens station of the New York Central Railroad. We shall advise you later as to the trains) to take, etc., for this is necessary. As soon as you come to the park gates you will be taken care of by our special guides and committees, and we promise you will have a lovely time, sane and safe, dignified, yet happy. You will hear things and see things that will make your little hearts leap with joy, and what’s more, you will have the unbounded pleasure of seeing and perhaps talking to all those girls and boys that you have been reading about for so long. It will be a short afternoon full of surprises. So come if you are a true Bedtime Story Club member.

Parents are expected to bring our members who are not older than nine years. Nobody else will be admitted to the zoo on that day unless they pay the regular pay day price, so we shall have it practically all to ourselves and we will have nothing else to do but look after one another. There will be motor cars at the service of the little tots; there

will be real Peter Rabbits to greet you; there will be all your animal friends; there will be everybody you could possibly want to meet, omitting no names too important.

Now every member, if there is a chance that any of your friends who are club members will not read *The Globe* for the next two or three days be sure and tell them to do what we have told you to do. All A1 members will write their post cards so that they will reach your editor on Tuesday morning. Some may be unavoidably delayed in answering their call to arms. Those we shall expect to hear from Wednesday or Thursday at the very latest....

### **Monday, September 6, 1915** **Bedtime Stories Club**

This is the second "call to arms." All members who are really interested in the welfare of this club will immediately buy a postcard and address it to the Editor...

This call was made on Saturday, but we are repeating it so as to give some of our members the benefit of the doubt and to save them a great disappointment. Every day we decide upon something new and attractive that we can add to our list of happenings on this eventful day of the club's meeting.

We will have a meeting of our advisory committees on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock at the *Globe* office, 73 Dey street. Will the members of these committees please write your editor that they will attend, for we have all final arrangements to make?

Your editor wants one hundred parents or big sisters and brothers of our club members to volunteer their services to help personally on this eventful day. We are taking every precaution to make our day not only one of great pleasure, but a model of safe organization, and we are asking for your help with this great object in view. All members as they arrive will be separated into companies of one hundred, which will be in charge of a special committee and several volunteers. All children must wear their club buttons and have with them their membership certificates, so those who have lost their certificates must write immediately and get a new one. We are going to print a handsome magazine, which will be edited by the club members, and will be a most beautiful souvenir of this the first occasion of our coming together. As we become more intimately acquainted and look forward to all the possibilities of this club, there is a wonderful light of promise ahead of us. A greater power for good one could scarcely imagine. Remember it is a great work and a work we shall love—living up to our vows to be kind to dumb animals and help nature, for you know by helping nature we are helping one another, because we are all children of nature.

Those who feel like writing on any subject to your editor, be you members or grown-ups, do not hesitate. Do it. Although we have laid our plans well and have omitted nothing to make our meeting a perfect afternoon provided we have nice weather, any good suggestions are always valuable and consequently very acceptable.

Our new Pet Department will open perhaps next week, and all members who have pets should write in and ask questions about the care of them.

The gold club rings are here, and they are very beautiful indeed. After we have

filed the special orders which we have received during the last four weeks we shall have a few of them left, so those desiring them will please send their size and a money order for \$2.25 as well as 2 cents for postage. Silver rings are 25 cents and 2 cents for postage.

**Tuesday, September 7, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

This is the third and last "Call to Arms" to our club members...

Imagine a beautiful afternoon in the early fall such as the 30th doubtless will be, when the autumn flowers are in bloom and the red and golden tints are upon the leaves. Picture the groups of bright boys and girls, the beautiful park echoing with their merry laughter as they greet one another...

**Wednesday, September 8, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Did you answer the Call to Arms? There is still time, because your editor cannot hope to reach so many many little boys and girls in one day...

My! What a tremendous mail comes in every morning. Every member is fairly bursting with curiosity to know what we are going to do at Bronx Park at our monster meeting on Sept. 30.

**Thursday, September 9, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

The Bedtime Stories Club has asked for 100 adults, men and women, to volunteer to assist the management and junior advisory committee in conducting the club's outing on Sept. 30. This will be a work of love and a source of keen enjoyment to those who are fond of children, for there will be hosts of bright faces and choruses of youthful laughter in this assemblage of our club of "Young Americans," for you know this club of ours has many distinguished members among its thousands....

**Friday, September 10, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

We are making splendid headway with our magazine. Soon we shall be able to give you an idea of what it will contain. It has been decided that this magazine, which will be a souvenir of our monster meeting, is to be sold for 10 cents, because we could not get up one that would be suitable for such an important occasion unless we sold it for at least 10 cents.

Your editor is asking for one hundred grown-up volunteers, men or women, to assist him in managing the big meeting on the 30th, and already we have received many letters, but we need a great many more still....

**Saturday, September 11, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Next Tuesday we shall tell you just everything that was decided at the meeting of

the advisory committee on Friday...

Talking about contests, do you know that birds often have song contests among themselves? This is an actual fact. A well known author and authority on birds was sitting one evening on his porch and he had convincing proof that musical or song contests did take place among the birds. Two wood thrushes that had nests near by sat on the top of a dead tree and matched themselves against each other in song for over half an hour contending like champions in a game, and gave the listener the rarest treat in wood thrush melody he had ever heard. They rang and sang with unwearied spirit and persistence, now and then changing position, but keeping within a few feet of each other.

The listener became intensely interested, the twilight deepened and the contest became more intense until there promised to be a great time—then one of the birds could not stand the strain any longer, the limit of fair competition had been reached, as if to say “I will silence you anyhow, he made a spiteful dive at his rival in song and in hot pursuit the two disappeared in the bushes underneath the tree. You see every day we learn something more about our little animals and birds, don’t we? Well, that is what our club is for, and those who would learn still more are at liberty to ask all the questions they like....

### **Monday, September 13, 1915**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Our photograph gallery is assuming splendid proportions and soon we hope it will be sufficiently large to be quite an exhibition...

Your editor asks for contributions to our magazine, so any of you think you are able to write a verse or little story, or an interesting letter, will please do so and send it in....

Your editor has had many requests to continue the Greek stories and this we shall do as soon as our monster meeting is over...

### **Tuesday, September 14, 1915**

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Now, as the time draws closer to our monster meeting in Bronx Park, our members are getting anxious to know as to just where we are going to meet, what trains to take, what if this happens and what if that does not, so your editor takes this opportunity to tell you all to be patient and trust in your advisory committees who have everything under way and are arranging that there shall be no disappointments, everybody will arrive in time. No one will be left behind, and we will all be happy. And, further, you will be told everything in plenty of time, so don’t worry.

...

All those who attend public school will have no difficulty in getting away the day of our meeting, and we shall advise you further on this, especially those who go to high school. Your editor feels sure that your teachers and principals will only be too glad to encourage the meeting of our wonderful club, especially when you tell them what

it means and what it stands for. When you do this very likely they will want to attend themselves.

Boy Scouts! This is a word for you. If you are a part of this organization we have interesting work for you to do. If you are not, then get busy, for your editor is just brimful of ideas that will help along the Boy Scout movement, and we want to have as many Boy Scouts in this wonderful club of ours as possible. We are now making arrangements for a splendid representation at our meeting....

There will be another meeting next Wednesday afternoon, after which we shall tell you more about our magazine. It is going to be a wonder, and every member of this club must promise to buy one at the gate, otherwise we shall be at a loss, and that will never do. Anyway we should not be able to do without one, because it will contain the programme, list of guests and speakers, and what is most important of all, contributions from our members, and the prize-winners in our school letter contest. As soon as you get on the grounds you can buy your magazine and see if you are one of the lucky ones.

Watch for our Pet Column, which will very likely start on next Saturday, and don't forget to keep on asking questions about your animals, because that is what the Pet Column is for.

We are still open for more grown-up volunteers to help us at our monster meeting.

We send a vote of thanks to Mrs. George H. Hassell, 2685 Webster avenue, who was at our committee meeting with her two little daughters, for so kindly donating the sashes that will be worn by the girl members of our advisory committees.

Your editor finds it will be necessary to have cabinet photographs of the members of the advisory committee in order to have them properly reproduced to go in the magazine. So those of you who have not furnished cabinet photographs will please ask your parents if you may do so....

**Wednesday, September 15, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Only fifteen days and this wonderful club of ours will meet in our beautiful Bronx Park. The city fathers have promised us the keys, so we may feel more than welcome and perfectly at home, but let us remember when contemplating the visit to this, one of the most beautiful parks and gardens in our United States, our promise as members of this club to admire, study, and protect, shrubs, flowers and plants of all descriptions, to love and care for animals and to help Mother Nature in every way that is in our power. May we say this over to ourselves many times as we make up our minds to be present on this one great occasion....

Soon you will see big news items in The Globe about the people who are going to talk to us, our patrons and friends who have generously cooperated to make this our first meeting a most wonderful success....

**Thursday, September 16, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**



Busy is not the word for it—rushed, perhaps might express it—but your editor enjoys every bit of it, for are we not arranging for our wonderful and monstrous meeting of this, the biggest children's club in the world?

Above you see the smiling faces of five of our sweet little members, and we have as many times ten thousand more, most of whom you will doubtless see in real life on the 30th.

Your editor desires to thank all those grown-ups who have kindly volunteered to help at our meeting...

Mr. Mitchell, the acting director of the Zoological Society, has promised his kind assistance in every way possible to make our outing a pleasant one, and he will be ably supported by those very gentlemen whose personality and devotion to their work have done so much to make the park the great success it is. Keepers Mr. Englehome of the monkey house, for instance, and Mr. Stacy of the bird house, Mr. Thuman of the elephant house, Mr. Snyder, who has under his charge all the reptiles, and last, but by no means least, our friend Mr. McEnroe, who has charge of all the outdoor cages; these and all the other kindly keepers will help to make our outing most delightful and profitable from the viewpoint of education...

#### **Thursday, September 17, 1915** **Bedtime Stories Club**

All members who have lost their certificates should send immediately for new ones, as it will be necessary to present your certificate at the gate on the day of the meeting...

Today your editor will go all over the grounds of our intended outing at Bronx Park and very soon in these columns you will find a map showing the place we shall meet, and where and when we will go during that afternoon.

All members should read their club news very carefully between now and our meeting.

On Wednesday the co-editors of our magazine met and we decided as to the design for the cover and the style of it in general, and you will surely be delighted with it...

Best & Co., that beautiful shop on Fifth avenue which specializes in apparel and outfits for our boys and girls, have kindly consented to be one of the patrons of our outing, and shortly you will see announcements in another part of the Globe about the interesting things that they are going to help us accomplish.

Another patron will be that splendid Brooklyn shop Frederick Loeser & Co.,...

Another patron of this club's outing is the Riker-Hegeman Company, and when we tell you what they have promised to do you will think them indeed generous...

#### **Saturday, September 18, 1915** **Bedtime Stories Club**

It is not necessary to have your Club Certificate before you enter the School Letter

Contest...

Next week we hope to have a great deal of club news in paper—not only on this page, but on other pages—for important developments will have to be reported in connection with our wonderful meeting and we must send the news broadcast among the grown-ups as well as to ourselves...

### **Our Little Pets.**

#### **Published for the 50,000 members of the Globe Bedtime Stories Club**

Under the auspices of this, the greatest children's club in the world, this column for the welfare of pets has been established. Members of our Bedtime Stories Club and all readers of the Globe are cordially invited to ask questions about the care of pets, whether they be birds, fish, or animals. These questions will be cheerfully answered every Saturday...

Emily Reimer asks how best to take care of a collie three months old. Give him plenty of exercise, fresh air, no meat, and nothing sweet. Put sulphur in a drinking water occasionally. Don't tease him or allow him to become excited.

..

Alexander Layton wants to know the correct food for his turtle. Feed him ant eggs. He is also very fond of chopped worms and house flies.

...

Nathaniel Ginsberg wants to know how to cure a sore on the neck of a cat. We suggest Spratt's Locurium.

[The pet column, and an associated advertising section continued every Saturday for the rest of the year]

### **Monday, September 20, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Every member of the club will please read the call to arms which we print today. It is very important that you all become very active now and tell all your friends about our big meeting. Those who are not members have still time to become members before the meeting. Then they can enjoy our day's outing. There will be room for everybody, and we have made very elaborate preparations

The daylight fireworks will be a joy forever. All the animals of the Bronx Zoo will be fed at different hours especially to suit our programme, so we shall be able to take these interesting events in one by one as we pass through, this beautiful park. We have ordered the official badges for our volunteers and advisory committee members. The patrons of our meeting so far are Best & Co., Riker-Hegeman, and Frederick Loeser & Co.

...

All members who have questions to ask about our meeting will please send them in as soon as possible so that the answers will appear in time.

All Boy Scouts who are members of this club will please attend the meeting in uniform. If you will send your names in now your editor will print them.

We are still asking for more grown-up volunteers to help us manage affairs on the big day, Thursday, Sept. 30. If we should be so unfortunate as to have rainy weather we will have to postpone it for one week. We hardly think that such a misfortune could happen with all the elaborate preparations and with so many people all wishing hard for the day to be fine.

Mr. Thornton Burgess sends his love to you all and hopes that you will each do your individual best to make the meeting the most wonderful thing of its kind that has ever happened. Needless to say your editor does the same.

Wants and exchanges for all club members will be printed free in The Globe, so send them in addressed to this department.

All members desiring our Peter Rabbit sterling silver club ring will please send their size and twenty- seven cents in stamps.

All members who have lost their certificates will please send at once for another one, for you will need your certificates at the gate on the day of our meeting.

All members attending the meeting will write their name and address on a piece of white card about the size of an ordinary post card and as they pass through the gate will drop it in a box which will be there for that purpose.

Mr. Burgess has written a wonderful story for our souvenir magazine of the meeting. This story will not appear anywhere else, and it is really most delightful, and every boy and girl will be charmed with it. What do you suppose it is about? Let's whisper. All the little people of the Green Meadows and Green Forest, the Old Orchard and Smiling Pool have caught the spirit of the Bedtime Stories Club members, and they are going to hold a meeting just like we are. Won't that be fine? Of course, Peter Rabbit planned it, and on that day it did not rain.

Mr. Harrison Cady, whose drawings you see every night in the Bedtime Stories, has made a full page illustration of this wonderful meeting in the forest. You will all want to have it framed, for never were there so many Bedtime Stories creatures all together at one time. Remember this is only a portion of what you may expect in our beautiful souvenir magazine. All members are expected to buy one at the gate for 10 cents. A full programme of the events will be printed in it, and also the names of the prize winners for our school letter contest. See announcement in another part of this paper.

Read your club news very carefully every day between now and the day of our meeting, for it will be full of Instructions and news...

**Tuesday, September 21, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

More good news! Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton will be with us at our meeting. No doubt you all read this announcement in the Globe yesterday. He is going to tell you

one of his wonderful animals stories, in which you will doubtless be delighted.

And who else do you think has given this occasion the honor and prestige it deserves? No less a person than the president of our Board of Education, Mr. Thomas W. Churchill. He says he is thoroughly in sympathy with our movement, and considers it to be of great educational value, and one deserving the interest and patronage of all good citizens...

What a wonderful day we are going to have! Your editor can hardly wait for this party! Inspiring stories, enchanting music, hosts of friends to meet, daylight fireworks, refreshments, and all in such delightful surroundings....

**Wednesday, September 22, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Notice inviting Good Little Boys and Girls

Is it not splendid that we are to have Thomas W. Churchill, president of the Board of Education, with us on the 30th?

We are getting along excellently with our handsome magazine, which is to be a souvenir of our monster meeting. It is no light task, your editor can assure you...

**Thursday, September 23, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Just a week from today—only short days, and then our wonderful meeting in Bronx Park! ...

We still need twenty-five more volunteers, men and women, who will be interested in making this one of the happiest days of our members' lives.

...

In a day or so we shall print a map which will show by arrows the route to be taken in our journey of pleasurable discover. Daylight fireworks will be displayed in the meeting place in the woods, where there will be bands in attendance, and where we shall listen with rapt interest to the animal stories that will be told to us by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton.

**Friday, September 24, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Mark another day off your calendar. Now there are only six days until we all meet at our monstrous gathering in Bronx Park.

Thursday, Sept. 30, will surely be an eventful day, full of joys and surprises for everybody...

Tomorrow we shall publish the map showing the route which we shall take in our voyage of joyful discovery. Cut it out carefully and study it....

**Saturday, September 25, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Not being a regular manager of such monster affairs as the Bedtime Stories meeting, your editor has been almost overwhelmed lately, for you know our club has simply become the talk of the town in the last few days. Everybody is coming forward with suggestions that will make our outing more pleasant and everything seems to be happening all at once; but thanks to our able assistants there is no doubt but what our affair will be carried out with the best of care and will be an unbounded success and a source of great joy to us all.

We have just had a telegram from Mr. Thornton W. Burgess to say he will be with us on that afternoon, and he is coming all the way from Massachusetts. He will probably tell us something that we have not yet about Peter Rabbit Reddy Fox, and of course we are all longing to hear it, because it must be a great secret if we do not already know it, for these two little furry friends have been our study for some time.

We print to-day a map of the Botanical Gardens and Zoological Park, and your editor suggests that you study it very carefully and familiarize yourselves with the route, which is shown by the little black arrows, that we will take next Thursday at Bronx Botanical Gardens and Zoological Park.

When we enter the park, which will be at either the Third avenue elevated entrance or the Botanical Gardens station of the New York Central, we shall wait there until called forward to a certain banner. A banner will head every hundred children and their parents (if they come), and it will be necessary that every one of you make a careful note of the number that is printed in white on the red banner, because when you take your taxicab from the Botanical Gardens to the meeting place in the woods you will have to look for your banner number when you get there and immediately go to it, and there you will find the rest of your party that traveled with you in the Botanical Gardens. The same thing will happen when you leave the meeting place for the Zoological Park. You will leave your banner man behind, and pick him up again just inside the concourse entrance to the Zoological Park. If you get there first you must wait for him. If you make up your minds to do this carefully then everything will be very simple, and you will surely not miss anything. All you have to do is to remember the number on the banner that heads your group when you first form into a company of 100...

**Monday, September 27, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Only two more short days separates us from Thursday, the day we have all been waiting for—the day of our monster meeting in Bronx Park, the day of pleasure and surprises, the day when we are all going to get acquainted. Everything is settled, splendidly ready, and all we will need is good weather and your editor firmly believes the weather man will be kind to us when so many little girls and boys are hoping that way. The big presses are printing with lightning rapidity our beautiful souvenir magazine, and what a splendid magazine it is going to be. You will enjoy every bit of it. All we fear is that there will not be enough to go around. So be sure and buy your magazine at the gate. It will contain among a hundred interesting things, the names of the prize winners in our school contest, and also a coupon for ice cream. It will have a

large map, giving the entire route with the stations to be visited marked plainly...

Please remember that the time you are expected to be at the entrance of the park is 1:15, and your editor is anxious to see how prompt you all are. Don't come too early, and don't come too late. Try to hit the bull's eye.

Be kind and considerate to everybody around you, and remember that you are being observed as a member of the Bedtime Stories Club for the first time by all the other members and so we must all be on our good behaviour—but still this is after all perhaps unnecessary because your editor firmly believes that a better, more sensible, sweeter, and kinder collection of children never lived than those that comprise the membership roll of our dear Bedtime Stories Club.

It is merely a suggestion, but suppose you cut this out and read it over several times; that is, the part where it gives the directions. If you forget them you will find them in the souvenir magazine.

The moving picture men will be on hand to catch all our doings on this great day and later you can see yourselves on the screen in the various New York theatres.

All members desiring extra copies of the souvenir magazine may make reservations by sending to The Globe 10 cents for each copy required, These copies will be mailed to you the day after the meeting.

### **Tuesday, September 28, 1915** **Boy Scouts Aid Bedtime Outing**

Everything in Readiness for Great Assemblage in Bronx Park on Thursday  
Afternoon—Elaborate Programme.

Boy Scouts of America will play a prominent part in the great gathering of The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club, which will be held in Bronx Park on Thursday, as many of the most active members of the Bedtime organization are Scouts. The first general meeting of the mighty Burgess army, which already has more than 50,000 in its ranks, seems certain to be a pronounced success. Thornton W. Burgess, who writes the stories, will be there to talk to his little loyal followers. So will Ernest Thompson Seton, who also writes about animals. President Churchill of the Board of Education has promised to make an address. There will be daylight fireworks, music, refreshments, free taxicabs, and everything that goes to make such an outing a success. No item in the plans has been left unsettled except the weather. But Mr. Scarr, who forecasts the climate for this section, is doing his best to furnish a sunshiny day with just wind enough stirring to make out-door fun comfortable.

Charles Louis Pollard, executive deputy scout commissioner, Manhattan-Bronx Council of the Boy Scouts of America, tells The Globe that now the whole nation is echoing the motto of the Boy Scouts of America: "Be prepared."

"People are, beginning to realize that to be ready for all the emergencies of life is not only sound policy for the boy or man, but for the community," said Mr. Pollard. They are coming to understand that this happy phrase originated with the scouts. Many people, however, are in ignorance of what a scout is taught to know and do.

“The Boy Scouts of America may be distinguished from other boys in uniform by the campaign hats. They do not drill with firearms; instead they receive the training which is given every soldier, but most business men lack. They learn to stand and walk properly, their young muscles are hardened by carefully chosen physical exercise so that at any time they can withstand a long walk or march. Furthermore, every Boy Scout knows what to do in case of sudden illness or accident. He must be able to prepare his own meals and erect his own shelter; he must be able to communicate with others from a distance by means of a signal code.

In the happy phrase of one of the officials connected with the scout movement, it is “Military training with non-military pursuits.” This man pointed out that should our country ever require the services of many volunteers, the men who had received such training as boys would be far better prepared.

Pollard is deeply interested in the Bedtime Stories Club because many Scouts are members of it. Members of the Bedtime Stories Club and of the Scouts have many things in common: Each must protect dumb animals; help nature; see that public park property is not abused, etc. Each aims at the ideals which are outlined in the oath which every Boy Scout takes and which is as follows:

“On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the scout law, to help other people at all times, to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.”

The scout must be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, brave, clean, and reverent. Here is the kernel of the whole scout idea and which henceforth all members of the Bedtime Stories Club must also include in their obligations as members: He must do a good turn every day.

Mr. Pollard, whose office is at 50 Madison avenue, is always ready to meet Bedtime Stories Club boys or other sturdy lads who want to belong to an organization that will help them to make men of themselves.

While the gathering will be held at 1:15 o'clock Thursday afternoon this should not prevent public school scholars from attending. In some cases whole classes will be present, chaperoned by their teachers, who have been quick to realize the educational value of such an event. The interest which is being taken in the affair by the head of the Board of Education should be a sufficient guarantee that absence from school in the afternoon for such a purpose, particularly when the parents' consent has been obtained, will not be looked upon unfavorably by the school authorities.

**Tuesday, September 28, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

At last our monster meeting is only a day off. Let us all hope the weather will be fine. Remember the time, 1:15. Try not to be too early or too late.

You may arrive at either the Third avenue elevated entrance to the Botanical Gardens or the Botanical Gardens station of the New York Central Railroad.

Those members who come by subway should change at 149th street and Third



avenue to the elevated, which will bring them within a half block of the Third avenue elevated entrance to the Botanical Gardens.

Remember it takes from an hour to an hour and fifteen minutes from Brooklyn Bridge, fifty to fifty-five minutes from Grand Central, and in the neighborhood of thirty-five to forty minutes from Ninety-sixth street.

When you arrive you will see a group of people between the two entrances—these will be the volunteers, and your editor will be there also. Then you will probably see a great number of Boy Scouts, and you will also see from sixty to one hundred people with banners—red banners with white numbers on them. These will be your banners. The children will be divided into groups of one hundred, with their parents or friends. Heading these groups will be one banner bearer, two Boy Scouts, volunteers, and a member of the advisory committee. All members must procure and remember the number of the banner, for that is the number of their company. If you have occasion to become separated from your banner, which may happen when you are taken by taxicab from the botanical gardens to the meeting place, then you must watch for your banner when you get there. If your number, for instance, was 25, you will, upon arriving at the meeting place, go to number 25 banner, and there you will find the rest of your party. The same thing applies again when you are moved by taxicab from the meeting place to the Concourse entrance of the Zoological Park. This will be at 3 o'clock.

The programme may be briefly outlined as follows: Arrive Botanical Gardens 1:15—leave Botanical Gardens for meeting place, 2 o'clock s—leave meeting place for Zoological Park, 3 o'clock. Demonstration Zoological Park until 4:30. Awarding of prizes, last item on the programme.

### **Wednesday, September 29, 1915** **The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Yes, indeed, all the Boy Scouts that can possibly get there will be at our monster meeting in Bronx Park tomorrow, and in full regalia, too. Charles Louis Pollard, executive deputy scout commissioner, has issued a call to arms for those members who can conveniently make arrangements to be present. You can readily understand that it would not be wise to make it an official holiday, because all the school children in New York do not belong to the Bedtime Stories Club. You will also understand that if an official holiday was made for The Globe the Board of Education would feel as if it would have to make it for anybody who came along and asked for it with a fair reason. But in this instance all the city fathers are keenly interested in the Bedtime Stories Club and in making this meeting a wonderful success.

In some cases whole classes are going to be present, chaperoned by their teachers, because most of the teachers have immediately seen the educational value of this event, as has the president of the Board of Education and our mayor, and this interest should be sufficient guarantee that the absence from school for all Bedtime Stories Club members tomorrow afternoon for such purpose, particularly when the parents have all given their consent, will not be looked upon in any other way than with favor by the school authorities. So your editor says to you, "Come children, and let us enjoy ourselves and learn all we can about mother nature and all her charges." Our friends,

the animals, will be there waiting for us, and surely you are not going to disappoint them. The park is going to look very beautiful, for recent chilly days will hurry the autumn tints.

Remember, the time to arrive is 1.15, and the place the Botanical Gardens, Bronx, and that it takes about an hour to an hour and fifteen minutes from Brooklyn Bridge, fifty to fifty-five minutes from Grand Central and about thirty-five to forty minutes from Ninety-sixth street. The only two entrances that will be used by the club will be the Third avenue elevated entrance and the Botanical Gardens station of the New York Central. Of course, the trains come from the north as well as from the south to the New York Central station. Your editor believes that most of our members will arrive at the Third avenue gate, which is very close to the New York Central station, so that it will make no difference.

Every member is expected to buy the Bedtime Stories Club souvenir magazine of this event for 10 cents at the entrance gate. This magazine will contain a list of the prize winners in the school contest, ice cream coupon, map of the grounds and full directions and programme and some wonderful stories by such of your favorite authors as Thornton W. Burgess, who writes the Bedtime Stories, Ernest Thompson Seton, who is coming all the way from his home in Connecticut to tell you a story about animals, and your editor also will have a few words to say, besides hosts of others and a great many of our own club members. All those who want extra copies of the magazine will please write the editor and inclose 10 cents for each extra copy ordered. These extra copies will be mailed out the day after the meeting. Be sure and have your 10 cents ready to buy your programme as you come in. There will be no other necessary expense for the whole of our outing.

The advisory committee will please be present at the Botanical Gardens entrance of the Third Avenue Elevated inside the grounds at 1 o'clock, and all grownups who have, volunteered to help us on that afternoon will please be present also at the same place at the same time. Boy Scouts will also assemble here at 1 o'clock. All the other members will come at 1.15. Your editor will be present at 1 o'clock and will help direct you and explain how we are going to manage affairs to make everything safe and enjoyable.

Every boy and girl will please remember the number of the banner that first leads them off, because if they become separated from this banner they will have to remember the number of it in order to meet the same party later on.

Boys and girls will please leave their cameras at home. The moving picture man will be there to record all your doings of interest, and you may have the enjoyment of seeing yourselves later on in the various city theatres.

We hope to have our mayor with us, but in the event of his not coming he will have a personal representative to tell you something that you will be glad to hear.

Our dear friend Thornton Burgess will be very much there, and your editor, despite the fact that he will be a very busy man that day, having to be a manager, too, will also have something to say to you about the future of our club, and he has quite a surprise

in store for you: in fact, you will fairly leap for joy and astonishment when you see it happen.

Now all you Bedtime Stories Club members, if you want to invite a little girl or boy who has left it too late to become a member, may bring her or him along, but it must be with the strict understanding that you, as a member of the club, will see to it that they become members as soon as the meeting is over, and your little friend must buy a magazine at the gate.

To-day your editor had a telephone message from the great milk firm of Borden's, and these people are going to send up many large sanitary cans of Borden's Grade A pasteurized milk, so that our little friends who are thirsty may satisfy themselves, and be sure of absolute purity and nourishment. This is not the only treat we have either. The Riker-Hegeman Company have sent us all the ice cream we need, and there will be other things which you must of course come to appreciate.

The time is getting very close, but there is still time for all to spread the glad news to four of your friends and bring them along with you, but of course they must take the vow to you to be kind to dumb animals and promise you to become members of our club after our meeting is over.

Now boys and girls, this is a heart to heart talk from your editor. Remember that each of you promised to be kind to dumb animals and to protect park property, and this latter means that you will do your very best to see that everybody near and around you does not damage the beautiful flowers and shrubs at our outing. Also to see that they do not throw away papers or packages or anything that may be given to you to-morrow, for we must not leave this beautiful park untidy. Your editor wants the city to be greatly surprised when you go home; there should be no cleaning to be done, and we must uphold our reputation as members of the Bedtime Stories Club.

We won't ask any animal questions to-night, as you will have no time to answer them and you will see all the animals you want to-morrow. All those boys and girls who entered the school letter contest should be sure to come to the park to-morrow, for you may be a winner, and prizes will be awarded at 4.30. If you should be so unfortunate as to miss the first part of it, then this programme will probably help you catch up to, the main body of members and certain points.

Members will arrive at the Botanical Gardens at 1.15; leave Botanical Gardens for meeting place (which was shown on our map printed last Saturday) at 2 o'clock; leave meeting place, by Mason & Seeman taxicab for Zoological Park at 3-o'clock; demonstrations and big doings in Zoological Park until 4.30; then the awarding of prizes, which will be the last item on the official programme; after that members will roam about as they please, and it is suggested that they leave by the subway exit; in that way they will go clear through the park.

Your editor has been advised by the officials that the park will be kept open until sundown for the special convenience of the Bedtime Stories Club members who want to see more things than are taken up in our regular programme.

Your editor takes this opportunity of thanking you, for your kindness and your co-

operation, especially those men and women who have volunteered to be present. If you do not receive your badge, come anyway; there is work for everybody, and enjoyment, too. In the meantime let us hope that the weather man will be good to us. YOUR EDITOR.

**Thursday, September 30, 1915**  
**Many Surprises for Children Today**

Bedtime Stories Club Members, 15,000 of Them, Will Have the Time of Their Lives at Outing in Bronx Park—Prizes to Be Awarded—Good Luncheon—Many Interesting Talks on Animals—Movies There, Too.

All boys and girls dream.

That's perfectly natural, because dreams are brought to people by the fairies, and fairies are lots fonder of boys and girls than they are of grown folks. Sometimes, of course, the dreams are brought by cross fairies—for there are cross fairies as well as grown-ups, and then they're disagreeable dreams that make you wake up in a great hurry, and with a sigh of relief that it's all just fancy instead of fact.

And sometimes, again, they're just commonplace dreams, such as going to school without having quite learned your lesson, or not getting all the dessert you want, or something like that. But oftener they are really beautiful dreams—dreams about fairy palaces, or flying through the air like birds, or even, perhaps, dreams about Peter Rabbit and the Bedtime Stories Club.

Yes, all boys and girls dream, and it's safe to say that all boys and girls whose mothers and fathers take The Globe dream about the Bedtime Stories Club and Peter Rabbit, but it's mighty seldom that boys' and girls' dreams come true the way in which the Bedtime Stories Club and Peter Rabbit dream is going to come true to-day.

Prizes and-Surprises.

For, this afternoon, at a quarter past 1, all boys and girls in the city who have come to feel that Peter Rabbit and the other Little Folk of the Green Forest and Green Meadow are their personal friends are going to meet together in Bronx Park for a Bedtime Stories outing, and there will be games and refreshments and speeches and prizes, and—surprises.

Yes, sir, prizes and surprises. There's one great big mystery connected with the Bedtime Stories outing to-day. There are going to be all sorts of wonderful and delightful things already announced, such as ice cream and biscuits and milk and autos, and daylight fireworks and speeches by Ernest Thompson Seton and Thornton W. Burgess, and lots of other important and interesting folk, and an especially planned feeding of the animals, so that all of the children can see them at their lunches, but, in addition to that, there is to be one mysterious guest, who hasn't been announced, and whose coming. It is said by those who do know about it, will be just exactly like the coming true of some wonderful Bedtime Stories Club dream. No, you mustn't guess. Fairies hate to have their surprises guessed. You must wait patiently until it happens, and then you'll see.

15,000 Children.

It just seems as though the people who have been planning the Bedtime Stories outing must have been inspired by fairies all the way through, for one delight is going to succeed the other all through the afternoon. The children—15,000 of them—will be assembled in groups of one hundred, each group with its numbered banner and its escort of Boy Scouts. The grouping will do away with all confusion in getting around the park in the automobiles, which have been provided to whisk the boys and girls about so that they will see all that there is to be seen.

First, there will be the programme of speeches and the awarding of the prizes—and the surprises—at the meeting place between the Botanical Gardens and the Zoo. Then there will be daylight fireworks and luncheon, and next the machines will take the children to the Zoo, where they will be shown every nook and corner of the great collection of cages, and will become very good friends, indeed, of all the animals, from the tiniest chattering monkey to the fiercest, growly (but not a bit angry) lion.

For the Lucky Ones.

Oh, and let's not forget the prizes that are to be given out. Just think, the first prize is a set of red limp-leather books—twelve of, them, making a complete edition of the Bedtime Stories. Then the boy or girl who wins the second prize is to have his or her choice between a pair of Belgian hares, a Persian pussy cat, or the cunningest, solemn-eyed, floppy-eared, patty-pawed brindle bull pup that you ever laid your eyes on. Or the boy or girl can have \$15 in cash if he or she would prefer it. Then there will be other prizes—ever and ever so many of them among them a number of bunny rabbits with wiggly ears and stuttery noses and pink eyes, which will be displayed in a big cage at the park meeting place, and some gold Peter Rabbit rings and an Eastman Kodak and a Waterman fountain pen and some books donated by Loeser & Co. of Brooklyn and a complete rainy day outfit, consisting of an umbrella and a rubber coat and hat.

And through the entire afternoon there are going to be moving picture men scattered about the park.

**Thursday, September 30, 1915**  
**Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

Possibly as many of you read this the fun will have begun and we will be in the midst of our monster meeting in Bronx Park. Your editor has had the time of his life making preparations. It has been a work of great pleasure, because it is for this club and its members, and we want every member to feel that anything they may do to help this wonderful organization along is a work of love and something to be proud of. After our meeting we have many great things to undertake. We will divide our club into departments, and the work that we will take up this winter will be a delight to everybody. We will not bother you with any details now, for this is the day of our outing. Your editor hopes you will all enjoy yourselves, and any of you who have comments to make on it may write to him. We thank all those grown-ups who have been kind enough to volunteer. and we thank our advisory committee for being so

active. We thank the weather man for giving us a fine day. We thank the speakers who have come all the way to tell us about animals and the things we like to hear of: also the park commissioners and the Zoological Society for their hospitality. May our acquaintance grow and develop into a ripe friendship, for surely these things are very closely affiliated with our club and its work. We thank those merchants who have so generously contributed to our refreshments, transportation, and amusement; and last, but by no means least, we thank the Boy Scouts for the great help they have been to us on this day, and may the mottoes of the Boy Scouts be followed by us also and blended with those of the Bedtime Stories Club—Your Editor.

**Friday, October 1, 1915**  
**Army of Kiddies at Bedtime Club Outing**

The Globe's Youthful Family Enjoys Wonderful Day at Bronx Park—Boys and Girls Listen to Stories, See Peter Rabbit and Real Live Lions and Tigers, Eat Goodies, Win Prizes, and Go Home Tired but Happy.

“It was the very biggest thing ever.”

That is the way that people who were at the Bedtime Stories Club outing of The Globe yesterday afternoon or those who, happening to be in the park at the time, saw it from the outside, today are characterizing that very wonderful party.

This morning when it is all over, the city is re-echoing with the marvel of that vast orderly assemblage of children, the entertainment that was given them, and the beautiful detail with which every feature of the outing was handled. Enthusiastic mothers have been keeping the phone of the Bedtime Stories Club editor busy, thanking him for themselves and their children. Perhaps fifty mothers have already requested that a Mother's branch of the Bedtime Stories Club be organized. One woman, who was present from first to last at yesterday's outing, and who wants to keep her name a secret for the present, has offered \$1000 toward a Bedtime Stories camp next summer. “It was one of the most inspiring sights I have ever seen,” she told Horace S. Tibbs, the Bedtime Story editor.

9,000 children counted

By actual ballot there were 9,000 children present. This number was augmented by hundreds and hundreds more who poured into the central meeting place by entrance other than those designated in preliminary arrangements and who were thus not counted. This number was augmented again by hundreds and tens of hundreds of adults—teachers, mothers, fathers, and big brothers and sisters. It is estimated that full 50 per cent of the children were accompanied by adults and guests.

In their eagerness to be ready for everything that might be going on, fully 3,000 children had assembled at the Botanical Garden gates by 12 o'clock, although the time for meeting had been given as 1:15. It was an orderly crowd of Bedtime Stories members, though, and, though the park policemen never for a moment relaxed in their vigilant surveillance of everything and everybody, they had but little work to do in keeping order among the children.

"I'm proud to be among children like these," one woman told Mr. Tibbs. "It's the most remarkable aggregation of children I ever saw. I've been all over the crowd and I haven't in one instance seen any evidence of disorderliness from the biggest child to the smallest."

The Boy Scouts in charge of Mr. Nesslage were in every place at once, solemnly active in the pursuance of their duties. Every company of children was escorted by these valiant chaps, and hardly had the children left a given spot when that spot was restored as if by magic, rid of its papers and strings and picnic refuse by the khaki-clad boys, who were guided by the Saratoga Troop of scouts from Brooklyn.

### Will Long Be Remembered

It's over now, of course, and there's nothing left but the memory, and the very beautiful souvenir magazine which the Bedtime Stories Club editor had printed for the occasion. But just the same, for weeks and weeks and weeks, and probably months and months and months, the story of that club outing is going to be the favorite bedtime thought of a great many of the boys and girls in this city.

Everything throughout the entire afternoon's programme went off without a single hitch. The thousands of children met at the Botanical Gardens and formed into companies, each company with its own numbered scarlet banner, quite as though it had all been rehearsed beforehand. As soon as each division formed it marched in military order with its escort of Boy Scouts to the meeting place—a great natural grass-grown arena halfway between the gardens and the zoo.

It was an impressive procession. There were mothers wheeling little tiny bits of babies in go-carts and "buggies," and there were wee boys and girls, so tiny that they looked as though they, too, ought to be in go-carts, and from the little go-cart size ones, the members of that procession progressed all the way up until the older boys and girls looked almost like the grown-ups, who had come to be chaperones at the outing.

There were all kinds and conditions of costumes too. One diminutive chap wore all during the afternoon heavy gray gloves just like a society man promenading on Fifth Avenue. The little boy who walked next to him had bare feet as well as ungloved hands. There were little girls all dressed up like pinks in a posy patch and there were little girls whose dresses were faded and whose hair was scraggly and whose stockings were torn. There was one whole family of little girls in white striped blazers which made them look exactly like family of peppermint candy children.

But it didn't matter what they all had on, for when those vast cohorts of thousands and thousands of boys and girls assembled in the green ampitheatre, they looked just as though Mother Nature had planted them there like flowers and everyone knows that Mother Nature couldn't plant an ugly flower to save her life. And among the flower children there was a more vivid splash of color, here and there where the crimson banners marked the whereabouts of the various companies. It looked as though a rich and novel piece of patchwork had been flung over a section of the park and the park looked very well pleased indeed with itself and its patchwork.

When the army of young crusaders against cruelty to all the Little Folks of the



Forest and the Meadow had at last assembled on its battlefield of peace the programme began. There were music and daylight fireworks, these last sending fluttering down toward the delighted children amazingly lifelike inflated balloons in the shape of enchantingly funny animals. After the fireworks Editor Tibbs mounted the platform and introduced himself and was greeted with a lusty cheer. He introduced Jason Rogers, publisher of the *Globe*, who welcomed the children, and after that Mr. Burgess, creator of Peter Rabbit and all the other Little People who figure in the Bedtime Stories, spoke to the children.

“I spoke to Peter Rabbit just before I came away,” said Mr. Burgess, who is tall and slender and with a kindly, humorous face—just the kind of face boys and girls love—“I talked to Peter, and asked him if he didn’t want to come to this meeting; but Peter was shy, and said that I should come for him, and bring you all his love.”

Which shows that even Mr. Burgess wasn’t entirely in Peter Rabbit’s confidence, for, as you probably know by this time, Peter Rabbit did come after all. However, Mr. Burgess told the children all about how there are other Bedtime Stories clubs scattered about the country and how all the hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who are enrolled as members on these organizations are pledged to be kind to dumb animals. And before Mr. Burgess left the platform, he told a new and delightful story—all about why it is that Peter Rabbit can never fold his arms. Mr. Burgess was greeted with a deafening round of hand clapping and cheers, and “tigers” and whistles. It seemed as though the boys and girls could never get through telling how they love the Bedtime Stories and how grateful they are to the author for writing them.

Just at this point of the proceedings Mr. Tibbs received a telegram—a monster telegram, so big that even the children away back in the far-away rows could read it. The telegram said:

“Missed my train. Will be with you in ten minutes.”

Of course, that raised expectation to the very top notch of excitement, and it’s doubtful whether the children could have kept quiet and listened if there had been anyone less interesting than Ernest Thompson Seton waiting to speak to them. He told the children many things about animals and especially about wolves, and he imitated a number of wolf howls for them and told them how, if you imitate the wolf-howl just exactly right, you feel a mysterious prickling sensation in your back hair, and every boy and girl in the audience, at his invitation, made a concerted effort to do that wolf-howl in such a way.

It must be that Peter Rabbit, even if he is shy, as Mr. Burgess said he was, hasn’t any nerves at all, for that was just the moment Peter Rabbit chose to appear. He drove up in his taxicab and jumped upon the platform with the most rabbi-like of hops. He had such a dear rabbity face and the pinkest of ears and a little red coat and green vest just exactly the way the Bedtime Stories Peter Rabbit has. And when he appeared and hopped onto the stage there were cries from all over the field of “Oh, it is PETER RABBIT! It really IS!” until you wouldn’t have blamed Peter a bit for coming away a very conceited rabbit, to think how popular he was.

Peter was nearly knocked off the platform by the rush of boys and girls who wanted to shake hands with him and after that there was a grand exodus to the Zoological Gardens.

And then, after every idiosyncrasy of every animal had been sufficiently admired and commented upon—after the pacing lions had roared, after the seals had poked their sleek slickery heads up from the water and gazed at their visitors with wide, wondering brown eyes, after the monkeys had performed their cleverest tricks, after the elephants had swung their trunks aloft until, as one little boy said, “They almost bumped the sky,”—after all this came the biggest treat of all the afternoon, which was, of course, ice cream.

Great counters had been arranged and from these, cones and cones and cones and more cones filled with velvety Riker-Hegeman ice cream were passed in a never ending supply to the eager sea of hands and arms that struggled toward them. And there was Borden’s milk too, and Huyler’s chocolates and souvenir tins of Runkel’s cocoa for every child.

And, though every child who was at this remarkable “get-together” party was in a maze of happiness and wonder before it was all over, there were still a fortunate few who bore away additional trophies of joy in their arms. For the prizes which have been worked for so long by the Bedtime Stories Club members were awarded on this occasion—and such prizes as they were!

There was a twelve-volume, limp leather set of the “Bedtime Stories” donated by Loeser & Co. of Brooklyn; there was a Waterman fountain pen and an Eastman Kodak; there was a Persian pussy cat and a brindle bull pup, and there was a whole cageful of sweet, cuddly, pink-eyed bunnies, which were fitted into small baskets one at a time and given to the fortunate prize winners. The official list of prize winners will be announced by Editor Tibbs in the Bedtime Stories Club Department tomorrow.

### **Friday, October 1, 1915** **Globe’s Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor is at a loss what to talk about today, because you know our club news is always written the day before it is printed, so your editor has to write this on the morning of our great meeting. He can’t tell you what it is like yet, because it hasn’t happened. You know more than he does about it; but wait until Saturday and then you will see all the news and all the pictures, and if you catch a glimpse of the movie man the chances are that you will see yourself on the screen in the city theatres. Write and tell your editor how you enjoyed yourself...

### **Saturday October 2, 1915** **Bedtime Stories Club Doings**

Well, boys and girls, what do you think of our club now?

Our monster meeting is over and your editor agrees with those who have told him that it was a magnificent success. The only thing that worried him in that there were so many little things to do that he missed spending more time with you all. He would

just love to have walked around and talked to you more than he did, because, that was the one chance of meeting you all together, but that, of course, was impossible. Nine thousand boys and girls, to say nothing of the grownups and all our volunteers and Boy Scouts, were quite a large party to shake hands with, but we did shake hands with a great many and wish it had been more. What a lot of sweet little boys and girls we have to be sure! Your editor had formed a pretty good idea of you all from your delightful letters.

Now, do you know that over 3,000 new members have joined our club within the last week, and this morning 300 applications were received? Our advisory committees will meet in two or three weeks; watch for the date. This meeting will be for the purpose of deciding upon our club plans for the coming winter, what new departments we shall open, etc... for you know we have the matters of the book department and the cooking section for girls, and then we must not forget our Boy Scout department, for this, after the splendid demonstration and excellent work of the Boy Scouts, who were our guests on Thursday, will surely be one of our most interesting departments. We owe a great deal to their splendid work and valuable assistance in making our meeting the pleasure it was.

Weren't the fireworks fine? It is too bad that the breeze carried our buttons beyond your reach, otherwise a great many more of you would have had souvenirs from the clouds.

When you write to your editor next time won't you tell him the names of some of the boys and girls you met? It would be so nice to print letters like that, because it would help toward getting us all better acquainted. We were all so very sorry that Norman G. Meyers, who won the first prize in our school letter contest, was sick and unable to come. Our editor knew it because he received a letter from Norman, but we shall send Norman his prize, which is a set of Bedtime Story books bound in red leather, and to make up for his loss in not being present at our meeting and having the honor of coming up and receiving the first prize before thousands of his club members, your editor asked Mr. Burgess to autograph each of the ten volumes, and this he has kindly done, and, more than that, he has penned a little note over his signature on the of fly leaf of every one of the books. Now, Norman, you have something that you can be proud of. Let us hear from you. We will print your letter.

The other prizes, too, were very beautiful, especially the Waterman fountain pen, which was won by Phyllis Cohen. This was of sterling by silver and very handsome, and what is more, it is, one of the new Waterman self-filling kind of pens which are so handy and easy to write with.

Wasn't it kind of Huyler's? Mr. Huyler personally sent those delightful kisses and chocolates to us. And the Bennett Biscuit Company sent us the Wheatsworth biscuits we enjoyed so much.

We feel that we can never thank those people sufficiently who helped make our day so wonderful. True, there was a little crowding at the Riker-Hegeman ice cream booth and the Borden's milk stand, but after all some of our club members who were not fortunate in getting there just when they wanted to must remember that the kind

people who were serving this were doing the very best they knew how, and, truth to tell, they didn't expect so many. Your editor did, though; he almost had you know you wrote and told him that you were coming, didn't you? That is what we want in this club: we want to know in advance what to expect of our members.

Samuel Blumenthal, as usual, was a very great help. We caught glimpses of his smiling face now and then and Trudy Fineman was as full of fun and happiness as ever, while Walter Utting and your editor met quite often. Walter is one of our very bright boys, and we predict that soon he will be like his daddy, writing for a newspaper. Walter's father is not on *The Globe*, but he is on another newspaper in New York City, and your editor has met him, and he met hundreds of your mothers and fathers on Thursday and was very happy to be able to do so.

One very dear lady said she thought we should, have a mother's department to our Bedtime Club, and you know, as our mothers mostly read the bedtime stories to us, we think that perhaps it would be a very nice idea to have a mothers' department. Why should not our mothers be just as much or more interested in our club's welfare as we are? Then you know there is nothing like having mother and father's consent in all our doings: so your editor asks all those mothers who are interested in forming this department to write to him and we shall see with what results later.

Will all Boy Scouts who desire to be members of the Bedtime Stories Club please write or call at *The Globe* office for application blanks?

Perhaps those in charge of companies could arrange this, and we could send so many blanks to each of them.

All those of our boys who would like to join the Boy Scouts may do so by applying to local headquarters, 50 Madison avenue. Mr. Charles Louis Pollard will be glad, to meet any member of the Bedtime Stories Club who is interested.

Have you read the beautiful story Mr. Burgess wrote for our souvenir magazine? It is called "Peter Rabbit's Get Acquainted Party," and wasn't it a wonderful idea to have all the little animals meet together in the green forest like we did In the beautiful Bronx Park? A great many of our members who could not come to our meeting will want this beautiful magazine, and your editor has saved some for you, so you will please send 10 cents and cents for postage and the magazine will be forwarded promptly. For your information we will tell you that it contains not only the special story by Mr. Burgess, with a full page of illustrations of all our little animal friends by Harrison Cady, but a delightful story by Ernest Thompson Seton, who spoke to us so interestingly on Thursday; two full pages of photographs of members of our advisory committee, a splendid article on the Zoological Park by Raymond Ditmars, and another by Dr. W. A. Murill, assistant director of the Botanical Gardens, a little story by your editor, many interesting contributions from club members, an article on Boy Scouts by Charles Louis Pollard, a charming story of flower secrets by Miss Jean Seivwright, three beautiful little poems written especially for this magazine by Miss Miriam Teichner, and many other interesting things. Every club member should have one. Later on we will be proud to show it to our friends as souvenirs of our first meeting.

Any members desiring our Peter Rabbit Club rings of sterling silver please send the size and 27 cents in stamps. Over fifteen thousand members are now wearing Peter Rabbit rings.

Between now and Christmas your editor is going to give a prize (and a very good one) to the boy or girl whose name appears most often on the honor roll. Now you know how to get your name on the honor roll, of course: Answer the animal questions that are asked every evening, that is all, and you may ask for the information or look it up in books if you wish, for by so doing you are learning about all the animals you have promised to love and protect when you entered this club.

Just think of having a whole page all to ourselves to-day. We hope that with your interest and help to often have full pages, for you know our meeting has made us very important, because we are a real club now, we have seen each other, and your editor, with the help of many interested friends, is going to plan many delightful and interesting events for the near future.

Dear old Peter Rabbit was very kind to come and see us yesterday, wasn't he? What do you think he whispered to your editor? You saw him whisper, didn't you? Well, he said: "May I write a word or two to the boys and girls in your club?"

And your editor whispered "Yes." So next week we are going to have a few words from dear Peter every evening.

### **Monday, October 4, 1915** **Globe's Bedtime Stories Club**

It is very, very nice of you children to write such lovely letters to your editor about our monster meeting. It was a success, a very wonderful success, and your editor has had hundreds of letters of congratulation from grown-ups, but your letters have their, full share of appreciation, if not more. It is so delightful to know that you enjoyed yourselves, and that our first party was such a great success.

We wish to acknowledge Sam Churgel's very fine letter and we hope print it soon, and we want also to acknowledge all those post cards of thanks for the day's fun. Your editor thanks you for coming, for it was your bright little faces and merry laughter and wonderful cheers that made the bright day brighter for us all. The park is there all the time, but it needs your happy presence to make it enchanting, just as the green forest needs Peter to make it doubly fascinating to you all.

We are going to print two letters to-day; read them carefully. There is quite a contrast. They are both members of our club. One is from little girl and the other from a very dear lady who says she is old enough to be your grandmother—oh, yes, and there is a third letter also which will perhaps delight you most of all—because it is from Peter Rabbit himself.

602 South Broadway. Yonkers, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1915.

Dear Editor—I had such a lovely time at the club meeting yesterday. Everything went off so perfectly and I am sure everybody had a lovely time. I so enjoyed the speakers as they told us such interesting things. And I think

Peter Rabbit was too dear for anything, and it looked just like him. I wish my whole club success. Your sincere friend, Helen G. Walsh.

To the Editor of the Bedtime Stories Club, Horace S. Tibbs, Esq:

Dear Sir—For a long time I have been an interested reader of The Globe, and ever since the Bedtime Stories were published I have greatly enjoyed reading them all. Yesterday my daughter and I attended your wonderful meeting in Bronx Park. We were thrilled at the sight of such a mighty host of children, all filled with the great idea of kindness that you have so successfully instilled into their minds. I never saw such a well-behaved crowd—it was a great proof of your influence to see the perfect order gained by obedience. We were delighted to see and hear Mr. Burgess, and to see dear Peter Rabbit! Words fall to express our appreciation of the great and good work you are doing for the rising generation.

However, in my opinion, The Globe is the strongest paper published to-day, for it is not afraid of anything, or anybody—all honor to its editors and contributors. Although I am old enough to be a grandmother, I am sending an application for membership in the Bedtime Stories Club. Sincerely yours, MRS. C. VIRGINIA SCOTT. Hewlett, L. 1.. N. Y., Oct. 1.

We invite mothers to write in suggestions as to our having a special department for them.

Peter Rabbit is going to say a few words to you quite often. You will find his first little chat in this column. Watch for it very carefully. All our interested club members should buy a little scrap book just for Peter's letters; it will be like really having Peter with you when you are lonely, which we hope isn't often.

It was too bad that J. Clyde Silliker was not there to receive his prize of a kodak, but we have to-day sent it to him, and trust he receives it in the mail. Your editor has had several letters from people who lost or found articles on the day of our meeting in Bronx Park. C. W. Hill of East Orange, N. J. lost a solid gold stick pin, set with a small diamond. If any of our members found such a pin will they please send it to Mr. Hill. We also have a letter from Miss L. L. Lee enclosing a fraternity pin on a little velvet bow. This pin is in the design of a flag on a laurel wreath, and it has three letters on it. If the owner will write your editor and tell him the letters this will be forwarded promptly. Miss Lee says that some school girl is probably grieving over her loss, and that the recovery of it will bring her joy. It was very kind and thoughtful of Miss Lee to try to find the owner through the Bedtime columns, because that probably is the surest way.

Miss Lee also says that she had a wonderful time and that she is very thankful to The Globe for showing her what a brave, self-reliant, well-behaved club of children it had, and that their happy eager little faces was a sight long to be remembered. Miss Lee asks why Dr. Crane was not there, for it seemed to her that he belonged there, which is quite true, and no doubt Dr. Crane would have been with us were he not away at Mt. Clemens resting. Most of the other people who help make The Globe so interesting to

its readers were there, and those whom duty kept behind were very, very sorry, indeed, and so was your editor to think that everybody could not be with us.

Now we shall have to plan for something wonderful to do this winter, won't we? Perhaps it will be a monster matinee or a real pantomime. What do you think?

At last your editor has seen and spoken to Wilfred Wilson. You know last winter his name appeared so very often on the honor roll that we asked him to be our assistant editor, and Wilfred wrote and said that he thought it was too great a responsibility. But Wilfred is going to be on our advisory committee. We had a very nice chat with Wilfred's mother, too, and he is going to again become the active member that he used to be. In fact, he would never have dropped away from us were it not for the fact that he has been out of the city on an extended visit.

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: It was a joyous day for me on Thursday. I was terribly frightened that I would not get there on time, for you know I decided to come in a great hurry. After Mr. Burgess left me in the dear old brier patch Mrs. Peter said that if I didn't go to the meeting she would go herself and tell the boys and girls that I was a timid bunny and you know I really wanted to go ever so much, and so I put on my little red coat and my best green waistcoat, and now I am glad, oh, so glad! that I went, and do you know when I really got there I wasn't a bit frightened after all, because I felt that even if Reddy Fox had gone to the meeting, too, I would have had all the protection that I needed from you, wouldn't I? Oh, dear no, Reddy wouldn't think of being ugly in the presence of that great army of Bedtime Story Club members. When I think of the meeting I can't think of words good enough to express how I enjoyed seeing you all. When I left you the taxicab man hurried me back to Mrs. Peter, and she kept me up half the night telling her of the things I saw. Yours lovingly, PETER RABBIT.

### **Tuesday, October 5, 1915 Globe's Bedtime Stories**

Pennants! Pennants! Pennants! Ever since our monster meeting our boys and girls have been writing in for pennants. Now, to tell you the truth, dear children, we have no pennants and those that were used on Thursday last were just makeshifts, and made up in a hurry for the meeting. Your editor had no idea that they would be treasured and kept by most of you, as is apparent from your letters. Perhaps we had better have a club pennant made for you to hang in your own little rooms blue and white with silver letters, eh? Would not that be nice? All of you who want a pennant such as this please write and tell your editor and order one from us at the same time. Then if we get enough inquiries your editor will have them made and send yours to you. We do not know what they will cost, but we do not imagine they will be more than ten or fifteen cents if ordered in large quantities.

Lovely letters come pouring in to your editor by every mail, and of course it makes him very happy to think everybody had such a wonderful time. Among the many received to-day was one from our great friend, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, and you will find it printed here so you can all read and enjoy it:



Springfield, Mass., Oct. 2, 1915. Dear Club Members: You are very much in my thoughts, very much indeed. How could it be otherwise after such a day as we had together at Bronx Park? When you have grown up you will find that once in a while there will be a day in your life never to be forgotten. Last Thursday was one of these days for me. It was one of the pleasantest and one of the proudest in all my life.

In the first place that meeting meant so much. It meant more than a good time for you and for me. It meant happier, better days for the little friends of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and all the time I was with you I kept thinking of this and wishing with all my heart that Johnny Chuck and Danny Meadow Mouse and all the others could have been with me and looked into your smiling faces and realized, as I did, the love in your hearts which in the years to come is going to make life so much easier and better for them.

I want each of you to feel that this is a personal note of thanks to you for the great pleasure you gave me. I shall never forget it. And for myself, and if I may, for you too, I want to thank your editor and The Globe for that wonderful "get acquainted" outing and all that they did to make it such a happy one. With all my heart I congratulate them on the building up of such a great club. I am proud to be a member,

With love from Peter Rabbit and all his friends, to each and all of you, I am

Your sincere friend, Thornton W. Burgess.

Today your editor is writing a letter to Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, thanking him on behalf of the Bedtime Stories Club for coming and telling us that wonderful wolf story. On behalf of every member of this club we are going to thank him heartily and say we hope to have him again with us the next time we meet. We are also going to write to those merchants and business houses who so kindly helped make our party the wonderful success it was—Riker-Hegeman, the Mason-Seaman Transportation Company, Huyler's, Wheatsworth's Biscuits, Best & Co., Borden's Milk, Frederick Loeser & Co., Zoological Society and Park Commissioner Whittle.

We have a letter from a gentleman who signs himself Editor Arthur Gerton, but he gives no address. He suggests that we ask questions about subjects taught in the public schools. This club was formed for one great purpose, and that is to help teach our children members to protect dumb animals. We think, Mr. Gerton, that our fifty thousand members (and even more than this since our meeting) would prefer to confine their studies of geography, history, and grammar to school hours, and the home study periods. Our particular study is the habits of little dumb feathered and furred creatures, and we are one great happy family and we love this study and work overtime at it.

Our beautiful club magazine, with the special story of the meeting of the animals written by Thornton W. Burgess and all the very interesting things, is being sent for by all those members who did go to our meeting and either lost or gave away their copy. We have ordered more and they are going very fast...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I have been thinking about you ever since our wonderful meeting. I was happy to be able to shake hands with so many of you and especially when I hugged those two dear little girls for the moving picture man. Perhaps soon you will see me in the moving pictures. Won't that be fun? If you will only be patient and read your club news every night, and sit tight and say nothing until the time comes, then you will be rewarded with a series of great surprises during the next coming months. When I was a tiny little mite of a bunny my father Peter taught me the lesson of "laying low and saying nothing." Freezing," he called it, and it often kept me out of trouble. As soon as an enemy comes near, a wise bunny just turns as near to stone as he possibly can, so to-day I am going to ask you to do the same and wait for the surprises that are going to happen.

Yours lovingly, Peter

### **Wednesday, October 6, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

All members of our monster club who want souvenir magazines of the wonderful outing in Bronx Park last Thursday must hurry and send in their 12 cents if they hope to get one. Orders will be accepted for a limited time, as the supply is rapidly getting smaller.

A great many grown-ups have written to your editor making various suggestions to develop a better acquaintance among our membership during the coming winter, and then all of a sudden—a brand new idea came to your editor. He is not going to tell you what it is yet, because it would never do to mention it and then have to disappoint you, but if you all hope very hard that he will be successful in developing this idea, then he has enough faith to believe that we shall succeed. Peter knows it. In fact, in his letter yesterday you remember he told you to "freeze," and be patient, and be ready for some surprises.

Our photograph gallery is now in splendid shape, and your editor is going to give you all an opportunity of having an exact copy of this photography gallery yourselves in a special book, and this is what you have to do. Get mother to buy you a scrap book (quite a large one) then begin with the picture of Elliott Sass, which is No. 1... There will be prizes awarded to those boys and girls who have the neatest album containing all the pictures beginning at No. 1. Won't it be fun collecting the photographs of our club members in this way? It will teach us to be neat and businesslike. ...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children—I know a secret and at the present time it is almost as dear to me as the secret of the brier patch, and that you know I learned from my dear old daddy ever so long ago. As my life depended on that secret, I had to keep it. It is a very good thing to be able to keep a secret. It denotes character. When I learned all the mazes of the dear old brier patch so well that I could go all around the swamp by the two different ways, and I never left the briars at any place for more than about five hops, I was a very busy little rabbit. Then you know as the brier patch grew and got thicker

I had to keep on learning more about it. I had to know the places where the dogs and foxes could or could not get through and where they would be torn by the awful spikes, and that is the way in keeping a secret. You have to think what is going to happen if you don't.

Your loving friend, Peter.

**Thursday, October 7, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Today we print the second picture in our photograph gallery collection. For the benefit of those members who did not read the club news last night (and your editor hopes they are very few, indeed) we shall tell you again of our interesting plan that all of our club members should begin a special scrapbook...

Our beautiful souvenir magazine is hurrying out in fifties and hundreds to those members who were not at our monster meeting... Your editor begs that you do not miss having a copy of this magazine, for every interested member should have one so when your little friends gather around you can bring it out and read to them the special story which Mr. Burgess wrote to suit the occasion, in which all the beautiful little animals of the forest, the little friends we love so much, were brought together by dear old Peter for a "Get Acquainted" meeting—that wonderful meeting when everybody forgot to be angry or to even remember that he had the tiniest bit of a temper.

And then there are other lovely stories in this book, too. One by Ernest Thompson Seton, who told us the wonderful wolf story at our monster meeting....

Very soon...we are going to have various chapters of the Bedtime Stories Club where just such meetings can be called by...mothers...

Those club members who would like to see the moving pictures of our wonderful outing will get a glimpse of them at the follow theatres tomorrow. In our club news for tomorrow we will give you the names of the theatres that will show these films on Friday and Saturday.

Proctors Fifty-eighth Street, Keiths's Palace, Keith's Royal, 150th street and Melrose avenue; Flatbush Theatre, Brooklyn; B.S. Moss's Eighty-sixth Street Theatre.

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children—I had a telephone message from a cousin bunny, and he, with still more bunnies, wants to join you the next time you meet.

He says he is terribly curious to know my secret—the one I just hinted at last night.

You did not know rabbits could telephone, did you? Well they can. How do you suppose they do it? Because I love you I will tell you. They thumpity-thump-thump on the ground in a funny little way with their strong hind feet, and you know that sound travels for a great distance—can be heard from burrow to burrow, just like the beat of your policeman's nightstick on the sidewalk. Oh, dear me! Yes, indeed, we bunnies are smart like you. Be very good children and don't be too curious like my cousin bunnies, for you know a little curiosity goes a long way.

Lovingly, Peter

**Friday, October 8, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Very soon we shall print the winning letters in our big school contest, the prizes for which were awarded at our monster meeting last week.

There is no doubt about it now that we shall have club pennants, and so your editor will see the flag man at once and tell him to make us just the handsomest pennant that he knows how. It shall be a beautiful blue and white (our club colors) and the letters will be silver, and it will look lovely hanging in our little bed rooms. As soon as we find out how much they will cost your editor will let you know, and then we shall expect orders to come pouring in, because every good member will want one.

Send your photographs in at once. This means every member who has not yet done so, because you know we want to arrange a little in advance as to who will take the place of honor at the head of our column each night...

There are now 11,000 children wearing our beautiful sterling silver club rings with Peter Rabbit's smiling face engraved thereon....

Arthur Hoffman writes and says that he thinks if we had Peter Rabbit notepaper so that the members of our club could use it in their correspondence it would be very nice....

**TODAY**

You will catch a glimpse of our monster meeting taken by the Pathe New Company at the following theatres:...

Ruth Smith wrote us a very sweet letter, in which she said that one of the reasons the cheering at our great meeting was not very much louder was because the boys and girls could not find sound enough to express their feelings. Well, judging from the sound you did make, perhaps it is just as well that things happened just that way. When your editor asked for three cheers for the weather man the woods fairly rang with your bright young voices. My, what a show that was! We shall never forget it.

**Saturday, October 9, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Your editor calls a meeting of our Advisory Committees on Saturday afternoon, Oct 16 at 3:30 sharp....If certain plans which we are working on have grown large enough, we will perhaps let you know a part of our wonderful secret, and of course many members have guessed what this secret is about, because so far we have not yet made any plans for bringing together of this club during the winter.

Here is a letter that will interest all you because it is from Norman Meyers, who won the first prize in our school letter contest...

Dear Editor and Mr. Burgess—

I received the set of books which I won in the School Letter Contest, and

must say that they are simply beautiful.

The lovely notes that Mr. Burgess was kind enough to autograph on the cover of each book, I feel sure I will always treasure.

Words cannot sufficiently express my appreciation of your kindness.

Thanking you again and again, I am sincerely,

Norman G. Meyers

...

Will all those ladies, who so kindly volunteered their assistance at our monster meeting, and who were present, kindly let your editor know if you would be willing to co-operate with him on a plan which he has in mind for the coming winter? If you can spare a little time for this work we assure you that you will be doing something that you will have every reason to be proud of before many months have passed....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children, Do you know your Peter had an awful shock yesterday. It suddenly dawned upon me how many "me's" there were. Why, good gracious! I seemed to be everywhere, and so I asked the fairy of the forest yesterday to take my love and friendship and divide them up into little chunks and scatter them around all over the little me's that are living with the different members of the Bedtime Stories Club. Now all of you who own Peters just see if you cannot notice something different about them from now on.

If you watch very carefully you may learn that secret that I was telling you about a couple days ago. Treat your Peters just as if it were the real me, and not just a part of me.

Good-night, with love until tomorrow, Peter

### **Monday, October 11, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We suppose that now all of our boys and girls are nicely settled at their school studies, while our hundreds of little tots who are members of the club and do not yet go to school are out with nurse or mother enjoying these beautiful autumn days.

Did you ever try saving autumn leaves—real pretty ones?...

Margaret McGuire, one of our fourteen-year-old high school members has written a very pretty story for you...

### **BETTY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER**

"I wish I had a fairy godmother! I wish I had fairy godmother!" Betty Gray stopped with a long drawn sigh. There, that's the forty- secondth time I said that, and she didn't 'pear yet."

Betty Gray was six years old and firmly believe in fairies. Most of her

knowledge of them came from her big sister, Marie, who told her wonderful bedtime stories of Fairyland.

One day Betty heard her mother say that if you wish hard enough for a thing you generally get it. Ever since then, Betty always said (even in her sleep), “I wish I had a fairy godmother.”

At the time this story opens Betty sat before the nursery fire alone. Nurse had gone on some errand.

“I wish... Betty sat up with a jerk, her large brown eyes as big as saucers. Was she dreamin?. In front of her stood a fairy! The fairy was dressed in what Betty always pictured her fairy godmother would wear—a gown made of spider webs with rainbow coloring, for that was fairy cloth. In her hand she held the precious wand. With a voice that surpassed the sweetest music the fairy cried, “I am your fairy godmother! I have come to grant you three wishes.” Betty was staring at her unable to speak. (continued tomorrow)

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children,

Your editor says that lots of you have been wanted club stationery. How would you like to use my photograph on it and the club pennant? I have been thinking something up for you because you know I just love to do it.

I write my letters on curly bits of bark, which are often tender and sweet enough to eat—the bark, not the letters.

With love from Mrs. Peter and the youngsters, I am yours. Lovingly, Peter.

**Tuesday, October 12, 1915**

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

The next thing on our programme is the meeting of our advisory committees next Saturday...

The pennants are ordered and they are going to be just lovely...

Over eleven thousand boys and girls are now wearing our silver Peter Rabbit rings....

Did you get your souvenir magazine of our monster meeting?...

The following grown-ups have volunteered their services to help our club in its next undertaking...

Betty’s Fairy Godmother Part Two...

[Letter:]

...The nicest time I have in the whole day is in the evening, when daddy gives me The Globe. Then my friend, who is also a member of the club, gets The Globe from her father and together we read it and fix our scrapbooks....

And I have a magazine that I got at the park. When I show it to my friends they all say: "Oh! Isn't that lovely?" And I always tell them that everything is lovely that comes from the Bedtime Stories Club....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children, I have a message for you from Mother Nature. She wants every member of the Bedtime Stories Club to do a kind action tomorrow—a real kind one, you know—and to accomplish the purpose you will have to go to a little trouble. Don't tell anybody about it. Just keep it to yourself. It will feel good. A pleasant surprise for mother, a visit to a sick friends, a gift to a poor little boy or girl of one of your toys—not the one you like the least.

Now, will you do this for Your Loving Friend, Peter

**Wednesday, October 13, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

There will be lots of important and very interesting things to be discussed at the meeting of our advisory committees next Saturday....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children, We have a little guest at our home, and we think very much of him. His name is Cheerfulness. Perhaps if he ever gets tired of visiting our little house in the Brier Patch we will send him on a visit to you. He says that every load becomes light that is cheerfully borne. That is his motto, and he is a very healthy little fellow because, you know, cheerfulness is the principal ingredient in the composition of good health. Our boys and girls should cultivate this little fellow, and he will prove to be the best friend you have ever had. You know there was once a great poet, who wrote

"You hear that boy laughing?

You think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too,

At the good he has done."

Your loving friend, Peter

**Thursday, October 14, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

... We received a very nice letter from Mrs. George Gramm of East Yonkers. She is a great admirer of our club and its work, and has volunteered to help on the plans that we have in view for the next few weeks. Her daughter, Eunice, is going to be a member of our advisory committee.

Your editor was very shocked to learn from Mrs. Gramm that thoughtless boys in Yonkers are making the lives of our little feathered friends very unhappy indeed. You know that at this time of the year most little birds congregate together in groups before their flight southward for the winter, and, of course, they are more conspicuous now than at other times of the year, with their noisy chirping and excitable flights. Mrs.



Gramm very generously attributes it to the “thoughtlessness” of those boys, who use bean shooters and other wicked toys, with the result that on several occasions dead little birds have been found in the vicinity.

All members of the Bedtime Stories Club will please respond at once to this your editor’s appeal to protect our little birds. Just think how very terrible it is. Our Bob White and Mrs. Bob White and our other dearest of bird friends may have been right in that very gathering of feathered folks—one moment chirping gayly, bristling with excitement, preening dear little feathers, hearts bursting with joy at the thought of going southward, and the next moment lying dead on the hard ground just because some little boy’s mother or father forgot to tell him that next to parental love should come love for dumb creatures, and my! How they need it every day—and that is just what this great club was founded for—to further this love, to nurse and encourage it until it grows strong enough to give absolute protection to all the little folks with fur and feathers.

Remember that every day all B. S. C. members owe it as a duty to talk about animals to other children and point out how helpless they are and how much they need protection. Many of our boys are thoughtless, some of them wicked, but most of them can be shown by example. You must preach the gospel of this club’s purpose faithfully and diligently if we are to accomplish real things.

Mrs. Gramm is going to open an East Yonkers branch of the Bedtime Stories Club and your editor is going to help her. Any other mother may open locality branches if she will correspond with us....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: Away done in the corner of this little note you will see the letter “S.” This is the first letter in a word that every one of our club members should study. It means so much. Just to see if you are keeping my letters in your scrap book, I will not tell you what the word is until it has been spelled. It will take eight days to spell it. And it is such a nice word then it is finished that it is worth eight days to think about it.

Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Friday, October 15, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

..

We have an awfully cute letter from a dear little boy who is travelling in this country in “The Blue Bird” company. His name is Marcus Rough and he is a member of our club. His mother, father, and sister are also in the company. Those of you who saw this remarkable play will remember it with keen delight, for it made everybody very intimate with Maeterlinck’s wonderful conception of happiness. Just imagine seeing life-size living models of familiar figures that before had only been in print. Could you think of anything more delightful than to observe as if a wonder dream a really, truly Reddy Fox, Peter Rabbit, or Buster Bear in a really truly Green Forest or Briar Patch? You never can tell. Strange things sometimes happen even in these modern

days...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Bless your little hearts! How I wish I could be with you all in a bunch like I was on that wonderful day last month. Never mind! Who can tell? Perhaps we shall see each other again very soon.

Away down in the corner of this note you will see a letter ["Y"]. This is the second letter of a word that will take eight days to spell. It is a very beautiful word and I want you to study it in this way. When you have all my letters pasted in your scrap book you will be able to see what the word is. This letter down in the corner reminds me of a little puzzle. Can you answer it? Here it is:

YYURYYUB

ICURYY4ME

Your loving friend, Peter

### **Saturday, October 16, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Today our advisory committees meet at the Globe office and a great many important things will be decided, principally our great winter treat. This event must be in keeping with the size of our club, it must be something so good that it will be talked about all the rest of the winter. To organize a great big children's entertainment of this sort requires ever so much work, and heaps and heaps of energy, and therefore, the more of us that help the better it will be. Make up your minds that you are going to devote hours and hours during the next coming weeks for the benefit of our dear Bedtime Stories Club. We cannot get too many people interested, and that is going to be fun, your editor promises you....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Way down in the corner of this note you will see the letter M, and it is the third letter of a very beautiful word that we are studying and which will take eight days to spell out completely. All those who keep a scrap book will be able to tell at once what the word is next Friday. But, of course, a lot of you have already guessed it, for away down in the corner of your little hearts there is quite a lot of it, I am sure.

Your loving friend, Peter

### **Monday October 18, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

There are two wonderfully interesting animal babies at the Bronx Zoo now, and your editor knows that you would just love to see them. As promised, Mr. Mitchell keeps us in very close touch with the doings of our dear furred and feathered friends at this wonderful park. Born but a few days ago was the baby yak....The other interesting baby which we should all make a point of seeing is the Mongolian wild horse....

Alfred Henry writes us that he made a motion at the last meeting of his Civic League that any boys found using bean shooters, air rifles, or harmful weapons, should be brought before the league and severely punished. If our boys want to use air rifles for target practice or any other manly sport and exercise good care and judgment in the handling of such, your editor thinks it all right, but when a boy uses such instruments against harmless little birds and other dumb creatures, it is time every member of this club does something to help put a stop to it. Your editor is with every one of you and will back you up.

The following grown-ups have volunteered since Saturday to help us with our great winter treat...

We thank Josephine Jahoda for her nice letter, in which she told us all about her little Peter Rabbit. Take good care of him and do not handle him too often, because rabbits enjoy love at a distance rather than to be coddled or squeezed. ...

Tomorrow we shall tell you of the important things that happened at the meeting of our advisory committee...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: In the corner of this little note, you will find the fourth letter of the word we are studying and it will be finished on Friday. No doubt most of you can guess it, and if you do guess it, won't you practice it so that by Friday it will be perfect. That's a joke. "P" for perfect, and also for your loving little friend, Peter.

### **Tuesday, October 19, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

#### **Very Important News Today**

Five hundred new members in one day without any special reason or inducement to join our club is surely a record that every one of us may feel proud of. That is just what happened yesterday. Isn't that wonderful?

Now, your editor presumes that you are very anxious to know what happened at our advisory committee on Saturday. So that you will all get it quick we will tell you that we have decided to have

#### **A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**

And it is going to be the most wonderful and fascinating of pantomimes. It will be held in one of the largest of New York's magnificent theatres, and hundreds of our club members will take part in it (matinees only), although the leading characters will be played by celebrated artists. We shall tell you the name of it in a few days. We do not want to give you too much to remember all at once. Think of something big, then double it, and add twenty times more to it. Perhaps then you will begin to get an idea of what this wonderful club of ours is going to do at Christmas. Everything that you like will be there because this big show is for YOU. You cannot think of any particularly fascinating thing about the Bedtime Stories that will not be there.

It was decided at the advisory committee meeting on Saturday that special

inducements should be given to all members on the sale of the tickets, and this is how it will be arranged. There will be seats at \$2 and lots at \$1 and 75 cents; and every time a member sells four seats, whether it be at \$2, \$1, or 75 cents each, that member will receive one seat free of the same value as sold. In other words, members selling four seats will make 20 per cent. Now, as this is going to be for the benefit of a children's hospital, the name of which will shortly be announced, you may use your own judgment as to what you will do with your 20 percent—whether you sell the tickets and after buying enough tickets for your own needs, turn the rest over to the hospital or keep the money for yourself. All those on hospital committee will of course turn over the extra percentage to the hospital. In addition to this there will be a magnificent prize offered to the member who sells the most tickets, and also four extra prizes for those who sell the next largest number of tickets. The tickets will soon be ready and your editor will tell you then how we will manage the selling of them. Read your club news very carefully, for if you do not you are sure to miss something important. ....

The meeting on Saturday was very satisfactory. Every member was keyed up to a great pitch of interest, and if the rest of our large club is half as interested as its committees, we are sure of success now. Our show is going to be so very wonderful, and those members who do not make sure at any early date of coming are liable to find that strangers have bought up all the seats. Your editor will see that reservations are made for all club members in preference to strangers if they will decide early that they are coming. When the details are worked out you will be told everything. If you don't understand, write and ask questions. In the mean time read your club news carefully.

Every member of the Bedtime Stories Club is cordially invited to send in suggestions, and public school teachers are especially asked to correspond, for it is our intention to establish public school chapters of this great organization. Parents whose children are talented in dancing or calisthenics and would like to have them brought out at this entertainment under the care of our lady matrons and instructors may correspond with us, giving full information, age, and ability...

We are going to have a girls' advisory committee, which will be known as Advisory League 1B of this club.... We are also going to form an exclusively boys' committee which will be known as Advisory League 1A....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Now you know my secret! For it was the wonderful Christmas pantomime that your editor whispered about on the day of our great meeting in Bronx Park. He asked me if I would come, and I said "Certainly," and this time I AM NOT COMING ALONE.

Down in the corner you will see the fifth letter of our word study ["A"]. Doubtless you all know it by now and that is just what I want, because the last three or four days you will have nothing else to do but think hard about the wonderful word. The love and affection for dumb creatures is largely supported by what this word means. Mrs. Peter and all the little Peters send their love. So until tomorrow, I am as ever, your little friend, Peter

**Wednesday, October 20, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

“PROGRESS” is a very wonderful word. In the first place, it is so immensely encouraging just to say it, and in the second place, its end has no limit. It simply keeps going ahead; and is it not splendid to think that our great club is now well established on the thoroughfare of Progress, that wide road that allows one to grow and broaden out, plenty of elbow room, no crowding; and even now in the almost dim distance we can see the goal of success.

That is another fine word we should all study—SUCCESS. When you go to school with your little books under your arms, you should say this word to yourselves. It will stimulate your study, clear your mind, and make you energetic and anxious to learn.

We suppose that you are just ever so eager to know more about our  
GREAT CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

...

This is going to be a very wonderful performance. Nothing but the best will do for the Bedtime Stories Club, and that is just what you are going to have. The best music, the best pantomime all about the things you like the best, and the best players obtainable will be engaged to make it the best thing of its kind that has ever been given in this great city. Of course, you know it is going to be in the largest theatre that we could possibly get, and that is the Manhattan Opera House, which has three galleries, and seats nearly 4,000. The dates will be Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons, Dec 27, 28, 30, and 31. Then, perhaps, if there is a very terrible rush for seats we might have an extra matinee on New Year’s Day....

We publish a letter from S.S. Lowenstein, teacher in Public School 160...

Mr. Tibbs,

Dear Sir—Our first meeting was held in the assembly.... There were at least 1000 children. Mr. Leon Kaiser presided. The pledge was “I promise to be kind to dumb animals; I promise to protect parks and public property; I promise to do a good deed daily.” This was repeated by every child. The programme followed. Miss Ruth Reiser sang beautifully. Mr. Lowenstein impersonated Mr. Burgess and read the stories, a lesson in arithmetic, and the Saturday’s publication of club news.

It is impossible to put into words the joy and the enthusiasm that filled the hearts of the healthy youngsters. Love was the keynote; our mission here on earth is to love, the big and the small; the boys will grow up to be the best men and the girls will be the best women if their actions are guided by love. “The world is full of beauty if the heart is full of love.”

Need I say that you were the inspiration of this grand meeting?...

**Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: I am just simply bursting with another secret because I must not tell you just yet. It really is almost too good to keep. I cannot even tell Mrs. Peter because then the whole Brier Patch would know it and then it might leak out to you.

I should very much like to know what all my little friends are going to do on Hallowe'en.

In the corner of this note you will find the letter "T," which is the sixth letter in a very beautiful word that we are making an eight-day study of. I love that word so much that I simply had to take eight days to spell it out to you. I love you very much, too, and that is why I want you to study it.

Your little friend, Peter

**Thursday, October 21, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

#### IMPORTANT NEWS TO-DAY.

All we need now is seventeen more grown-up volunteers to assist us in organizing and arranging for the ticket distribution of our great Christmas pantomime. These names will doubtless come in within the next twenty-four hours. After we get 100 we shall close the committee and call a meeting at an early date. This meeting will be a sort of afternoon tea arrangement in one of the uptown tea rooms, where we can get a small private salon. Then your editor will address you and explain the whole thing and we can establish a fine working organization. Now please don't volunteer unless you feel that you can give a reasonable amount of time to this between now and Christmas. We have a wonderful plan for organizing chapters of this club and you will be delighted with it. In addition to that we are going to place in your hands certain responsibilities as to the distribution of tickets for this performance.

We had so much news yesterday that something had to be left out, and so we had to leave out the animal questions or Peter Rabbit's letter, and we know that Peter would be grieved at not being able to reach you all, and that you would be sorely disappointed at not having your daily letter from our dear bunny brother, so the questions were left out. Due consideration will be taken of this when we arrange the honor roll.

All boys and girls who would like to take a little part in our wonderful pantomime will please make application and enclose consent of their parents. Remember that you will have to attend rehearsals at least once a week, and that there will be four matinee performances Dec. 27, 28, 30, and 31. You will be well taken care of, and it will be a source of great enjoyment to you. Rehearsals will be held after school at the theatre....

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: These seem to be days of secrets, or else everybody comes to me with theirs. If I could only tell you all the news I have heard in the last two of three days you would be oh, so excited. As for me. I am just hopping about everywhere and Mrs. Peter is quite alarmed, for she thinks that I should go and see a doctor. As a matter of fact, I am just as well as you are, and oh, I feel so very, very happy. Did you ever feel so happy that you just couldn't sit still? That's me. If you write and ask about some

of these things I know but must not tell publicly I might drop a hint on a postcard.

You see that little “H” in the corner? It is the next to the last letter of a word which is very dear indeed to me and which I want to make very dear indeed to you. Tomorrow when the last letter is given won’t you all look in your dictionaries and see all the nice things that this word means.

Good night. With lots of love from your little friend, Peter

**Friday, October 22, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Our Christmas Pantomime is now the thought of the hour. We are receiving hosts of letters from the parents of children who are gifted and would like to take part in this great performance for charity. All children who volunteer must do so with the permission of their parents, and they must agree to attend at least one rehearsal a week, and perhaps more toward the end. All children will be well taken care of by ladies in charge and will be taught in a simple way to do what is required of them to help make our entertainment beautiful—merely marching and other light calisthenics will be undertaken, with the exception where extra clever little ones are able to take speaking parts. Things are coming along wonderfully well, and in a few days we hope to give some very startling announcements. We will tell you the name of the director who will stage this production, and we shall tell you the name of the man who will write the beautiful music, and we shall also tell you the name of the theatre in which this production will be given. We find that our announcement that it would be held in the Manhattan Opera House is little premature because definite arrangements are not yet completed....

Dear children, you are going to have a wonderful time. Every day makes your editor feel more confident that our pantomime is going to be a brilliant success and nothing else. We are having so much help. Everybody is so good. We will soon have the tickets ready. In the meantime please make inquiries among your friends, grown-ups and children, and see if you cannot get an idea in advance as to how many tickets you can sell. Then when your editor tells you they are ready you can come down to the Globe office and get your tickets. Remember that you earn one ticket for yourself every time you sell four, and you are at liberty to turn this ticket into money, use it by going to the theatre, give it away, or anything you like.

A great many of our little friends are writing, asking for back numbers of The Globe containing pictures and Peter Rabbit’s letters. We warned you in advance to read your club news in The Globe every day, because it is very difficult for us to get back numbers. The Globe has very few returns from the news stands. They nearly all go into the homes and stay there. We shall try as far as possible to fill the requests of our members, but must ask you to be careful in the future.

The Empire Cat Club will hold a Cat Show Dec. 8, 9 and 10. If you are interested in feline pets you may enter your cats and perhaps win a prize. For full information write to A. M. Judge, 115 Montague street, Brooklyn.

Your editor is in receipt of a very wonderful set of books. It is called The Book of



Knowledge,” and contains an answer to almost any question that our little folks could possibly ask. Later, when we have noted the most interesting points, we shall tell you about them; at least some of them, because to really appreciate this remarkable Book it is necessary that mother buys it for you....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Now we have the whole word that has taken us eight days study. Isn't it a beauty? I just love it. So will you when you really understand what it means just at a glance you do not nearly get it, but if you knew how much we little furred and feathered folks of the Green Meadow, the Brier Patch, and the Forest need it, I for one know that it would come to us Just as fast as your applications come for membership in the Bedtime Stories Club.

Your loving friend, Peter Rabbit.

### **Saturday, October 23, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We need at once and shall add fifty more members fo our advisory committee... This is going to be a very important meeting. We have to decide many points in regard to the organization required to make OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME a brilliant success....

The Globe invites all those boys and girls who with the consent of their parents would like to take part in this performance. You will find the rehearsals very entertaining and instructive. Nothing too difficult will be attempted. It will be more on the artistic and decorative effects—posing, marching and calisthenics. Such children who have appeared in public before will be given more important parts, and those young men and women who are studying for a professional career will also be considered among the applicants to take part in this wonderful club's Christmas pantomime. Of course, all instructions, and costumes will be provided. Added to the enjoyment of participating you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not only helping your club to become bigger and more important, but you will be aiding in swelling the funds of a worthy charity for which the performance will be given....

### **Monday, October 25, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

This is to acknowledge letters from one hundred and four children who have received the consent of their parents and have asked to join the rehearsals for our great

### **CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**

As it will be difficult to answer every application individually, just now your editor asks that you rest assured that you will be listed. Watch your Club news carefully for the date of the first assembly and rehearsal. Everything is progressing very nicely.

We will have an advisory committee meeting next Saturday afternoon at 3:30...

Young men and young women who have little brothers and sisters in this organization, or who are interested enough to help in the great work of this club and

perhaps in a professional career for themselves are cordially invited to volunteer their services for this pantomime. We shall need two choruses and expert training will be provided and costumes for the occasion loaned. In volunteering, however, it will be well to remember that you must promise to attend regularly the rehearsals, which will be at least once a week and at a time suitable to those who are in school or otherwise engaged. Further, you must promise to attend each one of the four or five matinees, which will be given between Christmas and New Years. It is going to be altogether a very enjoyable event and a great deal of pleasure will be derived by those people who are giving their services through generosity and interest in the club and the charities it is working for.

Kathleen [correspondent originally from Ireland] will be with us at every one of our performances. Isn't that splendid? She will be clothed in a costume of emerald green, with a border of golden harps, and we know that every one of our members will just love to see her...

Those of you who have pets will be Interested in the Hippodrome trophies for thoroughbreds, Charles Dillingham offers six silver trophies, two for each day, for thoroughbred dogs. Dog lovers in this organization are invited. Society will be there to exhibit the dogs of fashion and awards will be made by three well-known dog men—Frank S. Sternberg, who writes for our column; Harry A. Baxter, and H. L. Hoffman. Prizes will be awarded purely on the dog's merits. The dogs will be shown in the wonderful Fifth avenue scene of "Hip- Hip-Hooray!" The members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, headed by Olive Fremstad, are entering their dogs. This promises to be interesting. These competitions will be held today, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 2.30....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Yesterday I told you about my brand new hat and coat, and now I have Just received quite the most gorgeous waistcoat I have ever owned. It is green and ever so shimmery. When you see me in it I know that you will like your Peter better than ever. And Mrs. Peter's new dress. Let me see how shall I describe it. Well—it has frilly things, ruffles and gew gaws, but I had better not attempt to describe it for I know I shall be criticized by all our little girls who know more about dresses than I do. But I must admit that Mrs. Peter always looks well in whatever she wears and I hope you will have a chance very soon to say the same thing. Hush—sh—sh—this is the tiny secret I am going to let out. The other day when I was sitting in the Brier Patch peeking over into the Green Meadow I saw with my own eyes Reddy Fox promenading along with his nose up in the air, and what do you think? He had on red trousers and a green coat, and a blue tie. Now isn't that shocking taste? However, I suppose he thinks he is smart. He always does. Don't you agree with me? Your loving friend, Peter

**Tuesday, October 26, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

Is going to be a gigantic success. We have engaged the most reliable managers and producers and we already have over one hundred applications from those anxious to take part....

We are going to make our work in connection with this production a source of great pleasure and social enjoyment. It will give us an opportunity to become well acquainted. You have a chance of being coached by an artist of distinction. Young people will learn to carry themselves better, and truly the art of deportment is one worth spending little time upon. Then, again, a number of our young people aspire to professional careers. If they should make a brilliant success in this—their first or second venture—their future would be assured, for New York, you know, is greatly in the limelight and is under the keen eyes of those looking for talent....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Mrs. Peter is taking dancing lessons. Really, I was so surprised and I nearly gasped my last gasp when I saw my little Fuzzy pointing her toes and pirouetting in front of the mirror. For three lessons I must say she did wonderfully well, but then you know who's teaching her, don't you? It's half a secret, but I am going to tell you. Mr. Jack Mason. There, now! I said it first. Won't you remember that? You are going to hear an awful lot about Mr. Mason before very long. Until to-morrow, your loving friend, Peter

### **Wednesday, October 27, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We have over sixty volunteers for our advisory committee, which will meet on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 30, at 3:30, in the Globe office. The chief business to be discussed at this meeting is our

#### **CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.**

The NAME will be decided upon, and then we will commence to advertise it....

Do not join our club unless you are willing to take an active part in helping this army of workers to protect the little feathered and furred creatures who, without our assistances, will gradually become extinct. Mother Nature needs us, and by joining this club, you are answering her call....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Yesterday I told you that Mrs. Peter was taking dancing lessons, and I fear that I sort of laughed at idea. Now I'm taking them myself. In fact I simply had to because it would never do for Mrs. Peter to be able to dance and your friend unable to do so. So there you are. I enjoy it, although perhaps Mr. Mason thinks I am sort of wabbly, but practice makes perfect, and Jack Mason is quite the cleverest Instructor I ever knew. You will learn more of this remarkable gentleman before very long. I hope you may meet him, too; that is, if you are going to take part in our pantomime. I am told it is going to be the cutest idea you ever heard of. All about things you love the best, and the places you think most of. Thank you, dear children, for writing me so many lovely letters. It is splendid to think I have so many sweet little

friends. I have some special good news for you to-morrow. Good night. Your loving friend, Peter

**Thursday, October 28, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

**OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**

Is progressing splendidly. Tickets will be ready on Saturday...

Our pantomime will be given in the afternoons between Christmas and New Year's, and all arrangements are now completed. We announce with a great deal of pleasure that the theatre selected is that magnificent house which was built by Mr. Hammerstein for grand opera, and is known as the Lexington Opera House, on Lexington avenue. Apart from being the second largest auditorium in this great city, it is by far the most luxuriously appointed of any and is brand new.

Soon we shall print pictures of its interior, and you will get an idea of its great seating capacity, and of course we must have it packed full at every performance. So, club members, your editor asks you to immediately get together on the ticket question, decide how many you can sell within the next two weeks and ask for that many and then later you can get more....

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Yesterday I told you that I had some good news for you to-day. Sure enough, here it is: Most everybody in the Green Forest is getting the dancing craze. Just imagine! Even Reddy Fox, as he goes by in search of his early morning breakfast, does a little hop, skip and jump, which I suppose is intended for the fox trot. I have a brilliant idea about a special dance of our own. The next time I see Mr. Jack Mason I am going to tell him about it, and then, perhaps, I shall tell you what he says. I really am improving in my dancing. Every day makes a little change. Perhaps by the time I see all of you little members again I shall be quite graceful-can you imagine it? Your loving friend, Peter

**Friday October 29, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Tomorrow we shall have a big meeting at the Globe office of our advisory committee...OUR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME will, of course, be the chief topic of discussion...

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I have a little cousin and his name is Cunny Rabbit. He is a hero and a very clever little fellow as well. You know what he did one day? He saved the life of a dear little fawn, and this is how it happened: A wicked lion stole a fawn from its gentle mother and would not give it back. The doe appealed to all the great beasts for help, but they were afraid of Mr. Lion. Then the poor mother came to Cunny Rabbit and Cunny said: "Bring all the animals to meet in council at my burrow to-morrow."

In the meantime our little cousin began to dig a long underground passage from his burrow to an outlet behind a distant bush.

The next day all the animals came and listened and decided through fear that the fawn was to remain the child of the lion. None of them dared to speak the truth, because they saw that Mr. Lion was watching them with anger in his eyes. But Cunny Rabbit crept out of his burrow and boldly cried out against the lion: "Not at all, not at all. This is all nonsense. The fawn belongs to the doe. The lion is a rascally wicked thief."

The lion with one leap sprang at our little Cunny, but Cunny Rabbit darted down his passage and came out behind the bush and escaped. The lion, with a mighty roar, said: "I'll starve him out," and he lay down in front of Cunny Rabbit's burrow, and he waited and he waited. He waited ever so long and grew thin and feeble, but he would give in because he knew that if he went in search of food Cunny Rabbit would get away. He waited and watched until he starved to death, and then the doe was able to recover her dear little fawn.

Now, was not that nice of Cunny? He is altogether a fine little fellow. I like him very much, and so will you when you meet him. Good-night, Your Loving Friend, Peter

**Saturday, October 30, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

...

All those who desire tickets will please come to the Globe office and sign for them; also bring a letter from your parents saying they will be responsible for the return of the money or the tickets by a given date... There is no reason why a number of our boys and girls should not make quite a lot of pocket money by selling tickets, and remember while you are working you are not only doing a great service for your club, but you are helping to make the performance a great success for the charities for which they will be given. Your mother's butcher, baker, grocer, and all the shops she buys from will be glad not only to buy tickets because they want their children to see this wonderful pantomime, but because they will want to oblige you and help you make some pocket money and also because they want to help in this good cause. Your editor thinks it is really quite a wonderful idea, don't you?...

**Monday, November 1, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

We have now one hundred and fifty out of three hundred little volunteers for our Christmas Pantomime. We are going to call the first rehearsal Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 3. at 4 o'clock sharp. All those who have volunteered will please be present. You will enter at the front entrance of the theatre and walk up the main staircase one flight. The first few rehearsals will be held in the rehearsal hall upstairs. Subsequent rehearsals will take place on the big stage. (The Lexington Theatre is between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, on Lexington avenue.) Try to be on time, because the members of the various choruses will be selected and, of course, those who come first will naturally be first chosen. We need from one hundred and fifty to two hundred more children

who have ability, and in addition we will accept applications from young ladies and gentlemen between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, professional or amateur. Different hospitals will be the beneficiaries of each of the four performances. There will be no evening performances, only matinees....

To-morrow we shall tell you what things were decided at our meeting on Saturday. One thing we shall tell you now, and that is what the name of our pantomime is to be.

#### **PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND....**

Our club members should be very Interested in a dear little bird box that is made in West Chester, Pa. This box is for little wrens, and the loving thought behind it is to help Jenny Wren bring up her babies safely. This little house can be attached to a tree. It is remarkably light, but is made of solid cement, and the wicked little sparrows cannot pick their way into it like they do in a wooden box. So those of you who hang these little wren houses in your gardens may be sure of having these little birds for your summer friends all season: The sparrows will not be able to drive them away by turning them out of their home. These bird boxes are \$1.50 and cheaper still by the half dozen. We shall be very glad to furnish the address if you write us, for we think that all our members who have gardens should have one..

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: My little cousin Cunny Rabbit sends his love. I have been talking so much to him lately about you that he is getting terribly anxious to see you all. Let me describe Cunny if I can. He is gray, such a soft, warm, cosy color, and he has lovely limpid eyes, as brown as hazel nuts and the cutest wabbly nose that any bunny ever had. He is like a little ball, so fat and plump, and his tail is sort of pinned on, and it looks like a little powder puff. One ear sticks up and the other lops, and he runs to fast just like the flight of an arrow, only he goes lipety-lip and arrows whiz, don't they? How do you like my picture of Cunny? One of these days I will have his photograph taken and you shall see it. Good-night. Your loving friend, Peter

#### **Tuesday, November 2, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

All those members of our club whose applications have been accepted by letter, and those young ladies and gentlemen friends of our club who have also applied and have received letters, will please be present at the first rehearsal at the Lexington Theatre, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, on Lexington avenue on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Your editor will be there at 3 o'clock in case any of you desire to come earlier to talk over special parts. Those who go to school will try to get off a little earlier so you can be at the theatre promptly at 4 o'clock because it is very important that everybody comes to the first rehearsal. Jack Mason, Mr. Ward and your editor will be there to receive you and see what little part you are able to take in our wonderful Christmas pantomime, "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND."

At our meeting on Saturday the members of our advisory committee applied for tickets, and a great number of tickets were taken out to be sold...

## KATHLEEN'S LETTER.

“Dear Editor—Once in Dublin I saw a polo game in a big park. It is called Phoenix Park. My! How the little Bedtime Stories boys would like to see the game and the wonderful ponies! They Just skipped across the green and the men wore such pretty scarlet costs and caps. I have been very busy lately making a bird cage of wire and trimming with emerald green tissue paper, for granny sent me a little wren from Ireland. Oh, dear editor, it is the sweetest little darling! He has a nice little brown coat, and oh, how he sings! I know he is a little bit lonesome for Ireland, but I love him so. He sings so soft and low at night time just when the lights are lighted. You know in Ireland the wren is called the king of birds. I will tell you why my next letter. Your loving little Friend, Kathleen.” (To Be Continued.)...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: What would you say if Cunny Rabbit and I came to rehearsal Wednesday? You never can tell. I hardly think we can manage it, because we have promised to go to the very end of the Brier Patch and fix up a hole which Farmer Brown's dog dug in there the other night. Do you know what we are going to do? We are going to get all the prickliest, spiky thorns and briers we can and stick on the outside of the hole and we are going to fill up the first half of the hole with burs and sharp stones and then fill it up with old Mother Earth the rest of the way, so if Farmer Brown's dog tries to open up that hole he will get into trouble, don't you think? Trusting all of you go to rehearsal and have a good time and hoping to see you soon, I am, Your loving friend, Peter

### **Wednesday, November 3, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Well, we had a very delightful afternoon tea meeting on Monday, and your editor sincerely thanks those ladies and gentlemen for the great interest they displayed in the welfare of our club and the success of our big CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. Soon we hope to organize special chapters, with many of these ladies and gentlemen at the head of them. Please understand, we do not expect you to hold meetings of your chapters in your houses. What we do expect, however, is that you use your judgment in taking pledges and awarding buttons and certificates to new members, as we desire only active members and not merely curious little people. By active members we mean those who take deep interest in the object of this club, which is to protect dumb creatures and children of nature that are not able to take care of themselves.

Thousands of little squirrels are being exterminated every season. It is true they receive protection in our city parks and see how tame, kind, and sweet they are when they are assured protection. Unthinking, and very often heartless, people hunt these dear little creatures with guns, especially at this season of the year, and It is the object of this club and its members to try to influence such people and show them the pity of it. This is one of the many things that can be done by our club members. One of the greatest enemies of our friend Bob White, the quail, aside from the hunter, is the American domestic cat. Farmers, instead of feeding their pussy cats, allow them to go



out into the fields and meadows and hunt for themselves, and you little know of the havoc that is created among our dear little Bob Whites and their families by hungry cats.

Those who live in the country probably have a better idea than our city members. We could talk for days and days on this subject, and we intend to do so from time to time—at the schools if necessary, and we are invited. You will readily appreciate our anxiety to have as new members not merely curious children who want buttons and certificates—although, bless their hearts, we love them all—what we want are little people who love our cause and join it to become a soldier in the ranks of this American army, now over seventy thousand strong, to make peace for the little furred and feathered creatures of this our beautiful land.

We are assured of generous co-operation in all our efforts of those we saw yesterday and it is a source of intense satisfaction to your editor to feel that support.

The tickets for the PANTOMIME are now ready and all good members of this Club will do their best to sell as many as possible. You now have six weeks to put your best efforts forward in this direction. Send in at once, (letters should be signed by your parents) for as many tickets as you think you can sell within the next two weeks. You can send for more later...

#### KATHLEEN'S LETTER.

“Dear Editor—Yesterday you remember I was telling you about my little Irish wren, and why he was called the king of birds, and this is how it came about. Over in Ireland one day in the long ago time all the birds had a big meeting at break of day. They found a lovely green meadow without any trees on it and they decided that all the birds should fly and see which one could fly and sing the highest. They told blacky black bird to perch on a chimney and when he whistled all the birds should fly into the air and what do you think the cute little wren did? When the eagle spread his wings, he flew under one of them and hid in his feathers and away he went higher and higher into the skies. Oh, how his little heart rejoiced to see the wonderful lakes of silver and the great high mountains all covered with purple heather. Up higher and higher into the clouds he flew. He even passed Mother Goose riding her broom, and when the big eagle was all tired out the little Irish wren flew out of the eagle's feathers and sang above his head. So he won the prize and the other birds gave him a lovely gift of a dear little house all by himself, on the tree-top, just outside of our wonderful Muckcross Abbey, That why, the little wren is called the king of birds, and oh, he is so knowing. I shall tell you more about the little wren next week.

“Your loving little member, KATHLEEN.”...

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: You know Cunny Rabbit, my little cousin, and your Peter had a very busy day to-day. We think that Reddy and his friends have been investigating our Brier Patch, for we found many little places just ready to be dug up and we ran

and filled them all in again and stuck some brambles there. We arrived home with very big appetites, but Mrs. Peter had a lovely supper all ready for us. Then in the beautiful autumn evening we sat around our cute little house (Oh, I wish you could see our house. Perhaps you will some day), and we watched the sun go down and all the little birds popped their heads under their wings and went to sleep, and now we are Just about to do the same, but I thought I would write this little letter first. Good-night. Your loving friend, Peter

**Thursday, November 4, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Our first rehearsal for our wonderful Christmas pantomime, "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND," was attended by several hundreds of children from which various choruses were chosen. We are still open for applicants, young and old, experienced in such things, amateur or professional. Send applications to the editor of the Bedtime Stories Club at once and you will be advised of the date of the next rehearsal. State your age, ability, and your willingness to attend rehearsals, etc...

**KATHLEEN'S LETTER.**

"Dear Editor—You know I told you yesterday about my dear little wren and other little wrens in Ireland. Do you know that two weeks from St. Stephen's Day, which is just after Christmas, the little wren hides away. Oftentimes you find him hidden in the life-everlasting ivy which covers the trunks of trees in Ireland, or else you find him tucked away in the thatched roof of the houses. You know why he hides. If you don't, I will tell you. The boys catch him at that time.

"They are not unkind to the little wrens, but the wrens much prefer to hide away. This is what the boys do: They take a long stick and cover it with lovely green holly. They hide the little wren in it and they go from door to door singing a song, and oh it is such a pretty song. I will tell you the words of this song in my next letter.

Granny says no place in the world does the Christmas holly grow with its pretty red berries in scarlet flame as it grows in Killarney. The little wren knows that St. Stephen's Day is coming and it hides itself away so the little boys can't catch it. Dear editor, don't you think he is very cunning, and he is just a little Irish bird. I am making a pretty green cage for my little wren so he won't be lonesome. I will put him in the window which is up high above the street way over some of the church steeples. It is so different from what it is in Ireland. We don't see very much green grass here, but my little wren won't miss the grass as much as I do, because he will have so much golden sunshine all day long. "Your friend, "KATHLEEN."

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: It is a lovely day here. I just feel as if I could romp and play and do all sorts of foolish things. Mr. Round Red Sun came up with a smile on his face and when he saw what I was making in the back yard he positively grinned from ear to

ear. I suppose it is the excitement about our pantomime, as well as the lovely weather, which is making your Peter so happy.

I also suppose you are counting the days and most of you have made up your minds to personally dispose of an awful lot of tickets. I am working, too, oh, so hard, for the pantomime. I can't tell you just now, but, oh, dear, if you only could read my thoughts how surprised you would be. Even if you sold tickets every day between now and Christmas, I don't think you would be doing more than your Peter and his little cousin Cunny Rabbit are doing, as future events will show. Do you remember the other day I told you about a dance we were going to have all to ourselves in the Briar Patch. Well, we have it. What do you think the name of it is?—no, I am not going to tell to-day—soon, perhaps. Good night. Yours lovingly, Peter

**Friday, November 5, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Yes, we always thought we had a great assortment of talent and cleverness in this monster club of ours, and after two rehearsals for the pantomime we are now sure of it. We have the dearest little boys and girls that you could possibly imagine, and so many of them, and they are going to make a picture of delight in our beautiful pantomime, "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND," which will be given New Year's week. Dec. 27, 29, 30, and 31, in the great Lexington Opera House.

All of our boys and girls will be out of school on Christmas vacations that week, and of course they will all want to come, but your editor fears that there will not be enough seats to accommodate all of our members, so he suggests that those who are sure to come either buy their tickets now or send in a postcard saying they intend coming.

**KATHLEEN'S LETTER**

"Dear Editor: I am going away very soon but I shall write you often. I hope to be back for our wonderful Christmas pantomime, and oh, dear, I am going to bring back a tremendous surprise for you all. I know you will Just love it. You know my letters for the last few days have been about my dear and clever little Irish wren, and so I am going to tell you that I like very much what you said the other day about the Club members putting little wren boxes in their gardens so that the dear, little wrens when they come north in the early spring may stay as summer guests of the members of the Bedtime Stories Club. When I am away for the summer I am going to put a little cement wren box up in a tree so I can see it from my bedroom window. It is a lovely place to have these little boxes made of cement so that the naughty little sparrows cannot pick their way in and drive, dear Jenny Wren out as they do with the wooden, boxes. I am going to send to the Bird Box people in West Chester, Pa., and order six boxes to give to my best friends. Our Irish maid from Tipperary is going to look after my little wren while I am away. She Just loves him so, and I am afraid she will treat him so well that he won't know me when I come home again.

“Your loving little friend,” “KATHLEEN.”

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: Such a wonderful thing happened to me yesterday. I was hopping along just as merrily as could be on the very edge of the Brier Patch when thud-thud right in front of my nose fell a little package. I picked it up and scampered home with it to Mrs. Peter and then we proceeded with much excitement to open it. Mrs. Peter undid the string and I unwound the paper. We unwound and unwound and in the centre of it was a tiny little box. We opened up the box and there was a lot of tissue paper. We carefully unwrapped the tissue paper, and right in the middle of it was another little box ever so tiny and made of velvet. Fuzzy looked at me and I looked at her, and she said, “What do you suppose it is?” and we opened the box. There was a beautiful solid gold ring, with my picture on it and where my eyes should be were two little diamonds, oh, simply lovely, and attached to this beautiful ring was a little note, and this is what it said:

“Dear Peter: This is the second prize for the girl or boy who sells the largest number of tickets for the Christmas pantomime. Keep it very safely and bring it with you on Dec. 27, and then we will have you present it to the lucky winner right across the footlights at the pantomime.”

Mrs. Peter fairly gasped with astonishment, especially as this note was signed by our editor. We are going to guard this lovely little diamond ring so carefully until that wonderful day, the 27th.

I didn’t tell you the name of our Brier Patch dance yet, did I? Well It will keep until to-morrow. Good night. I am your loving friend, Peter

**Saturday, November 6, 1915**

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

War times give opportunity to citizens to show their loyalty. In times of peace talk is inexpensive, and it is the same way with the great work of this Bedtime Stories Club. We are now campaigning to make our Christmas pantomime a great success and now is the time for Club members to show that they are loyal and not merely peace patriots. You could hardly imagine your editor going out with a little book and selling ten thousand tickets all by himself could you? Some of you might, but you would have to have a very vivid imagination. Now this is a call to arms for active members. We have the names and addresses of seventy thousand dear little boys and girls and fully half of these correspond with us at least once a month. Now all of you who have ever written a letter to your editor, are asked to respond to this call to arms to join our ticket selling campaign.

Please remember that our beautiful Christmas pantomime is given for and by the Bedtime Stories Club, and at each performance a different worthy children’s charity will be made a beneficiary. In addition we are allowing Club members to keep for themselves one ticket (or the price of it) In every five sold.

PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

This is really a very wonderful story. Everything happens just the way you want it to—like in dreams—and everybody that you love will be in it. It is going to be one happy and gorgeously beautiful picture which little people will adore and big people enjoy tremendously, by no means an amateur performance—oh, dear no. All the dear children that are in it will each have but one thing to do so that by Christmas time they will be able to do it perfectly. More than two hundred and fifty children and professional players will present

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.

There will not be enough room to accommodate the entire Club and all of our boys and girls who are sure they will come had better send post cards and tell us or buy your tickets early, for we are undecided whether to put on extra matinees or simply let those who first come to be first served. All those boys and girls who show activity in this, our great winter treat, will be duly recognized on the first of the year when we form our new advisory committees and appoint branch lieutenants. Remember the dates and the place of our pantomime. It will be given in the Lexington Theatre, December 27, 29, 30 and 31. Matinees only, because we would not think of keeping the little people out late at night, especially as many of them who take part come from the suburbs....

Soon we shall tell you what the first prize will be for the boy or girl who sells the most tickets for the pantomime. Yesterday Peter Rabbit, the rascal, went and told you what the second prize is. He does just as he pleases, and after all you cannot blame him, for he is used to being free and open and is positively unable to control himself. We know he has a great big heart; and so we just let him do as he likes and keep on loving him, don't we? Of course, you remember yesterday that he told you he received a package containing a beautiful Club ring with two diamonds in it, and he is going to keep his ring until the Christmas pantomime: and very likely he will present it personally to the winner.

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dear Children: I know you are just terribly anxious to know the name of that dance that I told you we had all to ourselves in the Briar Patch. Well, to appreciate the name you would have to see the dance, and perhaps you will see it before long. It is called "The Peter Rabbit Hop," and although it has a little hop in it, it is a very graceful little hop and if it were not for fear of making Reddy Fox feel all puffed up (and you know I would hate to do that) I should call it something like a fox trot. As soon as you hear the music you just simply have to do something, and of course you do it. Cunny Rabbit looks awfully cute dancing it. So does Mrs. Peter, and even Grandfather Cottontail. He was so excited yesterday that he dropped his spectacles and stepped on them, and then there was a rumpus. I hear him now, so I shall have to say good-night. Yours Lovingly, Peter

#### **Monday, November 8, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We had two splendid rehearsals on Saturday, one in the morning and the other in

the afternoon, and your editor is delighted to announce that our juvenile as well as our grown-up talent is doing wonderfully well.

We have still room for about fifty little tots, so the mothers will please advise us if they would like them to take part. Our Baby Bunting chorus is going to be one of the cutest things in the whole production. The little tots will only be expected to do the very simplest of marches, and it will only take them but a short time to do their part.

Professionals, too, are invited if they would like to give their time for the benefit of this wonderful club and the charities for which these performances will be given. The music—well, it is simply delightful. Very few Broadway productions have ever had such a collection of new, delightful, and really tuneful melodies.

Reports from some of our ticket selling committees are very encouraging, and we wish to thank them for their activity and compliment them on the splendid way they have commenced. Remember that on Saturday we issued a call to arms for the active members of this great club to come forward and help us sell out every one of the four houses before the box office opens. We are sharing profits, too, with club members because every time, they sold, four tickets they get a ticket free, whether the tickets are \$2, \$1.50, \$1, or 75 cents....

Here is a very cute letter that Peter Rabbit received from Louise G. Turyford, one of our little members, and we asked him to let us print it.

Dear Peter—To-day is Election Day and there is no school and I had nothing to do, so I thought I would sit down and write you this little letter.

I have been reading your letters in The Globe every night, and I think they are very interesting. It was really a very bright idea of yours about the Christmas Pantomime. "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," I think, and I am looking forward to seeing it.

I think Cunny Rabbit was very brave when he saved the little fawn's life, and I hope to see him soon. I am, your loving little friend, Louise G. Turyford, 316 West Ninety-fifth street. New York City.

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I had a terrible fright to-day. I thought I had lost the beautiful diamond ring which your editor sent to me to mind. You know it is to be the second prize for the girl or boy who sells the most tickets for the pantomime. Well, Mrs. Peter tucked it away and promptly forgot where she put it, and what a time we had trying to jog her memory. We gave up the search, and then, bless her heart, he remembered where she put it. Wasn't that a narrow escape? Your loving friend, Peter.

#### **Tuesday, November 9, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We have now five complete groups of little players rehearsing for the pantomime. These groups each contain from fifty to sixty boys or girls, and they are going to make some wonderful pictures in our great pantomime, to which everybody is now looking

forward with delight

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

is going to be a very magnificent production. Mr. Jack Mason says they are the smartest and brightest boys and girls that it has ever been his pleasure to teach. All these choruses have been given certain appointments for their next rehearsals, and they will please remember that any other dates we may have to give for other rehearsals will not interfere with theirs at all. They must come promptly at the time appointed.

For instance, this afternoon at 4.30 No. 3 (Candy Kids) and No. 5 (Drowsy Boats) will be present, and Wednesday at 4 o'clock No. 1 chorus (Toys): also those new applicants who have received post cards to attend, as well as those who have had experience and think they can qualify and will bring a letter of consent from their parents to say they will attend rehearsals. On Friday at 4 o'clock Chorus No. 2 (Fashionette) will rehearse.

Several talented professionals will be required to play the leading parts, and in view of the fact that these performances are for charitable purposes quite a number are volunteering.

Shortly we shall tell you all about the clever little professional people as well as the grown-ups that are to make our Christmas pantomime one of the most wonderful productions ever given in this great city. At present we have room in the cast for what is known in the profession as three character parts, two men and one woman, as well as several juveniles, both men and women, one male heavy, and a number of clever young women used to ballet dancing....

The Baby Bunting group is not complete, and we shall not hold a rehearsal of this until we have fifty little tots...

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: How do you like Mr. Mason? I think he is great. In fact, I told him so. He will teach you lots of wonderful things if he thinks you want to know them, but, of course, like every one else, he cannot make you do clever things if you do not want to. I learned to dance in three lessons simply because I was crazy to dance, and you should see me do the Peter Rabbit hop. It goes like this: Thumpity- thumpity-thump, with a hopity-skip-and a jump, and If you are not very careful when you do it you are liable to get a bumpity-bumpity-bump, and if your floor is hard it hurts. I am going to drop in upon you at rehearsal some day and see who's best, you or I. Good-night, dear friends, until to-morrow. Yours lovingly, Peter Rabbit

#### **Wednesday, November 10, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

"How many tickets have you sold for our Christmas pantomime?" "Oh, is that so? You have done very well, haven't you? But I have sold over twenty and I'm going to get some more after rehearsal this afternoon. I find most of my friends are glad to buy the tickets when I tell them how many girls and boys are going to take part in this wonderful pantomime. I think it is the finest thing that was ever thought of. Here are all



these girls and boys, active members of our wonderful club, meeting each other every day helping to make each performance a success for a charitable purpose, and making our wonderful club bigger than ever; besides, we are helping ourselves, too, for aren't we learning lots of things under the clever tuition of Mr. Jack Mason?"

Now, this is a conversation which, if not in the actual words of the young lady, are close enough so that she will recognize them as she reads. Your editor happened to overhear this conversation last Saturday afternoon at the rehearsal. He agrees with the young lady entirely and is very pleased to say that she has the right idea, and he is delighted to know, too, that she is only one of hundreds of very intelligent little people who caught the spirit of the proposition in no time. The next time YOU meet a Bedtime Stories Club member and he or she asks YOU how many tickets you have sold what are YOU going to say?

PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND really promises to be one of the most fascinating and bewitching performances possible to imagine. The music, which will be played by a magnificent orchestra, is all new, specially written for the occasion by Ted Ward, and is really the catchy sort that will make an Instantaneous hit. During the coming winter several of these numbers are sure to be great Broadway favorites, and think how proud we shall all be to be members of the Bedtime Stories Club, and still prouder to know we actually helped to make it a great big success as a club and as a promoter of the wonderful pantomime, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Cunny has an awful cold. You know Cunny is my cousin, and he really is the nicest rabbit you ever knew. When he gets better I am going to bring him to rehearsal, for he says he wants to take part in the pantomime. Mrs. Peter sends her love and says if nobody wins the second prize she is going to keep it herself. I am writing a letter to Mr. Jack Mason. Maybe I will post it to-morrow. Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Thursday, November 11, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

And so this wonderful club is going to make itself still more famous by presenting this Christmas a gorgeous spectacle, which will combine the Drury Lane pantomime, the American extravaganza, and from a musical point of view, the Gilbert and Sullivan style of comic opera. Our club members and their friends will receive many a thrill of delight as they sit in that beautifully appointed Lexington Opera House, which, you remember, was built but a short time ago for Mr. Hammerstein with the expectation of housing another opera company such as the Metropolitan, and so this beautiful, big theatre was given a stage complete in every modern detail and the facilities for the most gorgeous scenic effects, and as you sit there, before the first curtain is raised on

### **PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND**

You may expect a real big, fascinating production, for that is just what it is going to be. The brightest and best of professional talent has been engaged, and this will be set off amid gorgeous scenes by a framework of lovely children. It is remarkable how each little member who is now rehearsing in the various interesting numbers has caught

the spirit of the occasion. Of course the entire production is woven around the things our club members like best, such as the Deep Green Forest and its animal occupants. The elements are to be characterized, too, and it will be very like our Bedtime Stories, full of subtle yet delightful nature lessons in every act and in every scene. Now for the tickets. They are going out in fine shape, and those who have joined the ticket selling committees are working like little Paddy Beavers, and this shows just what can be accomplished by those who make up their minds to do and not delay....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Happy Jack Squirrel called on me to-day. You know he is really a wonderful little fellow. He has such a cheerful disposition and is always the same, no matter whether it is a bright, sunshiny or dull looking day. Dear Old Jack always has a smiling face, and sometimes when your Peter does not feel as much like hopping about as usual he sends a little message to Happy Jack, and before very long he feels like shouting out for just the sheer joy of being alive. Jack will make you feel that way when you meet him, and you surely will soon, for he is going to be at the pantomime and so are you. Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Friday, November 12, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Rehearsals for our big Christmas pantomime are now running smoothly as can be, and over two hundred and fifty very nice boys and girls, big and small, are going to take part, besides many professionals of note. Scenic artists are already busy bringing to stage-life the Green Forest and Meadows, the Smiling Pool, real water falls, pond lilies, giant mushrooms, and what not, while the most wonderful designers of costumes in New York, of whom we shall tell you shortly, will soon begin to make to measure every dainty fairy garment that will be worn by the hundreds of members of this, our own club's, Christmas production. Of course all the new music will be published in time for PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND and all our members will be delighted with it. Your editor can imagine after the performance thousands of pianos in club members' homes playing some of those charming melodies, for no show has included so many really tuneful yet popular numbers....

### **KATHLEEN'S LETTER...**

"Dear Editor, someone made a mistake in my last letter I sent you. I was talking about the wrens in Ireland and how the boys carried them about on decorated holly sticks, but just think, the bad boys killed the little wrens. Yes, they very often killed them, and I think those little boys in Ireland need a Bedtime Stories Club to teach them to be kind to little animals, birds, trees, and flowers, and all the beauties of nature.

Goodby, dear editor, until next time. Your loving friend, "KATHLEEN."

Our Kathleen is off for a trip to the West Indies, and she promises to tell us about the things she sees there. Won't that be nice? Your editor has been there and he made friends with such a lot of queer little animals and fish that are different from those we have up north. There are also insects there too that we don't find here (we are thankful

to say), and for Kathleen's sake we hope she does not encourage friendship with these little fellows, because they very practically demonstrate the saying that "familiarity breeds contempt."...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Yesterday I told you about Happy Jack, and he says he really is coming to a rehearsal pretty soon. He knows his part so well, however, that he probably won't come to but a few rehearsals, for you know Happy is going to play the same part in our pantomime that he does in real life, and that is of being a real, good little fellow and making everybody around him smile and feel contented. Mrs. Peter sends her love. She says she has a special present for the boy or girl who sells the most tickets for the pantomime. Good night. Your loving friend, Peter

**Saturday, November 13, 1915**

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Two hundred and fifty boys and girls rehearse to-day in their various parts for our club's wonderful pantomime,

"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND."

Beginning at 9 o'clock this morning and until 6 o'clock this afternoon different groups are going through their exercises to make them perfect for the wonderful stage pictures that are going to be shown in this gorgeous spectacle. We desire to thank all those volunteers publicly, as your editor is so busy now, with many things that he cannot attempt individual correspondence. There is one thing we will say, however, to those taking part, and that is to try to attend rehearsals regularly, because the actual performers will be chosen from those who come most often...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Cunny Rabbit had an accident yesterday and to-day his poor foot is all bound up and he goes along with such a funny hop that if I was not so sorry for him I would have to laugh. He did not deserve to get hurt either, because he was at one of his kind tricks again trying to get somebody out of trouble. One of the baby bunnies who lives in the Brier Patch was attacked by a horrid black snake, and it was going to be "good-by Baby," Cunny heard his last frantic little squeak, and with the courage of a little lion he flew over the stubble and landed square on Mr. Snake. It was such a surprise that Mr. Snake let go and off scampered the baby, but poor Cunny got a fearful bite right across his foot, and to-day he is feeling very sad, so I am going to send for Happy Jack, and do you know before long I believe that Cunny will be laughing just as much as ever, for it is hard to resist that little rascal Jack.

I shall tell you how Cunny is to-morrow, for I know you will all be anxious. Good night, dear friends. I am, yours lovingly, Peter

**Monday, November 15, 1915**

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

A great many of our little members and their parents are still writing to know

where to get tickets. For the benefit of those please note that ticket-selling committees will be supplied at either office of The Globe, 73 Dey street or 12 West Thirty-first street. Those who wish to make sure of getting tickets (for there will be a big rush at the last minute and many must be disappointed) can buy individual tickets as well at either of The Globe offices. Every member of this club should now be busy selling tickets, and your editor would also like to hear from all those who intend coming to the performance, because the four matinees will not nearly accommodate all our members, let alone the hundreds of citizens who will want to come to see such a great, big, gorgeous spectacle as "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND." If members will therefore notify us that they intend coming we will reserve tickets for one week.

...

[letter from Elsie, correspondent from England]

"At Christmas time they have wonderful pantomimes at the Crystal Palace. Once I saw "Puss in Boots," another time "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," and still another time "Blue Beard," and they were simply delightful just such performances as I imagine our Peter Rabbit in Dreamland is going to be this Christmas. Of course I am going, and, as you know, very likely will take part. I am just fairly longing for the time because it is such a terrible long time since I saw a real pantomime, and the last one I did see in London town was at the Drury Lane Theatre, and over three hundred children took part in that.

"Fairies bounced out of little holes in the ground, demons bobbed out on wires, and the queerest animals walked out of this and into that, while the monster stage settings and the beautiful ballets were gorgeous. I wonder if they are going to have a pantomime in London this year. Perhaps not on account of the terrible war, but still I suppose there will be lots of girls and boys who will have to be amused and maybe they will have a pantomime, if only to keep the minds of the stricken families occupied. I do wish the war was over because I am longing to go back on a visit.

With love to all our members and to you, dear editor, I am, "Your little English friend, Elsie"...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Just as I told you yesterday, Happy Jack came running to our house to cheer up poor little Cunny. He quite succeeded, and we had lots of fun. Jack was telling us all about himself, and he is the most interesting little fellow we know. Mrs. Peter made some fudge and Happy ate most of it. You know he is very fond of sweet things, and what he liked best about it was that Mrs. Peter put some nuts in it. Maybe I will get her to make some and will bring it with me to rehearsal.

Cunny's poor foot is much better to-day, and before long he will be running around just as fast as ever. Good-by. Your loving friend, Peter

**Tuesday, November 16, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

For the benefit of the 250 children and the many adult professional and amateur volunteers who are taking part in our wonderful Christmas pantomime,

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,”

we give the schedule of rehearsals as they will be followed between now and Christmas.

All rehearsals will be held at the Lexington Theatre at Fifty-first street and Lexington avenue Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock (on the stage), principals and special dances by adults.

Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock (in rehearsal hall). Candy Kids, Drowsy Boat, at 4.30 o'clock, Toys and Bob Whites.

Wednesday, at 4 o'clock (on the stage), Baby Buntings; at 4.30 o'clock Suns, Sunflowers, Fashionettes; at 5 o'clock, Nymphs.

Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock (in rehearsal hall), all principals and special dances by adults.

Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock (on the stage), extra rehearsals for Tuesday and Wednesday choruses as called.

Saturday morning at 9.30 o'clock (on the stage), Candy Kids, Drowsy Boat, at 10.30, Toys and Bob Whites.

Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock (in rehearsal hall) Baby Buntings, at 3.30 o'clock Suns and Sunflowers, at 4 o'clock Fashionettes, at 4.30 o'clock Nymphs, at 5 o'clock Finale number.

Please be on time at each rehearsal Those who come late must stay out and lose count for that day. Actual choruses are made up from those who attend all rehearsals. You see, dear children, we have to be systematic, because this a very, very large undertaking, and of course you know we must have it a wonderful success, and it really is going to be something surprisingly beautiful. All the little girls and boys who do extra well in the number in which they happen to be cast for will be selected for other special numbers and perhaps special parts....

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Cunny's foot is almost well. He was playing tag with Happy Jack and he almost forgot to limp once or twice. All he needs now is sympathy. You know so many of us feel that way when what we stayed home from school for is better, but we are still home. Sympathy, you remember, is that lovely word we studied for eight days and, of course we now know all about it, don't we?

Our editor has my sympathy these days in getting ready for the pantomime. He is working very hard and it is going to be a great success I know, because hard work and cleverness always count, don't they?

When Cunny's foot is well enough I hope to bring him over to rehearsal one day. By and by I am going to tell you who made my new coat, you know the one I am going to wear in the pantomime. Your loving friend, Peter

**Wednesday, November 17, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Tickets for our great Christmas Pantomime are on sale at Gimbel's, Macy's, and many of the good drug stores in the residential neighborhood in New York and Brooklyn, as well as by the various committees. We shall announce from time to time the names of the shops that are co-operating with our club in making the advance sale for the pantomime very large indeed.

We have been wondering lately how it will be possible to accommodate all those interested members of this tremendous club and their friends, at four performances, and in consequence your editor urgently requests all those who have made up their minds to see

**PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND**

to send in their names at once. In that way we will be able to estimate in advance and decide whether it will be imperative that we arrange for one or two extra performances....

A great number of our members who did not attend the monster meeting of this club at Bronx Park on Sept. 30 and are very anxious to see the moving pictures taken at the outing. Your editor has received word to-day that this film may be seen on Thursday at the Comedy Theatre, 46 East Fourteenth street, and afterward at several other theatres in New York, the names and locations of which we shall announce in time for those interested to attend.

The costuming of our great Christmas pantomime is destined to be a triumph because it has been placed in the hands of Orange & Company, 261 West Thirty-sixth street. This concern stands in the costuming world as Tiffany does in the jewelry world. Nothing is allowed to pass from the saloons of the Orange's until it has stood the test of the spot light and the critical eye of the color artists and creators. Every little boy and girl as well as the grown-up folks who are to portray the hundreds of characters in Peter Rabbit in Dreamland will be measured and fitted for at masterpiece in the art of costuming. The first scenes, which will be very modern and will typify the newest in apparel for the lilliputian American, and the costumes for this portion of the production will be quite befittingly designed and supplied by one of New York's exclusive, but at the same time most popular, houses of fashions for young America....

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: My new coat is a delight to behold. Bright red and snugly fitting. Yesterday I told you something about it, but really words cannot express how smart it is. Happy Jack says he is going to have one made like it, only green, in time for our pantomime, and he is going to the same place that I went for mine. If you are very good I shall tell you the name of this place in time for you to have your Christmas party

frocks and suits made there. Who do you suppose came to see us last night? Mrs. Peter gasped in astonishment when she opened the door. See if you can guess between now and to-morrow. Your loving friend, Peter

**Thursday, November 18, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Yes, the tickets are selling very rapidly for our Christmas pantomime, and those members who would not miss it for anything had better make sure that they get theirs at once. Because, you know, it will be quite impossible for four matinées to house all of our club members.

Ticket-selling committees will be supplied at either of the Globe offices, 73 Dey street and 12 West Thirty-first street, and the advance sale is already on at the Information and Public Service Bureau at R. H. Macy's and Rymer's Tourist Agency, on the great interest to those grown-ups, who really know all that the word pantomime means—some people think, of course, it is only gesture without words. Not so! In the Drury Lane pantomime there is always a pretty thread of a story in dialogue to captivate the hearts of the juvenile audience. The story of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will be told in beautiful verse and the music is fascinating to say the least, very popular, but not trashy, those sweet melodies and rollicking airs that you will surely carry home with you.

We have had so many applications for new members within the last ten days that there will be a little delay in sending out buttons and certificates. We ask that those little folks who have sent in their pledges to be kind to dumb animals and to help Mother Nature and protect park property as well as do a good deed every day will be patient, knowing that their certificates and buttons will come along very soon. Just think, our membership within the last ten days has jumped thirty- five hundred; that brings us way over the seventy thousand mark...

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: You have not met Mr. Orange, have you? I have, so has Happy Jack. Now the secret is out. He is the man that made my new coat that I told you about some time ago. Do you know I am going to wear it at the Pantomime? It is bright red, almost bright enough to burn your finger tips, and Happy Jack's is just as bright a green.

You will meet Mr. Orange before very long—in fact, you will meet him when you go to be measured for your costume. They have a wonderful place. I almost felt like staying for tea. I am going to take Mrs. Peter there next Thursday. Hope I'll meet you. Good-bye. With much love from your little friend, Peter

**Friday, November 19, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

It is our desire to compliment you all—that means the ticket-selling committees and the grown up volunteers as well as others actively engaged in the production of our Christmas pantomime. Tickets are selling very fast so fast, indeed, that those members



who wish to be sure of seeing “PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND” had better send in their reservations at once....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: I am so sorry I left you in suspense for one whole day. You remember on Tuesday I told you that we had an awful surprise when Mrs. Peter opened the door and I promised to tell you what that surprise was the next day, and then I was so anxious to tell you about getting my new coat at Orange’s that I forgot all about the surprise.

Well, here it is! We were sitting down quietly reading the Brier Patch Bulletin when suddenly there came a rap at the door and it was the loudest rap you ever heard. Mrs. Peter Jumped up and opened the door and almost screamed aloud. There stood Mr. and Mrs. Bob White. If you had ever seen the hat she had on! It was quite too gorgeous for anything and all the time they were sitting around talking Mrs. Peter kept forgetting what she was talking about, her attention was so taken up with Mrs. Bob White’s hat.

Just before they left, being somewhat curious myself, I asked Bob about the hat. “Oh,” said he, puffing up his chest like he does sometimes. “That is the hat that Mrs. White is going to wear at our Christmas pantomime and she just tried it out on you to see what effect it would have.” Believe me, children, it has SOME effect, as you shall discover for yourselves the day after Christmas. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Saturday, November 20, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

We sincerely hope that you are not going to be one of the many hundreds of our club members who will be disappointed by not being able to get tickets for our Christmas pantomime. One very sure thing is that we can never accommodate all of our seventy thousand members, besides a large number of outsiders, with only four performances. So those of you who have made up your mind to come and see this gorgeous spectacle,

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,”

had best make sure by buying your tickets at once....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: I learned something to day which made me feel rather queer. I am not sure, of course, but I do believe that Mr. Fox is planning to be in the Pantomime. Now, for mercy sake, if he comes you will have to make him promise to be good and also to have his dinner first, because, you know he is a very treacherous person when he is hungry, and I know I never could get Mrs. Peter to come unless she feels assured that Mr. Fox is going to be on his best behavior. So please write to your editor asking him to make sure that nothing dreadful happens. Please answer. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Monday, November 22, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

To-morrow is going to be a very important day to the hundreds of children taking part in our great Christmas pantomime. The Orange Manufacturing Company will send their representative to measure every boy and girl for his or her costume, and, needless to say, these costumes are going to be very, very gorgeous. It would never do to tell everybody just what they are, because every one is coming to the pantomime to see for themselves, but you can rest assured that “astonished” is quite a mild expression for the way they will feel when the great curtain at the Lexington Opera House goes up on the first scene of

PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Cunny's foot is all well again and he is scampering around faster than ever. My, but it is wonderful to see that rabbit jump! He fairly whizzes through the air. He scarcely seems to touch the ground. He is very smart, too, and, as you know, very brave. That's why we are so glad to have him well again once more. Old Man Cottontail loves him, too, because when he lost his spectacles Cunny hunted for two days until he found them. He is always doing something for somebody else, and that's why everybody loves him. It is the same way with boys and girls. You will find counterparts of Cunny every day, and I am sure we must have a great many of them in our wonderful Bedtime Stories Club. You can always tell them at once by the number of friends they have. Good-night. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Tuesday, November 23, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Wasn't that an interesting happening to us at the Bronx Zoo last week when our friend, Mr. Ditmars, whom we all met at our wonderful outing in September, took compassion upon that poor little monkey, who happened to be a rare species, called the gibbon?

For the benefit of those of our club members who have not heard of the other day's happening, your editor will tell you. Hullock was the name of the little monkey, and, being of a rare species, there were no monkeys of his kind for him to play with or talk to. He tried to be chummy with little strangers, but his friendly advances were useless—the other monkeys evidently did not understand him, and then there was a fight, and poor Hullock had to be put in a cage all by himself.

Hullock became very, very lonely, and finally Mr. Ditmars was quite alarmed. He went to see Hullock, who had become very thin and ill, and as he stood in front of his cage the gibbon uttered some strange sounds very much like talking, mixed with moans, so Mr. Ditmars made up his mind, and early the next morning a curious looking machine was set in front of Hullock's cage, and when he began to talk, Mr. Ditmars pushed a lever, and then a few hours later back came the machine, and this time it was the machine that did the talking.

Immediately Hullock sat up and began to take notice, and, do you know, that little monkey stayed up most of the night talking with his new-found friend—a phonograph—who spoke to him in his own language (and in his own voice). We

understand now that Hullock is well on the way to recovery because he's happy. Let's hope so, and then we will all be able to go up and see him.

To-day and to-morrow, all our boys and girls who are taking part in the pantomime:

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

will be measured for their costumes. This is a very important event, of course. Our rehearsals are progressing splendidly, and everything promises to be unusually wonderful....

[Letter from Kathleen]

"I am so glad that Thanksgiving is coming. My birthday is on Thanksgiving and mother always calls me her little Thanksgiving child, because I came to live with mother just before the Thanksgiving dinner; and we had quite an accident to our Thanksgiving turkey that day and mother said she was very pleased that I came to be her little girl, because the angel that brought me must have whispered to the good people to take care of our old turkey and let him live forever; In fact, so many of our neighbors said he was a queer acting bird and that they thought he was a fairy and granny did not want him killed at all. I am going to tell you more about at turkey in my next letter. "From your loving little friend. "Kathleen."...

#### Peter Rabbit's Letter

Dearest Children: Just wait until you hear the new dance that Mr. Ward has written for me. You remember I told you about it? All the rabbits in the Brier Patch are just crazy doing it. It is the Peter Rabbit Hop! It is going to be one of the biggest of all the wonderful numbers in the Christmas Pantomime. Don't miss a rehearsal, for I am able to drop in on you any day, because I will have to do the dance, you know, in front of everybody. Won't that be FUN! Oh, my! I can hardly wait! Your loving friend, Peter

#### Wednesday, November 24, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club

As the time draws near for our Christmas pantomime, the name of which now every one knows is

"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,"

hundreds of members are sending in for tickets in advance, and really this, after all, is the wisest thing to do, because there surely will not be enough seats for every member of this club, besides the hundreds of other New York boys and girls who will want to see this monster show. Of course, most of the children will come with their parents, because it will be equally as interesting to grown-ups. Just imagine, over 300 people, little and big, are going to help work joyful wonders during the Christmas holidays in this our club's first show of its kind....

Natural History Questions. First question: "Why did the English kingfishers become scarce at one time?" Answer: Because thoughtless women wore its plumage in

their hats.

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: What do you think? Your editor told me the other day that before the first performance of our Pantomime, which, you know, is on Dec. 27, a lot of wonderful music is going to be published, and you can judge my delight when he told me that among others, the "Peter Rabbit Hop" will be there. Won't that be fun? When you all see us do the "Peter Rabbit Hop" just like we really, truly do it in the Brier Patch you can go straight home and try it yourself on your piano. Of course I don't mean the hop on the piano, but you can take the music home with you and play it and sing it, too. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Friday, November 26, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

You would have enjoyed it very much if you had been with your editor on Tuesday afternoon, for, you know, that was the day that he journeyed to the Bronx for the express purpose of talking to one of the largest branches of our wonderful club. We received many surprises before we really began to talk at all. In the first place, School No. 44 is delightfully situated, high up, plenty of fresh air, and practically outside the gates of Crotona Park. After becoming acquainted with Mr. Plowden Stevens, the principal of this big school, and several of the officials, we entered a great, airy auditorium, and what a sight it was! Nearly a thousand bright faces, quite one of the nicest aggregations of boys and girls it has ever been our pleasure to address, and you could have heard a pin drop while your editor made a few remarks, and, to make a long story short, we have the pleasure of announcing to-day that our club is larger by one thousand members and that Mrs. Jacobs has charge of this our newest branch, which will hold its meetings on Tuesdays in the assembly hall at School No. 44.

We can almost imagine our little friends, the cats, and dogs, and birds, in the Bronx heaving a sigh of relief to know that at last the army of little good fellows has begun to mobilize. We can almost hear the bugle call to arms as our little soldiers go forth to wage war against the unscrupulous and unthinking children who take the lives of our little furred and feather folk very sad and unhappy. While we are on the subject we might suggest to our club members that now is the time when all our little feathered friends begin to find it harder to obtain their little breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, and when the bad weather comes our boys and girls should see that they do their share. Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, who writes our delightful Bedtime Stories, suggests that you select a place in the park, or yard, or any open spot, and place a large old dry goods box with one side open facing the south, because this makes an excellent shelter for little birds, and then you can scatter food around. Once the birds have discovered this little lunch room you will be surprised how regularly they will attend, and if care is taken and they are not frightened they will become very tame indeed, and you can all derive a great deal of pleasure from their cheery twittering. Mr. Burgess says that he has had Tommy Tit come right into his house when the window on which he had spread Tommy's lunch had been left open.

Everybody can do their share if everybody will. So boys and girls of Public School

44, accept your editor's congratulations and best wishes for one mighty good thing that you have all done—becoming members of the Bedtime Stories Club. And in accepting these sentiments remember that they are expressed with the presumption that you all intend to be workers—not shirkers.

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,

our great Christmas pantomime, is gradually assuming its right shape. Our boys and girls are doing wonderfully and the principal players promise to help give you the treat of your lives. The music will be fascinating to a degree. The scenery, which is being made at the Knight studios, will make an enchanting setting for the production. While the costumes, by Orange, will be, of course, in keeping with the usual gorgeousness turned out by these people for the big productions they always handle...

#### HOW MANY TICKETS HAVE YOU SOLD?

This is a personal question to every member of the Bedtime Stories Club from your editor, and the first time he sees you that'll probably be the very first thing he'll say; and when you come to see the pantomime, won't it be nice to be able to feel that you have done your share in making it the success which, it is going to be, anyway....

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Cold weather will soon be here and food for all the little fellows in the Green Forest and Meadow will, of course, be harder to get. So when you sit down to your regular square meal every day just about the time daddy or mother says grace, won't you think hard for a minute and then make up your mind quick to help take care of those little fellows every chance you get, especially the birds? A little seed, such as sunflowers, millet, or cracked wheat, some suet, chopped nuts, or bread crumbs could be carried in your pocket and dropped on your way to school. You know I love the birds, although I am only a bunny, and in the Green Forest we all try to help one another. Your loving friend, Peter

#### **Saturday, November 27, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Congratulations to Principal Fleming of P. S. 160 and Director Lowenstein of our great east side branch of the Bedtime Stories Club! The meeting on Thanksgiving eve was more than a success, and the play, "Nathan's Thanksgiving Dream," written by Miss Wittstein, was delightful and very prettily acted by your clever little scholars, and your editor was almost overcome at the enthusiasm of his reception by that splendid gathering of over a thousand of our dear little citizen scholars and members of this monster club.

As we told you, we were very proud indeed to be with you and to have the pleasure of addressing such a group. We can see now those bright, eager young faces and the flashes of sympathetic emotion as we told you the story of "Young America."

An idea of the excellent system at Public School 160 may be gathered when we tell all members of the Bedtime Stories Club that it took but three minutes to dismiss the classes, roll back the classroom doors, convert the entire floor into one

large auditorium, and reassemble all the youngsters; then at the first sound of the bell everything was so quiet that you could almost hear yourself think.

Director Lowenstein opened the meeting and then that entire class as if one repeated in perfect unison the pledge of our club:

“We promise to be kind to dumb animals, protect them and help Mother Nature in every way. We promise to protect park property—the trees and flowers—and to do a good deed every day.”

Your editor, thinks that every member of this our wonderful club should cut out this (the club news of to-day) and take it personally to your own school teacher. You will all very likely be surprised at the results.

These are quite strenuous days for your editor, for after that delightful meeting on Wednesday he had to whiz uptown to the Lexington Theatre for rehearsal for our great Christmas pantomime,

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

Every afternoon at 4 o'clock something or other for this great show is being rehearsed. If it isn't some of the three hundred boys and girls who are to take part in the wonderful stage pictures and drill, then it is the grown-ups who are to sing and dance and act in this great nature story.

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

will be the surprise of your young lives—yes, and of mother's and daddy's, too; the new music by Ted Ward, the dream costumes by Orange & Co., the scenery by the Knight Studios, the modern costumes by one of our biggest and best shops of fashions, and, last but by no means least, the staging and wonderful ensemble by Jack Mason....

#### PET BIRD SHOW AT GRAND CENTRAL PALACE.

Our club members will be very interested to know that the pet bird show of the Empire Cage Bird Association, which is to be held in the Grand Central Palace on Dec. 8 to 11, promises to include the largest collection of foreign and native birds ever brought together. Six handsome silver cups will be awarded to the class winners. Altogether this event promises to surpass last year's show, which everyone will remember was very successful....

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: How many of you know what a baby bunting is? Well, he's half a rabbit and half a baby, that's just what he is, and they say that he is so sweet that everything he touches just turns to candy. Mrs. Peter says she wishes she could find one, but I don't think she really meant it, because even though we all like candy we don't want to be turned into it, do we? Just the same I'd like to see a baby bunting at a distance, wouldn't you? Perhaps we will some day. You never can tell Just what's going to happen in these days of wonders and surprises, you know. Mrs. Peter and Happy Jack, whom I saw yesterday, both send their best love to you all. So do I. Good-night, Peter

**Monday, November 29, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Five thousand new members in the month of November—surely, boys and girls, this shows us that membership to our club is very much in demand. Of course, we are always glad to welcome new members, who take our club pledge “to be kind to dumb animals, help Mother Nature, protect park property, and do a good deed every day,” for we realize what a pledge of this kind means. It is enormous in its importance. With a membership of nearly eighty thousand, what good is an organization with a motto like ours not capable of? And if our little furred and feathered friends could think and understand and talk like we can, don’t you suppose that a wonderful meeting would be held in not only our green forest and meadows, but hundreds of green forests and meadows in our beloved United States, in which votes of thanks, resolutions of endearment, and awards of love would be voted to this our Bedtime Stories Club? We can almost see millions of “Bob Whites” fluttering about with little pens under their wings, eager to sign that vote of thanks to you all, for your promise to protect them, and then think of all the “Happy Jack Squirrels,” the “Chatterers,” “Chipmunks,” the flying fellows, the millions of “Cottontails,” to say nothing of our dear big and little “Peters” and all the faithful dogs and furry pussy cats who will be grateful for the large measure of protection which the growth of this organization means to them.

So the question before us to-day is, Do we sufficiently realize our importance, the importance of the pledge we have signed and our responsibility as individual members, to see that we are worthy representatives of this great institution?

Your editor believes we do. What a tremendous WE this is. If the Bedtime Stories Club were to assemble in full strength to-day, with our parents and brothers and sisters, we would duplicate the population of a city like Minneapolis or Milwaukee—think of, It, children, and if everyone of us to-morrow would go out and get one good member, and by a good member we mean a little boy or girl who joined because he or she wanted to help, really and truly, our little helpless birds and animals, then this club would actually be the biggest and greatest organization of its kind in the world.

Your editor believes that out of our present membership of nearly 80,000 we have over 35,000 active workers. Soon we shall put this to the test, so that we can weed out the little drones who wear club buttons and have club certificates without the right to own them. Before this test is made, however, those of you who feel that you have not been as active as you might have still a chance to do something. Remember if you are looking for an opportunity one always turns up, even if you only make it a daily habit to put crumbs on the window ledge, that surely is a good deed, for you know when the winter weather comes along our little birds have a hard time scurrying around for food.

Thousands of gray squirrels are destroyed every fall in New York State alone by wanton men with guns who must shoot something. You as members of the Bedtime Stories Club know how friendly Happy Jack can be If he is assured of protection. We as little citizens of New York have only to visit our great parks to see this. If the squirrels had the same protection all over the United States as they have in some of our cities what a pleasure that would be for all of us and them!



About one-quarter of our present membership turned out at our monster meeting in Bronx Park on Sept. 30 last, and what a great day that was! Perhaps next September we may turn out in full strength. We certainly will if you say so. But we have a meeting before then. Remember, a meeting at which your attendance is expected and for this occasion we have prepared a wonderful treat.

#### PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

will be a delight to not only our boys and girls but father and mother and our grown-up brothers and sisters. Beautiful music, the quaintest of Dreamland costumes, gorgeous scenery and a cast of over 300 people, little and big....

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I wonder how many of you have my picture on our little silver club ring? Your editor thinks about twelve thousand. Now, I have a little plan, which has been approved of by him, and every member who sells over ten tickets to our Christmas pantomime will be presented with one of our sterling silver club rings with my picture on it. It doesn't matter whether the tickets are \$1, \$1.30, or \$2, if you sell ten or over the ring is yours. All you have to do is to cut out this letter and attach it to the ten or more coupons which you tear off the tickets and send in with the money to The Globe office. Your loving friend, Peter.

#### **Tuesday, November 30, 1915. Bedtime Stories Club**

To-day we print a very interesting letter from a little friend and member of our club, Anna Thomas. Anna is very unfortunately a cripple and is not able to get about very well. She, however, possesses that happy spirit and sweet disposition that sheds a ray of sunshine on those with whom she comes in contact. Her cheery letter is a pleasure to read—that's why your editor prints it. And at the same time he asks all the members of the Bedtime Stories Club who care to do so (and he knows that will be a great many) to sit down and write a nice, big, cheery, newsy letter to Anna Thomas. We often hear from her, and your editor occasionally writes her a personal letter, but this time he did not like to keep it all to himself, because he knew that the boys and girls of this club would like to enjoy her letter, too. "4022 Sixth Avenue. "Brooklyn, N. Y., "Nov. 22, 1915.

"Dear Editor—I was very glad to receive a letter from you and hope to have that pleasure often in the future. I am afraid I will not be able to see the wonderful Christmas pantomime. I am very sorry, as I want to see the pantomime ever and ever so much and had looked forward to that pleasure. The pantomime will be, I know, the very best one ever held, and I hope success will be its crown. If I thought I would have been able to take part in it, I would have gladly volunteered, but as you know I am very deformed I would be of very little use.

"On the Friday after Thanksgiving my class expects to visit the Museum of Natural History. A year ago, on the next day (Saturday), I visited the museum and had a lovely time. A dear old gentleman my companion knew

told interesting facts and stories about the various objects, particularly about the animals. Are not some of the animals grouped wonderfully? I especially remember the frogs, etc., moose, boar, bear, and bird groups.

“Members of the Bedtime Stories Club would enjoy a visit to the museum. The girls of my class want to try and see Bill Snyder’s menagerie, zoo, if possible, on the same day, but I doubt if it can be managed. It seems funny that I, by far the smallest girl in the class (some of the girls even stoop to talk to me), have been appointed leader for that day, as no grown-up is going. I hope the day will be clear, and the girls, who are all members of the Bedtime Stories Club with one or two exceptions, will enjoy the trip.

“Some day (some happy day), dear editor, I want to pay you a little visit and tell O, so many things!

“Do you know that through the Bedtime Stories Club I became a friend of a little girl whom I have never seen but with whom I correspond. I hope to meet my little friend personally soon. She does not know how I found out that there lived a little girl at her address who loved Peter Rabbit and all the other little folks who live in that wonderland ‘round Farmer Brown’s, and I am going to keep the secret until she guesses it. I will then tell it to her and any one who wants to know it.

“Will you please forward the unaddressed envelope enclosed to Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, as I do not know his address? I would thank you for doing so. Enclosed you will also please and eighty-one names of girls and boys who have made the necessary promise and not only wish but want to become members of the Bedtime Stories Club. I personally told some of the classes about our club and was greatly surprised to find so many boys and girls who daily get the bedtime stories and the club news, and who also wanted to become members but had for some reason or other never let their wants be known. Some who were not familiar with the good old Globe are now not only familiar, but like it very much and read the club news and bedtime stories daily.

“I cut out the stories and club news and bring them to school for the benefit of those who do not get the paper. I told the teachers of the classes I did not speak to about the Bedtime Stories Club and its purpose, promises, etc., and they in turn spoke to their pupils, many of whom are now members or will soon be.

“Wishing you the season’s best wishes, I am, your little friend, “ANNA THOMAS.”

#### OUR WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

“Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” is getting nearer perfect every day. Now is the time for all club members to put their best foot foremost in selling tickets....

## **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Remember the other day I told you about a baby bunting and how every time he touched anything It turned to candy? Well, I believe I saw one the other day. I got the tiniest glimpse only, but it looked just exactly like what Happy Jack told me about. I never will forget him, although I only just saw him for a second. Half a baby and half a rabbit! After I have posted this letter to you I am going to sit down and see if I can't draw him for you, and when I get the drawing finished, if it looks good enough I will stick it in the corner of my letter one day this week. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Wednesday, December 1, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is to be given for the benefit of the Sydenham and Flower hospitals, both deserving and worthy charities, and this belated announcement has already added extra vim and energy, if that were possible, to our ticket selling organization and those who are working so hard to make

#### **"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND"**

the great success it promises to be. Jack Mason is in charge of all of the big stage pictures, ensembles and dances and our boys and girls, one crowd or another (for, you know, there are over 300 people In "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"), seem greatly to enjoy the afternoon rehearsals after school every day. In fact, to tell all the truth, it is hard to get them home when they are through, and many of them almost plead to go through their numbers again, which speaks very well for Mr. Mason's ability as a teacher, doesn't it? Oh, yes. Indeed! He is a wonder, as you shall see by his work, and then, again, who could help but be Inspired with the delightful music that Mr. Ward has written for this great show?

Even the tiny tots of which we have numbers indeed have found it hard to keep from marching to the irresistible rhythm and happy lilt of the rollicking choruses. And we have a surprise for you, but we must not mention it until to-morrow—you may see it for yourselves with a very interesting picture. Of course, it is in connection with our Pantomime, for as the time draws near to the day of this big event we cannot keep from thinking about it almost every minute. Soon the costumes will be ready, then we can Imagine the joy of our boys and girls who are taking part when they see the gay colors, gorgeous silks, glittering spangles, crowns for the various greens and all the trimmings for the most wonderful and most fascinating story of Woodland and Fairyland ever pictured upon any stage.

Now we come down to business. Of course, you know there is always a business part of everything, even to belonging to the Bedtime Stories Club. Tickets! Tickets! Tickets! This should be the thought of every member of our club. ...

Everybody wants to help, now that they know that the beneficiaries are going to be the Sydenham Hospital and the Flower Hospital, and then again, our club will receive a tremendous lot of assistance by all the kind ladies and gentlemen who delight in getting busy and working hard so that the hospitals will receive substantial sums. You know we

have to work just as hard any way, so the hospitals might just as well receive a lot as a little, and that is why the hospital committees are going to be very busy people between now and the great show....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I tried five times after I wrote you the letter yesterday to draw a Baby Bunting. At the first time Mrs. Peter screamed with laughter, but at the last time she had to admit that there was something in the saying "Practice makes perfect." Of course, it is not nearly perfect, but it will give you a very good Idea of what a "Baby Bunting" looks like. They are very huggable looking, but just imagine the penalty! You are instantly turned into candy and I am sure that would never do, for then Reddy Fox could step right up and eat us all up, couldn't he? So you see it is best to keep a safe distance from these Baby Buntings, and I must say that I always keep pretty far away from them. With love, your friend, Peter

### **Thursday, December 2, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

The pleasant surprise I told you of is no longer a mystery, for you doubtless read in yesterday's Globe of the letter that your editor had received from Miss Elsie Janis and that she would be glad to assist in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" whenever in the city during the week of the show. Yes, and we are very, very glad she is coming. Aren't we, boys and girls?

You know Elsie Janis has had a very remarkable career. She became famous before she was grown up and has helped to make many remarkable theatrical successes in later years, and when we say "helped to make" we mean that she is a very clever lyric writer. Pretty verses are always on the tip of her pen and seem to flow in vivid colors without the slightest effort, and your editor hears that she is soon going to appear in a very wonderful production, the lyrics of which she is even now engaged in writing. But we shall see her first in

### **PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND**

because you know it is now only a little over three weeks before our great Christmas treat...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Hello, boys and girls! What do you say if after our pantomime is over, we start a dancing school for Bedtime Stories Club members only? I think the idea is a pretty good one, because since the pantomime started your editor has told me that hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls have wished that they could dance like those who are in it, so that they could help make some of the stage pictures that are going to be in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." And I have been wondering if we could get Mr. Jack Mason to take charge of our dancing class later on. Perhaps if our editor asked him he might almost be persuaded, If our dancing class was large enough. So suppose you all write me and let me know if you would be interested. Your loving friend,

PS--The reason that I am writing this letter is because Mrs. Peter made me. Do you

know she is simply crazy about dancing since she learned the Peter Rabbit Hop?

Peter

**Friday, December 3, 1915**  
**PETER SHEDS MORE SUNSHINE**

Doctors, Nurses, and Patients Happy Because Hospitals Will Benefit by Christmas Pantomime at Lexington Theatre.

Up at the Sydenham Hospital and Dispensary in East 116th street, the big staff of doctors and nurses are delighted that their institution, in conjunction with the Flower Hospital, is to be made the direct beneficiary of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." They hope that every ticket will be sold, and they are going to help dispose of them.

Each ticket sold means something to the hospital which needs more nurses and more doctors and more facilities for caring for patients. The friends of Peter Rabbit are going to do what they can to help the hospital get what it needs.

There are many sick kiddies at the Sydenham Hospital who are ever so much interested in the Christmas pantomime, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." When a Globe reporter visited them yesterday they asked countless questions about it. How many children were going to be in the play? What kind of costumes would they wear? Would there be a band? Was it going to be a really truly play? Would Peter Rabbit's friends all be there? and so on.

The reporter told them all about the pantomime and the big theatre in which it will be staged. He described the pretty costumes which will be worn and told them how the rehearsals were going. They listened in big eyed wonder.

"Gee, I wish I could go," said a boy of five who will have to remain in bed for many weeks because of an injury to his spine. "I heard about Peter Rabbit last night from the nurse and I'd like to see him on the stage."

The reporter thought of Christmas approaching and healthy boys looking forward to the coming of Santa Claus and felt sorry for the helpless little lad who wished he could see the Peter Rabbit play. Of course, he won't be able to see it, for he will be in bed for weeks after the closing performance.

In another room the reporter was introduced to day-old twins, bundled up in warm blankets and looking like papooses. A nurse carried one on either arm. They were bright, healthy-looking infants and should grow into very eligible applicants for membership of the Bedtime Stories Club. Just now they are not interested in the doings of Peter Rabbit and his friends, or anything else, for that matter, except to feed and sleep and grow strong.

Dr. Robert Kunitzer of the directorate of the Sydenham Hospital and Dispensary is very proud of the institution and of the fact that it was chosen along with the Flower Hospital to share the receipts from "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

From a single building in 1904 the institution has grown until to-day it occupies nine buildings and is still cramped for room. The buildings are a row of old-fashioned

brownstone houses which have been transformed into hospital and dispensary quarters. Someday, not far off, the directors hope to have a real hospital building in real grounds.

“Because of our location in one of the most congested parts of the east side,” said Dr. Kunitzer, “our staff of doctors and nurses is kept busy night and day. The hospital is nearly always running at full capacity, as it were, and frequently we have to refuse patients because every bit of room we have is occupied.

“It is our practice to admit all cases, except contagious ones, no matter how hopeless they may be, if we can accommodate them. It doesn’t matter whether the city approves or not, we take them just the same if we can crowd them in. The hospital is non-sectarian and takes all races and creeds.” ...

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Soon we shall publish a list of all those boy and girl members of the Bedtime Stories Club who have sent in their commissions which they earned on the sale of tickets for our great Christmas Pantomime:

#### **PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND**

as a personal donation to be divided between the Sydenham and Flower Hospitals, for the benefit of which all our four performances will be given. This is truly very nice of all our club members and will, of course, be greatly appreciated. We should begin to publish this star honor roll next week.

Isn’t it delightful that Elsie Janis is going to be with us in our Christmas Pantomime on such days as she is in the city? We hope she will come to all our performances, don’t we boys and girls? For you know she always has something very delightful to tell her audiences about, and we know that it will be something very special when she comes to “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.”

...

We have just had a delightful letter from Mr. Burgess who will, of course, be present at our pantomime and who will be one of the many important people who will be sure to come to this very important event, so you may come expecting to see interesting sights not only on the stage but in the great auditorium of the Lexington Theatre as well....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: Quite a number of our boys and girls have written to know if I was going to be in the Pantomime. Why, dearest children! Think of the name of it! “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.” How, then, in the name of all that stands for goodness could it happen without my being there? Oh, yes, I’ll be there all right. Didn’t I tell you that I had learned the Peter Rabbit Hop? Well, that is only one of the many things that is going to happen. I must not tell you all, because we want one surprise to follow another in a regular chain, like volley from a rapid-fire gun. I am just waiting to see your little eyes open in wonderment and delight. You remember when I stood before you all at Bronx Park? That was the happiest day of my life as I looked at you and

heard over 15,000 children say as with one voice "Dear Peter Rabbit." I am beginning to get quite fidgety, as I count the days when I am going to see you all again in our Christmas pantomime. Your loving friend, Peter.

**Saturday, December 4, 1915**  
**Xmas Play to Aid Hospitals**

Profits of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Will Be Divided Between Flower and  
Sydenham Institutions.

Clang Clang!

"Here comes the ambulance," cries a girl in a little knot of curious persons gathered about the prostrate figure of a little lad on the sidewalk. An empty automobile is standing near by, and beside the man who was driving it is a policeman. The crowd makes way for the white-suited figure of the doctor, as the ambulance comes to a stop. Tenderly the doctor bends over the still figure on the sidewalk, feels of the arms and legs, holds his hand over the spot where the little heart is beating faintly, then picks him up and carries him, as a mother would a sleeping child, back to the ambulance.

Clang! clang! and the ambulance is off, to draw up a few minutes later at the hospital gates. The boy, still unconscious, is carried to the operating room and a few minutes later the doctors will know whether his injuries are fatal.

A Scene Oft Repeated.

This scene is repeated, sometimes as often as three or four times a week, in the crowded section of the upper east side served by the Flower Hospital at Sixty-third street and Eastern Boulevard.

Sometimes there is a weeping mother in the crowd that greets the hurrying ambulance, but more often the victim of a recklessly driven automobile is on the operating table before, his or her mother knows of the accident.

Sometimes the little victims of auto accidents are beyond human aid, but if there is even a bare chance of saving their lives the doctors at the Flower Hospital usually succeed in doing so. The hospital has made a fine record in treating such cases, because, as Dr. R. S. Copeland expressed it, "both the staff of doctors and nurses put their hearts and souls into their work."

His Many Child Patients.

Perhaps it is because the Flower Hospital has such a large territory to cover, or it may be that autos are driven more recklessly in that section or the children are less careful, but whatever the reason it is a fact that the institution has an exceptionally large number of such accident cases.

Also the hospital treats a large number of maternity cases and through its dispensary administers to the ills of thousands of other mothers and children. All of which makes it especially appropriate that the Flower should be one of the two hospitals to benefit by the receipts of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the big Christmas pantomime to be presented at the Lexington Theatre under the auspices of the Bedtime



Stories Club department of The Globe four times during the week between Christmas and New Year's. The entire profits of the four performances will be divided between the Flower and Sydenham hospitals.

This means that every ticket which is sold will give these two hospitals and their dispensaries more money with which to save the lives of poor little children and their mothers, and make them strong and well. Isn't this a splendid charity? Little boys and girls—young America—working to help other kiddies and their mothers who are less fortunate than they. They say that charity begins at home; what could be more noble than the members of the Bedtime Stories Club giving a helping hand to their little brothers and sisters?

Praises Bedtime Stories Club.

Dr. Copeland, by the way, is enthusiastic over the Bedtime Stories Club. He thinks it is a splendid idea for boys and girls to pledge themselves to be kind to dumb animals and to help mother nature.

"It's going to make every member of the club a better man or a better woman when they grow up," he said. "It's going to instill into their little hearts the thought that they never will forget that kindness to the dumb and the weak is fine and noble and that the brave always are kind."

Dr. Copeland is enthusiastic, too, over "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" and said he wouldn't miss seeing it "for anything." He knows that the pantomime is going to be a fascinating production on a large scale—in no way amateurish—a real spectacular event in the dramatic world.

The book and lyrics are by H. S. Tibbs. Miss Miriam Teichner, whose poetry many members of the Bedtime Stories Club already are familiar with, set the book to verse. Ted Ward composed the music, which is "catchy" from the opening to the closing number. Jack Mason is staging the piece, and the Knight studios have their best artists at work on the scenery, which will be a wonderful treat to the eye.

Wonderful Costumes.

Gimbel Brothers are making the modern costumes, which are so pretty that they probably will have a decided effect on children's styles. The other costumes, which include some very novel and beautiful effects, are being made by the Orange Manufacturing Company.

And the musicians? Peter Rabbit will have music worthy of a grand opera production, for there will be a large orchestra of selected artists conducted by J. Albert Brown, who is well known along Broadway as a leader.

Miss Elsie Janis, one of Broadway's favorites, will assist in the production of the pantomime if she is in town, as she expects to be, and other Broadway stars will also be present.

Remember there are 70,000 members of the Bedtime Stories Club, several thousand of whom reside in New York City, and the latter will all try to see "Peter

Rabbit In Dreamland,” so it might be well for YOU to get your tickets now to make sure of getting a seat.

Tickets are now on sale at Gimbel’s, Macy’s, and both offices of The Globe, 73 Dey street, and 12 West Thirty-first street.

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

To-day your editor had the pleasure of a visit from one of our little club members—Miss Anna Vine. She and her mother paid a visit to the club, among other things to get more tickets to sell for the pantomime, but principally to present your editor with an oil painting of Peter Rabbit. This picture is really very, very clever, and there is no doubt but what Anna will one day become a painter of renown. She has handled the brush very deftly and brought out Peter’s cunning expression, and the colors of the green meadow near the Brier Patch with great realism.

Your editor is quite the proudest editor in New York to-day to think that Anna was so nice as to bring this beautiful picture to him and do it just for him alone. When Peter Rabbit sees it we know he will go into ecstasies, in fact, we are not sure but what we shall have a hard time with him, for he will want it to hang up in the Brier Patch burrow.

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.”

These are the days when the actual shaping of this great production is taking place—all the loose ends are being tucked in. Mr. Mason and your editor go around with the pruning shears and critical eyes clipping the straggling ends. What a wonderful show this is going to be. Those who are favored with a glimpse at rehearsals think it nothing short of marvellous what has been accomplished up to date. Soon the wonderful scenery will be ready: in fact, by next week it will leave the Knight studios and become housed on the great Lexington Theatre stage ready for the opening performance.

On Monday and Tuesday many of the smart little girls who are taking part in the pantomime will trip off to the great shop of Gimbel Brothers, where they will be measured in the department of fashions for young folks for the most wonderful little party frocks you ever saw, for you know “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” opens with a delightful Christmas party. This is just a hint, and we must not say any more, but you may be sure that those party dresses will be dreams of delight. Toys, toys, there will be a most extravagant collection, for nothing has been left out to make our Christmas pantomime quite the best thing that ever happened...

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: Mrs. Peter is quite angry with me for saying yesterday that she was crazy about dancing. Of course, I did not mean it quite the way she thought. I meant (Mrs. Peter is watching me write this) she just loves to dance and I am doing my very best to try to persuade her to come to our Christmas pantomime. I think that perhaps if some of you dear children who write me so often, would ask her that that would settle it. I am going to be there just as large as life, of course, that isn’t very

large, but you will see me all right. This pantomime of ours is going to make our wonderful meeting at Bronx Park last autumn, look like thirty—Mrs. Peter, you know, is watching me write this and she hates slang, hence the dash.

With lots of love I am your little friend, Peter

**Monday, December 6, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Now, all you boys and girls, members of this wonderful club of ours—and that means 70,000 of you, for we have the names of all our little boy and girl members snugly recorded in our B. S. C. filing rooms—what are you all going to do this Christmas to make somebody happy?

You know it is not every boy or girl that will be in your circumstances. There are many thousands to whom Santa Claus will not come, and there are many thousands more who will be too sick to enjoy him if he did come.

We know at least 300 boys and girls who are working real hard and giving their time almost every day to help our own sick people in this big city and a happy thought has been suggested to your editor by our little friend Elsie, from London Town, that all of you who intend coming to our pantomime,

PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,

might very easily bring a little gift as your special contribution toward the happiness of the youthful patients of either the Sydenham Hospital or the Flower Hospital, who are going to be the beneficiaries of the four great performances of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.” Santa Claus will not come to these little folks and again by the time of the first show of our production, which will be, as you know, on the afternoon of Dec. 27, you will probably have at least one toy or doll more than you really need; besides even if you do need it, it would do you ever so much good to give it away, especially when you know it will be appreciated by some little sick boy or girl who has had to spend his or her Christmas in a hospital.

So why not every boy bring a toy and every girl a doll when you come to see “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland”? We will have a special booth in the lobby of the Lexington Theatre, and all those dolls and toys will be on exhibition as the individual gifts of the members of the Bedtime Stories Club. Each doll or toy should bear a tag with the name of the donator and perhaps a word of Christmas cheer to whoever the little boy or girl may be that will receive it.

Later the club may exhibit these gifts in one of the big Fifth avenue shops and the list of all the donators will be printed in The Globe.

Surely this is a really happy Christmas thought and those of you who are old enough to read your Bedtime Stories and club news without the assistance of mother or daddy should cut this out right now and take it to mother or daddy, then you are sure not only to see “Peter Rabbit in g Dreamland” but you are also sure to bring a toy or doll whoever you may be...

## **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I am going to one of the rehearsals this week: look out for me! Whatever you do don't be late for rehearsals. You know there is a new schedule out now and all the boys and girls are expected to be on time and if you are punctual you will probably see me there. Mrs. Peter sends her love; she is making something which is going to be a great surprise for you. Happy Jack is here sitting on our front veranda and he has just called in to say that he sends you his love. Good night. Your loving little friend, Peter

### **Tuesday, December 7, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

What do you think, boys and girls? Your editor knew you could never guess and now, at last, he is going to tell you what the first prize is going to be for the girl or boy who sells the most tickets—over 100—for

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.”

Here it is: A beautiful Shetland pony, a bay, four years old, well broken, together with a magnificent little basket phaeton (governess's cart), and a complete set of handsome harness.

Now, while you are holding your breath, we will tell you that Mr. Pony and carriage are on the way from the west in an express car. And as soon as he arrives, if he is feeling none the worse for his journey, we shall have him promenade on Fifth avenue between 4 and 6 o'clock with the rest of the elite. Doubtless you will see him. Now surely, children, this is a very handsome prize, is it not? Your editor hopes sincerely that it is one of our really active members that wins him rather than a little stranger: by that I mean a member of our club who has not been as active as he might be in other things. Then the second prize, as you all know will be a 14-carat Peter Rabbit ring with diamond eyes, and it will be made to fit the finger of the lucky boy or girl who sells next to the highest number of tickets. The third prize is to be a beautiful portrait in colors valued at \$30. This is to be presented by Mr. Proskauer of the Donati Galleries, 402 Columbus avenue who is one of the official photographers of our wonderful club.

Now, children, tell your daddy about it, and tell him also that all the profit from each performance of our Christmas pantomime will be equally divided between the Flower and Sydenham hospitals, and that all the glory goes to our wonderful club and that you think the first prize ought to go to you, and to make this prize still more valuable Peter Rabbit is going to use it himself personally when he drives on to the stage at the first performance of our wonderful Christmas pantomime. “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.”...

The thousands of members of this great club will be delighted to learn that the club has made special arrangements with Ralph Henry Barbour to publish his books in the Globe Bedtime Story columns in serial form, beginning Monday, Dec. 13. The first great story of Mr. Barbour's will be “The Half-back.” A satisfying portion will be published every day. This ought to make our Bedtime Stories Club still more irresistible to the thousands of bright boy and girl members.

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children – I have just heard about the wonderful first prize which is going to be given to the boy or girl who sells the most tickets to our pantomime. Just imagine! A beautiful Shetland pony Just four years old, and in his prime, trained to be obedient and kind to his prospective little girl or boy owner. How proud that little boy or girl who is fortunate enough to win this equipment will be; it will be doubly appreciated because you will know that you not only have the honor of possessing this smart little equipment, but because it means that you won it as the first prize for selling the highest number of tickets for your club and for the worthy hospitals that we are all working for doubt you will be surprised at my knowing about all these things. The truth is that Bunnies are pretty wise, as you will see the more you study them. Mrs. Peter sends her love. Your friend, Peter

### **Wednesday, December 8, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

The pony and carriage is for the boy or girl who sells the most tickets for the big Christmas pantomime

#### **“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND”**

—when we say most, that means the most over 100. Several of our boys and girls are near that mark and it will not be much of an effort for them to sell enough to put them in the running class for this beautiful prize. He is four years old, and just the handsomest little fellow you ever saw, and the handsomest little basket phaeton you would ever want to see goes along with him. Just imagine yourself being bowled along through Central Park with never creak or a sound except the clickity- click of the smart little fellow's heels. How proud you would be if you should win him, because every time you went out driving you would be reminded of the splendid services you gave to your club and of the good work you did for the Flower and Sydenham hospitals during Christmas time of 1915....

All those children who are in favor of starting a Bedtime Stories Dancing Class this winter after the Pantomime should write in and give your views, because soon we shall call a “meeting of the advisory committee to discuss this subject....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I am getting very curious to know just who the lucky boy or girl is going to be who wins the beautiful Shetland pony and carriage. I am going to ask your Editor if I can drive on the stage in this beautiful little basket phaeton drawn by the Shetland pony at our Pantomime. Won't it be lovely, and perhaps, who knows. I may be able to help give him away on that wonderful day. Mrs. Peter says she wishes she could borrow him and keep him in the Brier Patch for a week or two, only we are afraid that all the rabbits put together could not build him a large enough house, for you know our houses are very hard to get into for anybody but rabbits. I am counting the days, until the Pantomime, when I can see your smiling faces. Good-night. With love, your friend, Peter

**Thursday, December 9, 1915**  
**Three Pairs of Cutest Twins**

They Like Other Children and Mothers, Will Profit by Christmas Pantomime—  
Have You Bought Your Tickets Yet?

Like twins? Yes! Well, did you ever see three pair of them at one time, all newly born? A reporter for The Globe did, however and the sight so impressed him that he had them all photographed, a pair in the arms of each of three nurses.

Of course, you will want to know where the twins were and how it happened that there was so many of them there at one time. The place was the Sydenham hospital and dispensary in East 116th street, a little more than a block from the East River.

This hospital and the Flower Hospital, it will be recalled, are to divide the entire profits of the spectacular pantomime, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which is to be produced at the Lexington Theatre during the week between Christmas and New Year's under the auspices of the Bedtime Stories Club and the patronage of The Globe.

Three Pairs of 'Em.

Therefore, every reader, and especially members of the club, will be interested in anything which happens at either of these deserving institutions. When the reporter heard that three pairs of twins had been born at the hospital, he lost no time in going there.

Sure enough, there were the twins—a sextet of the cutest babies you ever saw. There were three boys and three girls in the twenty-six and one-sixth pounds of humanity. When their little eyes opened it was seen that three pair were blue, two pair brown, and one pair gray. The babies looked to be the picture of health and the nurses said they were fine specimens.

Sitting for Photo.

When the photographer posed them Miss Murphy held one pair in her arms both boys; while Miss Boyle, seated at the left, held a pair of girls, and Miss Garfein, seated at the right, held a girl and a boy, the youngest of the sextet and less than thirty hours old. The oldest pair, born about twenty-four hours before the youngest, snuggled in Nurse Murphy's arms.

Twins have become so common at the Sydenham Hospital that they attract little attention now, though this is the first time the institution has sheltered three pair at one time. This hospital, as has been stated, is in the heart of one of the most congested upper east side districts and covers an unusually large area for a metropolitan institution.

Suffering and Poverty.

There is much suffering and poverty in the district and the capacity of the hospital is always taxed. Frequently it happens that some most deserving case has to be turned away because there is no accommodation. Every inch of available space is utilized. Isn't it a pity that a hospital whose patients are chiefly poor little children and their

mothers shouldn't have the means and facilities to extend its noble work? This is the reason the Sydenham Hospital was selected to benefit by the four performances of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

#### A Noble Charity.

Truly this is a noble charity for the Christmas season—the little members of the Bedtime Stories Club aiding their poorer brothers who are sick to get treatment. Every dollar spent for tickets will help to make the burden of some poor east side mother a little lighter.

Do not forget that three prizes are offered to enterprising members of the Bedtime Stories Club. The member selling the largest number of tickets over 100 will be given a live Shetland pony, harness, and cart. The members selling the next highest number of tickets will receive a beautiful solid 14-karat gold Peter Rabbit ring with diamond eyes. The member selling the next highest number of tickets will receive a portrait in colors valued at \$50. Aren't these prizes worth striving for?

#### A Wonderful Spectacle.

When you see the wonderful spectacle at the Lexington Theatre, you will realize that it is the best value for the money in the theatrical line that you ever invested in. The dates of the four performances are especially appropriate. There will be no school during Christmas week. Many members of the Bedtime Stories Club are arranging box parties with the consent of their parents.

Miss Elsie Janis, talented and beautiful Broadway star, is going to be with us if she is in town that week, as she hopes to be, and there will be other Broadway favorites, too. Ted Ward's music is "simply great," and the stage pictures by Jack Mason are masterpieces. Members of the Bedtime Stories Club whose parents are unable to take them to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," but who have tickets, will be properly chaperoned either by nurses from the hospital, who will meet them at the theatre, or by special volunteers whose names will be published in time for the children to make arrangements to join their parties.

#### Bedtime Stories Club

There is a great treat in store for you all, for after "The Halfback," the book we told you about yesterday, will come "The Honor of the School," then "The Captain of the Crew," followed by "Weatherby's Inning" and last but not least. "Behind the Line." Tell all your friends about it so that they will prepare to start the story on Monday with the first chapter.

The box-office sale for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" begins on Monday, Dec. 13. at the Lexington Theatre...

#### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: You will be delighted to know that we had a visit from Mr. Thornton W. Burgess yesterday and he is just as enthusiastic as we are about the pantomime idea, and he is going to be there, just like I am. Won't that be fun? We



are all going to be together again, just like we did in Bronx Park, only this time our meeting will be mixed with fascinating music, lovely costumes, and beautiful scenery, to say nothing of all your dear smiling faces. I can hardly wait for the days to go by. The fact is, in the morning when I get up I scratch the day off the calendar with a blue pencil. Just imagine we have only eighteen more days counting Sundays and Christmas before the first performance. Won't it be just fine? Good night. Your loving friend, Peter

**Friday, December 10, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

On Monday the box office of the Lexington Theatre will open for our wonderful Christmas pantomime,

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.”

We suggest that you get your tickets early because there is bound to be an over demand for tickets. Every active member of the Bedtime Story Club will want to see this great, big, rollicking production, all about the Green Meadows, the Green Forest, the Brier Patch, Peter Rabbit. Reddy Fox, Happy Jack, Danny Meadow Mouse, and all of the little friends that we read about every day in Mr. Burgess's wonderful stories.

We have written a special book with a real plot, and Miss Teichner of The Globe whose pretty poetry you have often read, has set the entire book into beautiful verses. The most popular and beautiful of music has been supplied by Mr. Ted Ward, who is responsible for the music of many of the Broadway successes, and all the gorgeous stage pictures are under the direction of Mr. Jack Mason, who for many seasons has been instrumental in the great Winter Garden successes...

**Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: These are cold days in the Brier Patch and I am exercising very strong, long runs every day, just the most delightful gambles ever known. Cold weather agrees with me and my our coats are so thick and fuzzy just like your winter furs. But dearest children, I often see the little birds and they look very hungry. Now you know it is not so easy for them to get food in the wintertime. So if you remember your club promise [...] be loyal to it every day by feeding the birds? You can start a lunch party, as we suggested some time ago in your backyard on your front steps on your windowsill or in the park. Simply get the habit of leaving something every day in a certain place and you will have your own crowd of little feathered friends, and you will be surprised what delightful little friends they will become.

Your loving friend, Peter.

**Saturday, December 11, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

What shall his name be? The little Shetland pony arrived yesterday, and when your editor met him he looked as if he was trying very hard to tell his name, but the poor little fellow did not succeed, and we will have to find a name for him, won't we? Now, all you boys and girls, before he is awarded as the first prize to the club member who sells the largest number of tickets over 100 for our Christmas Pantomime, what do you

say about our club finding a name for this dear little pony? Just simply send in a post card with your suggestion, and we will publish the various names suggested, and the name that is the most popular will be selected. Don't delay, otherwise he will have to be given away without a name, and that, we fear, would hurt his feelings. He is a very nice little fellow, and your editor would like to own him himself, but we know that the boy or girl who wins him will have done excellent work and will deserve an excellent prize. So hurry your ticket selling.

...

Here is a lovely letter from Thornton W. Burgess; you see, he, too, delighted with the idea of the pantomime. Won't it be fun for him see the characters of his own stories brought to life in our wonderful show: PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 9. 1915.

Dear Members of the Bedtime Stories Club:

It has been a great pleasure to me to read about the wonderful play you are to give the week after Christmas and to feel that out of my little stories has grown such a wonderful club of boys and girls in whose hearts glows the desire to do for others and to scatter love and kindness wherever they are needed. I am sure that "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is going to be a splendid success and that because of it this old year is going to have a brighter ending and the New Year a happier beginning, not only for you who take part and you who are fortunate enough to see it, but especially for those dear little folks in the two hospitals for whose benefit the play has been planned and is to be given.

Your editor has asked me to be present with you on all the days the play is given. I fear that this will be impossible, but I certainly shall do my best to be present on at least one day. Indeed, I am looking forward to it quite as eagerly as the most eager of you. I am quite excited at the mere thought of seeing Peter and his friends on the stage, and even more so at the thought of once more seeing your happy faces. I wouldn't miss it for a great deal, and I shall be with you on at least one day. I am sure it is going to be a splendid success. How could it be otherwise with such a beautiful purpose in view and with such enthusiasm on your part and the part of your editor? Wishing each and all of you a Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years, I am, Peter's friend and yours, Thornton W. Burgess....

You will remember that we told you about one of our little members suggesting that beautiful canary songsters be awarded as the prizes for those who head the honor roll. We are in receipt to-day of a letter from Hermine Potsdam suggesting that we make some of the prizes birds and others rings. We think this is a very good idea and have decided that the prizes will be as follows: The first prize will be a gold Peter Rabbit Ring with real diamonds set in the eyes: the second, third and fourth prizes will be canary songsters, the remaining prizes from the fifth to the tenth will be our regulation silver Peter Rabbit ring...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: What do you think! I have seen the copy of my own dance, "The Peter Rabbit Hop," and it is the most gorgeous looking affair in red and black, with my picture on the cover, and can you imagine! I am holding the hand of the sweetest girl you ever saw, I am just dying to hear that wonderful orchestra play it at our pantomime, and then I can just imagine all you club members playing it over on the piano when you go home. Lots of love until to-morrow. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Monday, December 13, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Invitations are coming in by the score from the various schools for your editor to spend a few minutes with them at their closing exercises. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to do so, but dear children, you must be lenient and remember that it is quite impossible for one person to be in two places at the same time. Really, we wish we were able to do it, because it would be a source of great enjoyment to attend such delightful gatherings as those we visited last month, but then, you know, our Christmas pantomime is taking up a great deal of time, and, therefore, much as we regret it, we have to say nay for this once...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Mr. Peter bought a pair of shoes and I have been laughing at her ever since. What do you think of a bunny wearing shoes I must admit, however, that they look very cute, only I am sure that she will have a hard time getting used to them. But, then, you know, she sometimes wears a bonnet, and then that dear little apron of hers is always on because she is always busy and needs it. I forgot that you have not met Mrs. Peter yet, have you? Well, you will soon, for she has at last consented to come to meet you all at our Christmas pantomime. If you only love her half as much as I do that will be a whole lot indeed. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Tuesday, December 14, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Regarding the prizes for the honor roll contest which are to be awarded during the Christmas Pantomime of

"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND"

after some discussion among our members and advisory committee, etc., it has finally been decided as follows: ...

Our members will be glad to know that yesterday marked the opening of the box office sale of our wonderful Christmas Pantomime and that there was one of the biggest demands for seats that has ever been recorded at the Lexington Theatre, despite the fact that it was a very bad day raining and sleeting from ten o'clock on. Both windows kept busy and the lobby was crowded to capacity...

Several of our members have nearly reached the hundred mark of the ticket sale and the contestants are running very close in their endeavor to win the valuable prize

which The Globe is giving to the boy or girl who wells the most tickets over 100 for our Christmas pantomime. This prize, as you know, is nothing less than a beautiful four-year old Shetland pony and carriage with a complete set of harness, and if the weather is pleasant you will very likely see him promenading on Fifth avenue during the afternoon, between now and Christmas and, of course, he will be in the show and he is going to be driven on the stage by no less an important personage than Peter Rabbit himself—doubtless Mrs. Peter will be with him.

We have to-day received a charming letter from Miss Elsie Janis, and she will be with us on Wednesday, the 29th, when she will perform one of her delightful dances and, doubtless, surprise you as she usually does with a charming impersonation of somebody we all know very, very well. Other big Broadway stars will be there as well....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: I have had hundreds of letters from the club members about our dancing class. All those that are interested and would like to belong will please send in their names in care of our Editor and I will see that should the class be decided upon that they receive an Invitation. Mrs. Peter sends her love and now that she has decided to be present at our Christmas pantomime, she says that she is just so excited about seeing you all that she can hardly wait for the first day, December 27th, at the Lexington Theatre, at 2.20 P M. Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Wednesday, December 15, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Oh, no, indeed! Four matinees will never begin to accommodate all the people who want to see

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.”

It is now a little less than three weeks off, and if you want a seat you will have to hurry straight to the Lexington Theatre or to one of the branches of the Tyson Company or McBride agencies to get it. Of course, there is the slightest ghost of a chance of our giving more than four matinées, but we will not decide that until every seat is sold for the afternoons of Dec. 27, 29, 30, and 31.

We have had many letters in the last few days addressed to Peter Rabbit, and to tell you the truth, dear children. Peter is puffed up with pride, and justly so. He knows just like we all know that without him our club would not be nearly as interesting as it is.

If only we could tell you some of the things that Peter is going to do and a few of the things that have been arranged to happen at the pantomime you would not miss it for worlds and worlds; but we must not tell in advance, and your editor has cautioned Peter not to let a single kitten out of our bag of cats, for you will remember that Peter is a wee bit inclined to let out secrets, bless him...

Dear children, this heavy snow storm is going to make it very difficult for our little birds to get food and they need your help now more than ever so your editor calls upon our army of 70,000 to keep their lunch counters well supplied during the next few days.

You know you may have a free lunch counter for the birdies anywhere at all, provided you keep it regularly. On your window sill, on the veranda, in the back yard, in a packing case. In a vacant lot—anywhere at all, where our little feathered friends can come without too great a danger of being disturbed by sudden noises or willful pussies...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Who do you suppose I came to see us yesterday? Why, no less an important personage than our dear friend Danny Meadow Mouse. And what a surprise he had for Mrs. Peter and I. He is going to be in the pantomime. Oh, yes, indeed! And he has ordered brand new suit for the occasion. Danny is one of the best friends that we have. He is such a kind-hearted little fellow and never does anybody any harm, and he is always glad to do a good turn—just like the members of our club—so, the news that he will be at our pantomime should send another spark of joy around our club circle, shouldn't it? Your loving little friend, Peter

### **Thursday, December 16, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

"Joy land, Joy land, little Girl and Boy land." These are the words which commence a very beautiful song that was written some time ago, and your editor knows that you all would like to make a joy land for those poor little sick girls and boys who are unable to come and see the joys of

"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND."

So you are invited, each of you, to bring a doll or a toy when you come to the pantomime. Thus you will be able to help us distribute joy to the little girls and boys who cannot for health's sake, come to one thing, that you are counting on this Christmas—and that is the Bedtime Stories Club's Monster Pantomime at the Lexington Theatre...

Don't forget, dear children, your editor told you yesterday. This heavy fall of snow is going to make it difficult for our little feathered friends to get enough to eat. They need your help now more than ever and we call upon our army of 70,000 to keep the lunch for the birds well supplied during the next few days. On your window sill, your veranda, in your back yard in a packing case, in a vacant lot, any place can be turned into a free lunch, and you will be surprised at the number of little visitors that you will have, providing you have a luncheon for them regularly if you came home from school a couple of times and found no luncheon waiting for you, you would begin not to expect it, wouldn't you? Well, that is the way with our little birds. You must feed them regularly if you expect them to come regularly.

All those children who would like to join our dancing class if we have one after the pantomime had better send in their names, because the number that we can take care of must necessarily be limited. We will know definitely about this after we have had another meeting of our advisory committee: but send your letters in now don't wait....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest children: What do you think! I am going to a ball next Monday night, and there are going to be ever so many people there, and do you know what I am going to do at this ball? I am going to sell tickets for our Pantomime, so you see your friend Peter is going to do his share with the rest of you. Of course, if I win the Pony and Carriage I won't keep it, but I shall give it to the little boy or girl who sells the most tickets. Perhaps many of you who read this will see me there and if you do I will have a kiss for you all and you can bring your friends to me and you just watch me sell them tickets for the Pantomime, because you know we have got to make that sum that we promised the Flower and Sydenham hospitals as big as possible and every one of us must do his or her share in helping the sale of tickets. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Friday, December 17, 1915 Peter Rabbit Going to Ball**

Will Sell Tickets for Xmas Pantomime at Festival of Child's Welfare League at Hotel Biltmore Monday Night.

Peter Rabbit is going to a Christmas festival and ball on Monday night. What for? Why to sell tickets for the spectacular pantomime, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," which will be produced at the Lexington Theatre during the holiday week.

Mrs. Walston Hill Brown, who is chairman of the International Childs' Welfare League, a very worthy organization, which does splendid work In behalf of little boys and girls, invited Peter. Incidentally it may be remarked that Peter expects to sell a great many tickets for the pantomime. He hopes to be so busy handing out tickets and making change that it may require the aid of an assistant.

The Christmas festival and ball are going to be held in the big ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel. There will be tables and booths filled with pretty things for Christmas and the proceeds of the sale are to be used for the work of the league. Many of the city's wealthiest people will be present and Peter, incidental to the sale of tickets for the pantomime, will try to interest them in the Bedtime Stories Club.

Xmas Tree Wireless.

A unique feature of the festival will be a wireless receiving station atop twenty-five foot Christmas tree to which messages will be flashed from the governors of many states and others announcing the child welfare laws which have been enacted during the year. These communications are to be relayed to the mouths of articulating dolls which will be hung about the tree, each one being dressed in costumes of their native state country. The laws are the official gifts of the states to their little children. Commenting on the event, Mrs. Brown said:

"We believe that the most tangible gifts to the children of any community are laws which in a permanent way restore to children their inherent rights of childhood. The league is interested in a magna charta of childhood.

"We hope to formulate a set of principles of child care which can be adapted to any state or country and which will Insure to its child a healthy, normal birth, a wise

rearing, and an uncompromising protection against indifference, ignorance, greed, whether these factors spring from the parent, state, or industry.” ...

#### The Public Is With Peter.

“Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” is going to be a success beyond all expectations. It would appear, judging by the Interest taken in the production by the general public, that people have been waiting for just this kind of play at this season. The interest is by no means confined to children, for there will be hundreds of grown-ups present who have never outgrown their love of the things associated with childhood. The pantomime, by the way, is going to be the means of many happy reunions of children attending private schools. Of course, there will be no school the week between Christmas and New Year’s, and a majority of the children attending private schools and academies would not ordinarily meet during the holiday period.

The principals of several of these institutions, however, are arranging Peter Rabbit parties so that the scholars who intend going to the pantomime may be together at the Lexington Theatre. This is a splendid idea, as it will give the children an opportunity to tell each other what they got for Christmas, without having to wait until they return to school.

The music is so pretty that every one who sings or plays will want copies of the big “hits.” It is nothing new for Ted Ward to write pretty music, of course, but in “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” he has surpassed all previous efforts. When you hear the catchy airs that instinctively make you want to hum or whistle you will want copies of the music. You will find all the big “hits” on sale in the lobby of the theatre when you go to the pantomime. They will recall pleasant recollections of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” when you play them over at home.

#### Pony of Blue Ribbon Stock.

The contest among the members of the Bedtime Stories Club for the Shetland pony, harness, and basket phaeton is growing keen. The member who sells the largest number of tickets for the pantomime will become the proud owner of this dandy turnout. It is always nice to know the pedigree of animals, so perhaps the little girl or boy who is going to be awarded the first prize in the ticket contest will be glad to learn that the pony comes from a long line of prize-winning ancestors.

He is a grandson of Prince of Wales, who was one of the greatest Shetlands ever bred, and his grandmother was the grand champion at the world’s fair in Chicago. The pony has fourteen brothers and sisters, all of whom have taken blue ribbons at horse shows. Coming of such distinguished stock, it is not unreasonable to expect that the Peter Rabbit pony may some day capture one of the cherished “blues” at Madison Square Garden or elsewhere.

The pony came from Peoria, Ill. from a famous farm owned by Mr. Bunn, who has bred many prize ponies. Anything Mr. Bunn doesn’t know about Shetland ponies is really not worth knowing.

Do not forget about the second and third prizes, either of which is well worth



striving for. The second prize, 14-karat gold ring with a diamond- eyed Peter Rabbit on the band, will be awarded to the girl or boy in the club who sells the second highest number of tickets.

Profits Go to a Charity.

The third prize, a handsome portrait in colors valued at \$50, has been donated by Mr. Proskauer of the Donati Galleries.

Those who are trying to sell a sufficient number of tickets to be awarded one of the prizes should lay stress upon the fact that the entire profits of the four performances of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” will be divided between the Sydenham Hospital and the Flower Hospital and their dispensaries.

Tell the people you are asking to buy tickets that the play is going to be a regular theatrical piece—a rollicking, dashing, fascinating spectacle with wonderful costumes and scenery and beautiful music written especially for it. The orchestra, conducted by J. Albert Brown, will be up to the Broadway standard in every way.

The book and lyrics are by H. S. Tibbs. Jack Mason is staging the piece in a manner which would do credit to any big Broadway production. The scenery from the Knight studios, will furnish a wonderful background for Peter Rabbit and his fellow players. Altogether it will be a great production, one of which every member of the Bedtime Stories Club may well be proud.

It is doubtful if four performances will be sufficient to accommodate all the people who will want to see “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” so tickets should be purchased now to make sure of seats.

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

I suppose you have all read the story of “Alice in Wonderland,” for most boys and girls who love to read—and, of course, it is those kind of boys and girls who are the best members of the Bedtime Stories Club—have read this wonderful tale by Lewis Carroll and have seen the delightful drawings of Sir John Tenniel. For the benefit of those who have not, however, we are going to tell you briefly all about Alice in Wonderland, because we have just made arrangements to make the week of Dec. 27 a really, truly Bedtime Stories Club week at the Lexington Theatre and as our Wonderful Christmas Pantomime,

PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,

will be given on the afternoons of Monday the 27th, Wednesday the 29th, Thursday the, 30th, Friday the 31st, and Saturday, Jan. 1, as well as a special—now, listen, children, this is very good news, because so many of you have written to say if we only had an evening performance we would sell SO many more tickets—

NEW YEAR’S EVE PERFORMANCE OF “PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,”

but on all the others days, that is, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, evenings as well as every morning, from 10 to 1, there will be a special

performance of “Alice in Wonderland.”

This is a very beautiful photoplay in six reels and it cost \$25,000. The Nonpareil Feature Film Corporation presents Miss Viola Savoy in this magnificent wonderland story. She was the star of “The Littlest Rebel,” and you will also see one hundred clever children in this beautiful photoplay, and you will also see Peter Rabbit, for you know it was Peter the White Rabbit that first invited Alice to step out of real life into Wonderland. You should make little notes regarding all this because you will all want to see this wonderful film, especially as the prices of admission will be from 15 cents to 50 cents.

Well, Alice one day was sitting by her sister on the bank in the meadows and she began to get very tired of having nothing to do but look at the scenery: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures, and what was the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures, and so Alice was considering In her own mind (as well as she could, but the heat had made her fall asleep and stopped her) whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be: worth all the trouble of weaving it when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing so very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it was very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself. “Oh dear, oh dear, I shall be too late.” (When she thought it over afterward it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the same time it all seemed quite natural.) But when the rabbit actually took a watch out of his waistcoat pocket and looked at it and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet. For it flashed across her mind that he had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it and was just in time to see it pop down the large rabbit hole under the hedge. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again. Now to-morrow we shall tell you some more about Alice in Wonderland, so that when you see this wonderful picture you will know all about it...

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children. I wish I could tell you something very, very funny that happened yesterday, but it will keep in fact, it must keep until after the Pantomime, because if I tell you about it now it would spoil one of the big surprises for our Christmas show, but just the same it was quite so funny that I am laughing yet, and I think Mr. Mason is, too. Mrs. Peter has just had the loveliest dress you ever saw, with, Oh! such a gorgeous flounce on it and a white apron, and she says she is going to wear her shoes at the Pantomime, although I personally do not think that a rabbit has any business to wear shoes. It is so silly and one is sure to get in trouble. Happy Jack doesn’t wear them because he is hopping about so quick he hardly seems to touch the ground at all, so what need has he for shoes? Rabbits—like nymphs —should have no shoes, although it is very hard to persuade some nymphs that they should not have them. Now, you ask Mr. Mason what I mean, and perhaps he will tell you the joke. Your loving friend, Peter.

**Saturday, December 18, 1915**  
**Bedtime Stories Club**

Yesterday we began to tell you about Alice in Wonderland because, you know, this great photoplay in six reels is going to be shown at the Lexington Theatre on the days that our great, monster Pantomime,

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND,”

is presented. After Alice’s disappearance down the rabbit hole beneath the hedge, following Peter Rabbit, she floats gently down a well, and from then on two hours of infinite delight await those who look at the screen upon which Alice in Wonderland is a special and really wonderful touch throughout the Wonderland effects that was made by C R. Macauley, the famous cartoonist. In fact, to the last detail, Alice In Wonderland has been done with the greatest fidelity to the charming book....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: I was never so surprised in my life as when saw myself with Alice in Wonderland on the screen. It is really and truly wonderful, as you shall see, and I suppose that is why it is called Wonderland. Yes, I go through everything with Alice, and that means that I am going to be at the Lexington Theatre at every performance during Bedtime Stories work, which begins on Dec. 27. Mrs. Peter sends her love and is looking forward with great pleasure to seeing you all on the 27th. I am getting lots of letters about our dancing class. All those who really want to join should send their letters in now, because it may be too late if you wait until the first of the year. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Monday, December 20, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

..

Now we have good news for you, girls and boys, rare good news, too, because a number of our very active members have written and told us that they could have sold many more tickets for our Christmas Pantomime if there had been an evening performance, and so we have arranged for one just one evening show. And when do you suppose that is going to be? You couldn’t think of a more important night, or a night on which everybody would want to go to the theatre, because you know everybody is going to stay up on that night anyway until 12 o’clock. You have perhaps already guessed that the only evening performance of Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” will be on NEW YEAR’S EVE DEC 31....

All the beautiful music, of which there are many numbers, will be in print and possibly on sale at the big shops as soon as “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” has played to its first audience. So those of you who love music (and if you love music you will certainly love our show music) may get copies and learn them first, for your friends will be playing them everywhere. You will doubtless soon hear these rollicking airs played by the orchestras at the other theatres and you will hear them at the big dance academies, at band concerts, and every place where the success of the play or the entertainment depends upon the kind of music that has a lit and rhythm that is irresistible...

We have had a delightful letter from Miss Elsie Janis, and she says that she will be with us on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 29, and that she is going to dance. I am sure that we shall all enjoy it very much....

The Globe has made special arrangements that on all the mornings, afternoons, and evenings of that week on which the great pantomime is not played there will be shown a beautiful and most elaborate moving picture in six reels of "Alice in Wonderland." This is just the most delightful story picture ever written. You will see Peter Rabbit himself in the film, for you know it was Peter the white rabbit that took Alice down into his little hole, where all her adventures began, and you will see the blue caterpillar, the mad hatter, the gryphon, the mock turtle, the Cheshire cat, the March hare, the sleepy dormouse, and Mister Lobster, and you will see them really, truly alive, and dear little Alice is there all the time. To-morrow we shall tell you more about this beautiful play, "Alice in Wonderland" for the benefit of those who have not read it for themselves...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: You didn't know that I was a personal friend of Alice's, did you? Well, true—you know which Alice I mean—the Alice who went to Wonderland, and I went there too, as you shall see. Those of you who are fortunate to be able to look at the six-reel film of Alice in Wonderland, which will be shown at the Lexington Theatre on those days when there is no pantomime, during the week of Dec 27, will know that I will be there all week. Those who don't go to the pantomime will see me just as well in Alice in Wonderland, wont they? And those who go to both will almost get tired of me. And, listen, they are going to play the Peter Rabbit Hop at every performance, morning, afternoon, and evening, during the entire week. Mr. Peter sends her love and says she is just terribly anxious to see you all on the afternoon of the 27th which is just one week from to-day. Good-by with lots of love. Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Tuesday, December 21, 1915 Big Orchestra for Xmas Play**

Music Will Be a Big Feature of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Extravaganza at the Lexington Theatre.

Be patient. The great musical extravaganza "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is only six days off. Less than a week to wait for the finest production of its kind New York—or for that matter any other city—has ever witnessed. First thing you know it will be Christmas and two days later the opening performance of this much-talked-about play will be given.

Think of a cast with more than 300 persons, including Broadway stars, in it. Isn't it stupendous? That's just what "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is. An immense production—the biggest thing of its kind ever attempted. It will be presented at the cozy Lexington Theatre on Lexington avenue at Fifty-first street, six times during the week between Christmas and New Year's—five matinees and one evening performance, the latter on New Year's Eve. ...

Buy Your Tickets To-Day.

Fix these dates in your mind, decide which one will suit you and your family best, then buy your tickets AT ONCE. This is just friendly advice, and if you could see how fast the tickets are selling you could appreciate it better. Gimbels, Macy's, the Tyson Company, and McBride's all report heavy advance sales of tickets. The public is intensely interested in this huge production, and it looks now as if the demand for seats would be greater than the supply. Better get yours to-day and be on the safe side.

Next week is going to be one of the biggest in the history of the Lexington Theatre. There's going to be "something doing," to drop into the vernacular, all the time. When "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" isn't being presented, "Alice in Wonderland" will hold the boards. The latter is a truly wonderful moving picture, in which the romantic fairy tale so familiar to all of us is elaborately produced. After you see it, you will almost be inclined to believe in fairies yourself. Every morning, beginning Monday, and every evening, except Friday and on Tuesday afternoon, "Alice in Wonderland" will be presented.

#### A Large Orchestra.

There hasn't been very much said about the orchestra for Peter Rabbit, but it is going to be one of the finest you ever heard in any musical extravaganza. Every member of It—and it is a large orchestra—has been chosen for special ability. They are all artists. The leader, J. Albert Brown, of whom you already have heard, is one of the best known conductors along Broadway, and his services are eagerly sought after.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is a pantomime in the sense that the word was used in connection with the great Drury Lane productions. There was always an elaborate dialogue, such as Peter Rabbit has, in verse or blank verse, with a Columbine or Harlequin playing prominent parts. The word extravaganza, or pantomime, equally applicable to the Peter Rabbit production in that it has a ballet, large choruses, a good and a bad fairy, various spirits of the dispositions, transformations, wonderful electrical and scenic effects, trap doors and other mechanical devices. Some distinction might be made from the fact that "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is carried out on a musical vehicle rather than that of pure pantomime.

#### Peter at Ball Sells Tickets

Peter Rabbit made some new friends last night at the Hotel Biltmore, where a Christmas festival was given by the International Child Welfare League. The entire nineteenth floor of the hotel was devoted to the affair. More than 1,500 persons bought flowers, candy, and other articles offered in the booths. A big Christmas tree donated by Aloph Lewisbon was in the centre of the ballroom and dolls of all nationalities donated by Governor and Mrs. Whitman. Speaker and Mrs. Champ Clark, Miss Margaret Wilson, and other prominent persons hung from the limbs. Dolls with electrical speaking apparatus delivered messages of good cheer from the governors of other states.

Peter Rabbit interested many of those present in the big musical extravaganza which will be held at the Lexington Theatre next week and disposed of a goodly number of tickets. He might have sold more if folks hadn't enjoyed the dancing so

much....

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Just think, only five days more until the first performance of our monster Christmas show, for which we have all been working so hard and waiting so patiently! Of course, this will be a memorable occasion indeed for all the members of the Bedtime Stories Club for

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND”

will be quite the largest and most extravagant Christmas Pantomime for children and grownups that has ever been presented in New York City. Nothing has been left undone to make the production surpass in gorgeousness and splendor anything of its kind, and we must remind you that there are 300 big and little actors, mostly members of our club, in the cast.

Aside from the great number of people who make up the role of principals, the choruses, the nymphs, fairies, and all the little people of Forest land, there is to be the most gorgeous scenery you could ever wish to set eyes on. For “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” is really, truly staged in Dreamland and all the Forest labyrinths, the Briar Patch, and every nook and corner of the various abodes of our dreamland friends will be represented in their natural splendor.

All of you are well aware that there is a brand new book with a regular plot, and that it has been set to verse,, and that special music has been written for every line of the play. All of this music, including “The “Peter Rabbit Hop” is to be played by a grand opera orchestra of thirty people who have been specially selected to handle the score. They have now been rehearsing for many weeks, and you can make up your mind that it is going to be a grand treat indeed. In fact, you will no doubt catch yourself whistling or humming these catchy little tunes long before the curtain drops on the last act.

That old saying “One good turn deserves another never fitted in more truly than now for to accompany the huge cast of big and little actors the wonderful scenery and the fascinating music, the most gorgeous and wonderful costumes that could be made have been selected, but we cannot tell you about these, as this is one of the great surprises for the thousands of pairs of little eyes that will sparkle with delight as they witness the great performances of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” during the week of Dec. 27 at the Lexington Theatre....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dearest Children: One, two, three, four, five more days, including Sunday—until the 27th, the first day of our Pantomime. I can hardly wait to see your smiling faces. Do you know that I have made arrangements with your editor to drive our little pony, the first prize for the boy or girl who sells the most tickets for the Pantomime over 100 on the stage sometime during the performance? Well, I have—that is, I have made all arrangements except with the pony himself. Of course, his feelings will have to be taken into consideration, too as, indeed, it is very unlikely If he has ever

been driven by a Peter Rabbit before. However, we will hold a consultation with his little royal highness and have it understood beforehand, so there'll be no unforeseen difficulty when the time comes. You know all the little folks of the Green Forest and the meadows are going to be there, too, and as Mr. Pony has just come all the way east from Peoria, Ill. where he was raised on Mr. Charles Bunn's pony farm, where there is a nice meadow and green forest, I am sure that he will feel right at home. Happy Jack is here at my elbow as I write these few lines to you, and he wishes to be remembered to all his loving little friends, so does Mrs. Peter, who wants me to remind you that she is going to be in our Pantomime. (I was going to do it anyway). Hastily and with lots of love, Peter

**Wednesday, December 22, 1915**  
**Stars A-Plenty in Peter Rabbit**

Elsie Janis, Dorothy Schlessinger, Hilda Wierum, Three Movie Favorites, and  
Many More Celebrities in Cast

(continued from First page)

...of the theatre fairly vibrate during rehearsals.

Theodore A. Lachtmen has the role of Reddy Fox, and his interpretation of the part lends full measure of wickedness and awe as contrasted to the mirth and light-heartedness of Mr. Fay as Buster Bear. Mr. Powers does well in the part of Old Man Coyote.

In the animal roles the principals are intensely life like. If you met Old Man Coyote on a dark street you would probably run for shelter without stopping to argue. The animal dances are a "scream," the "animals" going through the funniest stunts imaginable.

Choruses a Big Feature.

The choruses will be one of the features of the extravaganza. In some of the larger ones the stage of the Lexington Theatre, large though it is, is filled to capacity. In the ensembles there are many beautiful effects. In fact "Peter Rabbit" will attract much attention because of its stage pictures.

Those who are fond of grand opera will have a treat in the person of Miss Hilda Wierum, who, among other pieces, will sing "Noel," in French in the party scene during the first act. The fact that it will be sung during the holiday week, too, will make it even more of a feature.

The saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good is called to mind in Miss Wierum's case. She little expected to be in New York at this season of the year, and it is only because the war caused a cancellation of her contract with the Opera Comique in Paris that she will be here next week. Paris's loss is New York's gain in this case.

Four of the six performances are in the nature of a benefit for the Flower and Sydenham hospitals. Three prizes—a pony, harness, and cart; a diamond-eyed Peter Rabbit ring, and a \$50 portrait in colors—are offered to the members of the Bedtime



Stories Club in connection with the selling of tickets. The tickets are selling fast. Gimbels', Macy's, the Tyson Company and McBride's agencies report. Better buy yours to-day if you wish to be certain of a good seat.

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

Yesterday was the first day His Royal Highness (that is the pony's nickname) was allowed to trot along the great avenues, boulevards, and old Broadway...

[microfilm largely illegible]

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: [...] Happy Jack is here nudging me in the side and asking me to tell you about the wood nymphs, the beautiful scenery, and the folks of the Green Forest, while Mrs. Peter insists that I tell you about the costumes and especially about her new clothes that she had made for the great occasion when we are all to be together for the first time since autumn. With all this I am [...] trying to keep to time to this irresistible and charming tune, "The Peter Rabbit Hop," to which the little folks are dancing [...] Believe me, dear children, for once Peter Rabbit has nearly all he can do, and he can only suggest that you come and see for yourselves all that is going to take place at our great extravaganza at the Lexington Theatre the week of Dec 27. Good night, with love, Peter

**Thursday, December 23, 1915**

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

"First come, first served," is the slogan of the Lexington Theatre box office, where the advance sale of tickets for our gorgeous Christmas musical extravaganza, "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND," is to be produced for the first time on any stage during the week of Dec. 27, and if you want to be on the safe side, judging from the way the various colored little tickets are hurrying out, it would be wise to skip over to the box office...

Now that the date of the first performance is only four days away, which means that all the details of this big production have been put in smooth running order, your editor may decide to publish a few photographs of the different scenes, choruses, some of the various big and little stars, just to whet your appetite a little, although this is not necessary, for he knows you all intend to be there; but after all there is nothing like a little inside Information, especially when it comes direct from headquarters. Watch The Globe closely and you will surely be rewarded with some nice pictures of the different members of the cast....

Can you imagine a more pleasant way to spend New Year's Eve? Just think of the pleasure of watching the wonderful scenes that will unfold—the beautiful nymphs, the good fairies and all the little folk of the Green Forest and meadow, and listening to the irresistible music that has been written for the production as it is played by a big Broadway orchestra. One of our little members has thought of a very bright idea and has written your editor as follows:

"Dear Editor-I have a suggestion to make to you so that many little boys

and girls who perhaps otherwise would not be able to see our Christmas show can come to see Peter Rabbit, and it is this: You know, of course, that all little boys and girls hang up their stocking on Christmas Eve, don't you? Well, wouldn't it be the most thoughtful thing for papa or mamma, or big sister, or Uncle Dan to go to the theatre box office and get two nice tickets for the show and put them way down deep in the toe of each stocking that is hung up for Santa Claus on Dec. 24? Maybe Santa Claus would do this if I had written him a letter, but mamma says he would never have time to look after such a big job in so short a time.

"Now, dear editor, I don't want to take up your valuable time, 'cause I know that if you have to look after 70,000 little boys and girls and give a big show like I feel "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is going to be, you must have your hands full. I was at the outing in Bronx Park last September. Mamma took me and my little cousin, Gladys, and do you know we never enjoyed any other outing so much? Well, goodbye, with much love for you and Peter Rabbit, "I am a true member. "Stella Hoertel, New York City."

We must give Stella credit for a very original idea, and we certainly agree with her as the little kiddies who go to see "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will not soon forget the beauty and splendor of this gorgeous production...

The scenery, every piece of which is absolutely new and original, is from the Knight Studios. You will see the abodes of Grandfather Frog, Danny Meadow Mouse, Jerry Muskrat, Unc Billy Possum, Happy Jack, Hooty the Owl, in fact every member of the great family of the Green Forest and Meadows, including Peter Rabbit, our club mascot, and his whole family, and by way of contrast you will see the playroom of a great mansion where one of the numbers of the piece, "Fashionette," will take place....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Your editor has shown me a very interesting letter from one of our little club members, and I want to say that she certainly has made a fine suggestion, which if carried out would make many of our little friends very happy indeed. Just think! a pair of tickets to our gorgeous Christmas musical extravaganza in the toe of your Christmas stocking. Be sure and turn it inside out and keep your little eyes wide open, as you can never tell, because Santa Claus is so very generous. With much love from Mrs. Peter, who has just come in with a large basket of dolls and toys for little bunnies she knows, I am, your loving friend, Peter

### **Friday, December 24, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Well, dear children, your editor is going to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and when you stop to think that this wish goes out to no less than 70,000 boys and girls who are members of this big club of ours, why, that is really a very big wish, after all, isn't it? Our Christmas treat, you know, is our pantomime, and, really, we feel that you should all come and see it, because it means so much to us who have prepared it for you in six weeks of good, hard work, but it has been pleasant

work despite the fact that sometimes the rushes are a little disconcerting.

Now we are ready, with everything in fine shape, and we shall doubtless derive a great deal of enjoyment in presenting this great pantomime to you six times—five matinees and one evening performance on New Year's Eve....

New Year's will be upon us in no time, and then, of course, come new resolutions, don't they? We think that every member of the Bedtime Stories Club should add a resolution to our club promise. We have promised, haven't we, to be kind to dumb animals, help Mother Nature in every way, and protect the flowers and plants and do a good deed every day. Now, then, suppose we all resolve to start a free lunch counter for our little feathered friends. It sounds funny, doesn't it, to say a free lunch, but it means a whole heap to the birds, especially, in the winter time. You can open your free lunch on the window ledge, on the back stoop, in an old packing case in the garden, or a vacant lot, on the veranda, even on the roof. Your little guests will soon find the place and you will be surprised at the number of little visitors you will have every day for your lunch counter. Don't frighten them, but see that the lunch is always there, and the little feathered folks will soon come to look upon the place as a part of the day's round and will become quite tame. This is a lovely resolution to make for the members of the Bedtime Stories Club and your editor going to start the ball a-rolling by starting a free lunch counter himself....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Christmas comes but once a year and so I am going to extend to you the hearty greeting and the very best wishes of the little furred and feathered folks of the forest and meadows, who have asked me to be their spokesman. You know we are all going to be at the great Christmas pantomime, which opens Monday at the Lexington Theatre, when I will see you all again, for the first time since last September. Good-by till Monday, from your loving friend, Peter

**Monday, December 27, 1915**

### **Peter Rabbit Appears Today (continued from First Page)**

Ready for Opening Performance of Gorgeous Play "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at Lexington This Afternoon.

....addition to seeing Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, Old Man Wolf, Danny Meadow Mouse, Jolly Mr. Sun, the dancing bears, the Spider Queen, the living toys, Red Riding Hood, the Candy Palace, and the choruses and ballets of 260 people, these Broadway stars will entertain you....

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

This is the day of days. Many hundreds of our members of the Bedtime Stories Club are at the Lexington Theatre, and our dear friends and members who read this will know that we are in the midst of the premier presentation of our wonderful Christmas Pantomime. "PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND," for which we have been working so energetically during the last six weeks. This will be a great week for you all to get acquainted with each other and with your editor, so come to the Lexington Theatre and

do your share of duty to your club and get your share of enjoyment as a little citizen of New York and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped a worthy charity at Christmas time, the season of giving....

In addition to the wonderful performances of our pantomime at the Lexington Theatre we are going to entertain and in turn be entertained by many stage celebrities. Miss Elsie Janis has promised to come on Wednesday and do one of her charming dances, and we are promised a visit by Adelaide and Hughes, America's foremost dancing team, who are now being featured at the Palace. Mr. Henry E. Dixey, Miss Henrietta Crosman, Miss Nora Bayes and many others are scheduled to appear, and invitations will be extended to many more who will be announced from time to time. All in all, it will be the most wonderful gathering and celebration ever given to a juvenile club, and the members of the Bedtime Stories Club can congratulate themselves on the initiative and push of the advisory and executive committee who have planned all this...

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: At last the dreadful suspense is over, for to day is the day that I will meet you all at the great Lexington Theatre, where, in company with all the little furred and feathered creatures of Woodland, Dreamland, and Fairyland our great Christmas show, "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" will have its first performance on any stage. Won't that be fun? It will be a great week for our little club members and a most enjoyable one. Indeed, for your loving friend, Peter

### **Tuesday, December 28, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Peter Rabbit is entertaining us this week. Yes, and your editor is very much a guest of his; in fact you would be surprised if you knew how much time he spends with him every day at the great Christmas Show,

#### **PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.**

We were delighted yesterday to see so many of our dear boys and girls all smiling and joyous who came to the Lexington Theatre to welcome their woodland friends. There is no doubt about it now our great Christmas extravaganza is a monster success. Of course, as you all know with over 300 people and a limited time we had to get together such a big show, the difficulties we had to overcome were by no means small, but fortunately, with the kind help of all those boys and girls who took part, and many of their mothers who volunteered their services yesterday, we were able to surmount all obstacles and Peter made his debut yesterday to a packed house...

Above all don't forget to tell your father and mother that there is a New Year's evening performance and that if they cannot go with you to the matinee they at least can see the gala performance on

#### **THE LAST DAY OF THE OLD YEAR**

as we stay up until midnight that might anyway, don't we? We have just received some very good news. Thornton W. Burgess will be with us on that date, so will

Harrison Cady, who created with his pen all the little characters that we read about in the Bedtime Stories.

Wasn't that kind of Henry E Dixey to come all the way in from his country home on Long Island and entertain us with his wonderful recitations? We certainly appreciate his kindness and his talent. You know Mr. Dixey's little son is a member of the Bedtime Stories club, and Mr. Dixey reads the stories to him every night.

We are to have a star with us every day this week as an added attraction. Wednesday Miss Elsie Janis will be with us, and we will have the pleasure of seeing her in one of her charming dances. This famous little star has many great successes to her credit. She is a big show all by herself.

Thursday, Adelaide and Hughes, who are being featured this week at the Palace, are coming to the Lexington Theatre to play a little pantomime all their own. It is the Cat and Canary. Won't that be fun to see this wonderful team whose clever work has charmed theatre goers from New York to San Francisco and back again many times play this little pantomime for us? They'll be there sure, as they've promised....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Well, for once I was shaking in my shoes, and my new shoes at that. You know in this great show of ours Buster Bear, Old Man Coyote and Reddy Fox try to catch me, so that they can have rabbit stew, and we have the liveliest chase through the green forest and meadows you would ever want to see, but with the aid of a good fairy who comes out of an enchanted rock and who gives me a magic horn, I am able to get away and save my family of little ones, and so you can all go to bed and sleep tight until time for breakfast in the morning. Good night. Your loving friend, Peter

### **Wednesday, December 29, 1915 PETER RABBIT AGAIN TO-DAY**

Second Performance of Musical Christmas Extravaganza at Lexington Theatre Has a Heavy Advance Sale.

The second performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland," the musical Christmas extravaganza, will be given this afternoon at the Lexington Theatre.

Miss Elsie Janis, Broadway musical comedy favorite, will be the star to-day. She will do some of her dainty, dances and possibly some of her imitations.

The advance sale of tickets for today's performance, which commences at 2.20 P. M., has been heavy, and persons who intend buying them at the box office would be wise to get there early.

Three hundred persons are in the cast of the Peter Rabbit extravaganza, and the number includes some of the cleverest child actresses on the stage. The audience at Monday afternoon's performance was delighted with the talent displayed.

Miss Miriam Garcee, in the roles of Mary, a maid, and Red Riding Hood, won the audience from the moment of her appearance. Miss Millie Evans played the part of the Good Fairy in a manner which was convincing. As one in the audience expressed it, she

seemed a “born fairy.”

The dancing of Miss Katherine Walton, the Candy Kidlet, was of exceptional merit. Her performance would be envied by many professionals.

Miss Sallie Hamlin, as Puck, and Miss Betty Spence as Little Fairy did well in their respective roles.

### **Bedtime Stories Club**

All those club members who have been to see “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland,” the big Christmas show at the Lexington Theatre, will please write to their editor and tell him how they liked it. We think a very great deal of your opinions, you know, and the pantomime ought to be a very choice subject for you to write about.

Miss Elsie Janis is with us today, although we are very sorry to say that her mother is ill, and we trust, don’t we, that she will soon recover? We appreciate it all the more that Miss Janis is going to put herself out, especially to come all the way from Tarrytown, N. Y. just for the sole purpose of entertaining us....

The “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” company of over 300 people are going to have a New Year’s Eve party quite early: In fact, it is going to be held directly after the afternoon performance on Dec. 31, and they are going to have a very good time altogether, and when the party once starts they will continue to enjoy themselves until it is time to get ready for the evening performance. We know that most of the boys and girls of this great club will be delighted to hear just what happens at this party and, of course, they should.

Remember that on Saturday, New Year’s Day, we shall announce the winner of the handsome Shetland pony and carriage, and also the winners for the second and third prizes for the ticket selling contest in connection with the pantomime.

It was delightful to see the great crowd of dolls and toys on the big table at the Lexington Theatre on Monday afternoon. There will be even more to-day and the rest of the days this week. You know, our boys and girls have been asked if possible to bring a doll or a toy as the personal gift to some boy or girl whose sickness prevents them from attending the show, and we are going to divide the presents brought by our club members and friends between the boys and girls at the Sydenham and Flower hospitals, because, you know, these two hospitals are the beneficiaries of most of the performances of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland.”...

Don’t forget our new club resolution, for New Year’s we are all going to start a free lunch counter for the birds, aren’t we? Some of us will have lunch counters on the back window ledge, others on the front stoop, others in the park, and still others in some vacant lot they pass on the way to school. It does not matter where you start your lunch counter, the main thing is to keep it well supplied and you will be surprised how regularly your little guests will attend and how happy it will make you feel, because in the winter time, you know, it takes our little feathered friends most all of their time to get enough food to keep life in their little bodies.

The music for “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” is now ready and every boy or girl of

this club should have at least a copy of the “Peter Rabbit Hop” or “Bedtime Drowsy Boat” at home in their music cabinet. When once you hear them played you just simply must hum them to yourself and every note sounds like more....

### **Peter Rabbit’s Letter**

Dear Children: How did you like the Baby Buntings? Weren’t they too sweet for anything? If they had all been turned to candy they would have not been any sweeter. I am very proud of my little baby buntings, and will leave it to those of you who saw them to decide whether or not I am justly so. Did you know that we who are in the play are going to have a party after the matinee on Dec. 31? Yes, your editor told me all about it, and it certainly will be a grand thing for all those little boy and girl actors, and the big actors, too, for they’re in it. Part of the theatre is going to be fixed up and we are going to have good things to eat and drink, and ever so many things, which I’ll tell you about later. Many thanks, indeed for the lovely things you brought for the little boys and girls who are sick in the hospitals. Of course, you had a wonderful Christmas, didn’t you? Good-night, with much love, Peter.

### **Thursday, December 30, 1915 Bedtime Stories Club**

Many nice letters have been coming from our little members which are full of the highest praise for the acting in our big Christmas show. “PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.” Just read what this little girl says about it

“Dear Editor—I have just come home from that wonderful Pantomime. On my way home I saw that nice little pony and cart on Park avenue. I must say that the children acted splendidly the first time I ever saw a pantomime. The music was grand.

Wishing you a happy New Year, from your friend. MANNA VINE 264  
Palisade avenue, West Hoboken. NJ

Only yesterday your editor asked you for a letter or post card about the pantomime, as we think a whole lot of your opinions and want to feel that you are pleased with the efforts of your club members, so each of you can appoint yourself as a committee of one and play the part of critic for our great musical extravaganza, opera and pantomime, which has all been rolled into one big show, which is now playing at the Lexington.

...

While we are on the subject of Christmas shows which must have been invented for the express purpose of entertaining all the little boys and girls we feel that you will be pleased and interested to learn that one of our Bedtime Story branches held a big meeting and entertainment all their own...

To-day is the day that the famous little dancing stars Adelaide and Hughes are going to entertain us with a charming little pantomime all their own, “The Cat and Canary.” Won’t that be fun! We are greatly Indebted to the management of the Palace Theatre, Forty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, who have made It possible for us



to give this added attraction. First we went to Mr. Walter Kingsley, the general press representative of the Palace Theatre, and got his consent, then we went or to Mr. Hughes and got his consent, then Mr Hughes went to Mrs. Hughes, who you all know is none other than La Petite Adelaide, the most charming little dancer in America, and got her consent, consequently it is agreed all around that they will be with us to-day, and you are in for a rare good treat. You shouldn't miss it as their performance is worth the price of admission alone....

Of course you know all about the five different musical numbers in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" They are as follows:

"Fashionette."

"Peter Rabbit Hop."

"Bedtime's Drowsy Boat."

"The Candy Kid."

"A Toy in the Land of Dreams"

One or all of these numbers, which were written by Ted Ward, should be in your music cabinet, and they are on sale at the following places;

... Novelty Post Card Store, 50 Church street; Charles H. Ditson & Co., 12 East Thirty-fourth street; Luckhardt & Belder, 26 West Fortieth street. Other dealers announced later....

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Wasn't Elsie Janis lovely? It was awfully kind of her to come all the way into New York from Tarrytown, especially considering the inclement weather, wasn't it?

She assured us, however, that she enjoyed entertaining our little club members every bit as much as we enjoyed having her with us and under these circumstances we feel most happy, indeed. You know, Elsie Janis has been a star since she was a little girl. She is responsible not only for the success of many Broadway productions but your editor told me yesterday that she actually wrote many of them herself and that she is even now engaged in writing another. I am going to tell you a secret. What do you think it is? Well, she has a rabbit's foot in her make-up box. I peeped in yesterday when she was on the stage and saw it myself. A rabbit's foot brings good luck, and that's what we wish Elsie Janis, don't we. Good night. Your loving friend, Peter.

### **Friday, December 31, 1915 Busy Day For Peter Rabbit**

Matinee, New Year's Eve Party, and Evening Performance of Big Musical Show on the Programme.

To-day promises to be one of the most strenuous in Peter Rabbit's life—also in the lives of the 300 little folks taking part in the musical extravaganza at the Lexington Theatre. There's going to be a matinee, and at the conclusion of that a New Year's Eve

party, and then the first evening performance, so it will be appreciated that to-day will be one of the busiest ever for the cast in "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

This afternoon Miss Grace Valentine, who starred in "Seven Days" and The Yellow Jacket" and who is now with the Metro Film Company, will be the visiting star or added attraction in Peter Rabbit." To-night Lionel Barrymore of the famous Barrymore family, also with the Metro Film Company will entertain.

To-morrow afternoon Miss Marguerite Snow, the well known Metro Film Company star, will appear with little Julie Snow the youngest film player on the screen.

To-morrow evening Miss Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle of the Triangle Keystone Company, who arrived in New York from Los Angeles only yesterday, will appear in "Peter Rabbit." This couple, who have made millions laugh, have just finished their parts in "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," which will be produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre shortly. Hundreds of persons are going to see the old year out at the Lexington Theatre to-night. There are numerous box parties, and other parties have taken groups of seats in the orchestra and balcony. There is going to be fun for all. Peter Rabbit and his numerous supporting cast are looking forward to having as jolly a time as anyone in the audience.

A "Lark" for the Kiddies.

For all of the little folks in the play their appearance at the Lexington Theatre has been a lark." It is an experience they will never forget. They think it the "grandest fun" and the fact that they are doing something to help poor little sick kiddies and their mothers makes them feel very proud.

Four performances of "Peter Rabbit" are for the benefit of the Flower and Sydenham hospitals, and in addition to this, at each performance gifts of dolls and toys and books, etc., have been brought to the theatre by the patrons for the sick kiddies in the two hospitals. The gifts would fill a truck.

The party late this afternoon going to be a real treat for the Peter Rabbit cast. It will be a merry "get together" party, at which the children can enjoy themselves and have a rest until the evening performance. They are looking forward to it with keen expectation.

There will be a dainty spread for Peter Rabbit and his friends served in rehearsal hall in the theatre building by the Terhune Catering Company of 244 West Fourteenth street and consisting of Chicken Soup, Chicken Salad, Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Ice Cream, Coffee, Soft Rolls, Chocolate.

James Smith, head of the Terhune company, is taking a personal interest in seeing that every little member of the "Peter Rabbit" cast gets all that he or she can comfortably accommodate. A menu similar to the above will also be served to-morrow between the matinee and evening performances.

Both Huyler's and Maillard's have sent chocolate to the theatre for the "Peter Rabbit" players, which has been greatly enjoyed for no matter how artistic and clever those in the cast may be all are just children when it comes to chocolates.

Yesterday's matinee was the best yet, both as to attendance and performance. The orchestra and balcony and most of the forty boxes were filled. Many persons who had neglected to purchase their tickets in advance had to be satisfied with less desirable seats in the upper gallery. This should be a warning to those who intend going to any of the remaining performances to be sure to get their seats in advance.

#### Tickets Are Scarce.

Get them to day. Remember tonight is New Years Eve. That means everybody will be looking for theatre tickets. And to-morrow is a holiday. Get your tickets right away, if you a haven't already done so.

...

Every one of the many hundreds of persons present at yesterday's matinee enjoyed it thoroughly, for it was a splendid performance. Miss Helen Ukers and Miss Miriam Garcee, as Nanette and Mary, two maids, won much praise. Miss Garcee was also fine as Little Red Riding Hood. Miss Marcella Spencer as the Doll who came to life and the Dream Spirit was charming. She sang "Toyland" in splendid voice. Miss Vera Johnson, as Mother Dear, was as sweet as real mothers always are. Miss Dorothy Burke, as The Boy, pleased the audience immensely, as did Miss Dorothy Spedick, Miss Katherine Corwin, and Miss Muriel Thirer (our girls). All are clever.

H. H. Power, who played the part of Daddy, seemed cut out for the role, so naturally did he play it. Miss Julia Hermann, as Fashionette, who sang pretty songs about the new styles, charmed by her voice and personality. Miss Mille Evans, the Good Fairy, endeared herself to the audience by her good deeds and dainty manner.

#### Proud of the Performance.

Miss Sallie Hamlin as Mr. Peter Rabbit (our mascot) and Puck, the Spirit of Mischief, proved herself very versatile in the two parts. Miss Betty Spence as the Little Fairy who waited on the Good Fairy, made herself a favorite by the way in which she took her part.

Miss Hilda Wierum, the Candy Kid, charmed with her voice, which shows the result of high culture. Miss Katherine Walton, the Candy Kidlet, proved an adept in dainty dancing, as did Miss Margaret Walsh, the Spider Queen. The latter's dancing came in for much praise from the audience. One of the most popular characters is Miss Columbia, played by Miss Laverna Ballard. Yesterday she looked and acted like the patriotic figure come to life on a miniature scale. Miss Violet Meehan, as Uncle Sam, was also fine.

It would take many pages to give the individual members of the Peter Rabbit cast the praise due to them. Every member of the cast did his or her share toward making yesterday's performance one to be very proud of. Peter Rabbit himself, the Bedtime Stories Club, and The Globe feel very proud of each and every member of the cast.

#### **Bedtime Stories Club**

We love to see our boys well dressed;

Our girls should always look their best:  
As trim and sweet and pink, you know.  
As springtime flowers in a row.  
Little Miss Fashion knows these things,  
So let's all listen while she sings,

says Mr. Courtleigh in the first act of

“PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND.”

which is being presented for the fourth time to-day, and the spacious Lexington Theatre has been crowded to the very doors. Many, many beautiful little speeches and sparkling musical numbers unfold one after the other throughout the progress of our now famous Christmas extravaganza. The attendance at each performance has grown steadily, which is a very good indication that it “got over,” to use the vernacular of the professional theatrical manager.

There will be an extra performance of “Peter Rabbit in Dreamland” tonight by special request and two performances Saturday, matinee and night. There is no excuse for missing this great show, as these extra performances will give you the opportunity if you secure your seats NOW.

### **Peter Rabbit's Letter**

Dearest Children: Happy New Year! This is the greeting to all the members, past, present, and prospective, of the Bedtimes Stories Club from your affectionate Peter and all the little forest folk. May it be one of happiness and prosperity for all of us, and remember, as you turn over the new leaf for the New Year, that you must do a good deed every day and be kind to dumb animals. After Saturday night I must return to the dear old Brier Patch with Mrs. Peter and the little ones with whom you have all become acquainted, and I can tell you now that it will be mighty lonesome for us after being with you a whole week in this great city. Of course I'll write every day and give you all the little joyful messages I hear. Good night. Your loving friend, Peter Rabbit.

**To All Members of  
Bedtime Stories Club**

You remember how the little animals of the "Green Forest" had trouble at times getting enough to eat.

Well, you don't have to worry about what to have for supper, or breakfast, or any other meal—as long as there's "FORCE" TOASTED WHEAT FLAKES in the pantry.

If you don't know about this best of all cereals, ask your mamma to please order a package to-day—right away.

It tastes awful good and it's good for you, too, because it's made of the whole wheat—the kind of food recommended by Mr. McCann, in the "Globe's" Pure Food Directory.

The H-O Company Buffalo, N.Y.  
Makers of H-O Force and Presto



*The Globe*, May 28, 1914

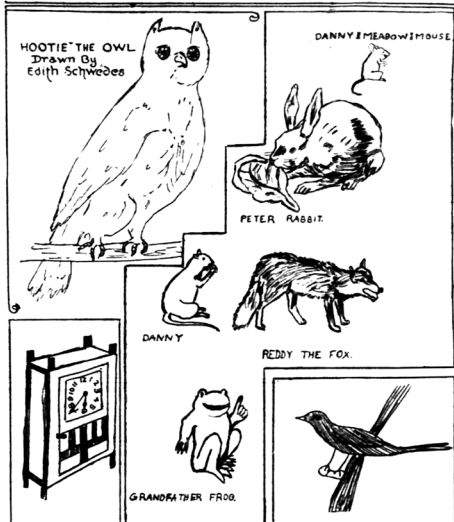


**"Farmer Brown's Boy"  
All Dressed Up**

"Bedtime Stories Club" members will not believe this is a real picture of Farmer Brown's Boy, and we don't expect them to, because it isn't. It is printed here to get your attention to the fact that "Force" Toasted *W*'heat Flakes is a mighty good food for all members of the Club. We want them to believe in it and eat it regularly. "Force" is an *all wheat* food.

*The Globe*, June 2, 1914

How the Little People Look to Some of Our Bedtime Stories Club Members



HOOTIE THE OWL  
Drawn By Edith Schmedes

DANNY THE MEOWYMOUSE

PETER RABBIT

DANNY

REDDY THE FOX

GRANDFATHER FROG

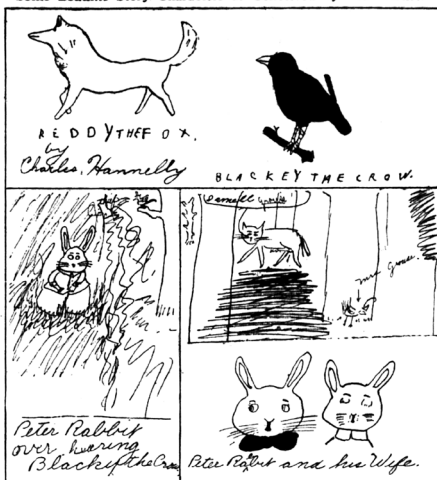
CLOCK  
Drawn by Richard M. Kenney

Drawings by Samuel Cherry

THE CROW  
Drawn by Clarice J. Flamm

*The Globe*, June 8, 1914

Some Bedtime Story Characters as Conceived by Club Artists.



REDDY THE FOX.  
by Charles Hamelley

BLACKEY THE CROW.

Peter Rabbit over his wing Blackey the Crow

Peter Rabbit and his Wife.

*The Globe*, June 14, 1914

## This Is DANNY MEADOW MOUSE

Whose breathless adventures are read with delight by  
thousands of little boys and girls every evening in the  
GLOBE'S BEDTIME STORIES  
By THORNTON W. BURGESS



### THIS PICTURE IN COLORS

By HARRISON CADY

as well as those of *Peter Rabbit*, *Johnny Chuck* and *Reddy Fox*, showing your  
little friends in their own Forest-land  
home — just as natural and lifelike as if  
they were really standing before you —

WILL BE MAILED TO YOU

**FOR 10 CENTS**

Remember, all four pictures for ten cents. Write your  
name and address plainly on the coupon and mail with  
money to The New York Globe, Globe Square.

### BEDTIME STORY PRINTS NEW YORK GLOBE, New York.

Enclosed please find ten cents. Please send me a set of Bedtime  
Story Colored Prints.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## GOOD NEWS

For All Our Little

### Bedtime Story Readers

These clever, instructive and captivating stories that appear every  
night in THE GLOBE have been recently published in BOOK FORM  
AT 50 CENTS. But by special arrangements between The Globe  
and the publishers, LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY,

### FOR A LIMITED TIME

BEGINNING TO-DAY

You may buy the 50-Cent Edition of Thornton  
W. Burgess's fascinating chronicles of

### "The Adventures of Reddy Fox"

**FOR 25 CENTS**

THE GLOBE, through Mr. Burgess and his  
publishers, LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY,  
has arranged to have "The Adventures of  
Reddy Fox," published at Twenty-five  
Cents just for your benefit. Just think,  
children, how nice it will be to have all the  
adventures of our cute (furry) Reddy Fox  
right where you can get at them — any time  
and not have to try to save papers that tear  
so easily.

REMEMBER—After two weeks the  
price will have to go back to FIFTY  
CENTS again, because this is  
but a limited sale to GLOBE  
READERS only. The book is  
a 120-page cloth-bound vol-  
ume, capably illustrated by  
HARRISON CADY, and  
the regular price is 50c.

On Sale at Both Offices of The Globe  
12 WEST 34th STREET NEW YORK 73 TO 83 DEY STREET

OR AT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING BOOK DEALERS:  
NEW YORK  
GIBBEL BROS. Bookstore  
147 St.  
PARSONS BROS. 147 St. &  
CONNER AVE. 147 St.  
BLOOMINGDALE BROS.  
at Ave. & 147 St.  
BREITMAN'S 147 Ave. &  
147 St.  
K. P. BUTTON & CO. 147  
147 Ave.  
HIMELBAUGH & BROWN,  
at 147 Ave.



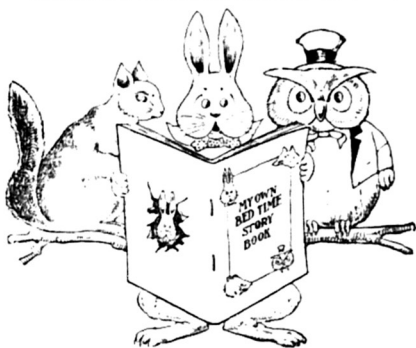
MARVELOUS

NEWARK, N. J.  
1. HARRISBURG & CO.  
HARRISBURG & COMPANY  
P. O. BOX 1000, Harrisburg, Pa.

1914 Advertisements in *The Globe* for "Story Prints," including detail of Reddy Fox  
advertisement, and discount edition of *The Adventures of Reddy Fox*.



# CHILDREN!!!



## BEDTIME STORIES PICTURE STAMPS AND STORY BOOKS

SET OF 12  
STAMPS

5 Cents

BOOK OF 12  
FABLES

5 Cents

8 CENTS BY MAIL

Each Stamp bears the picture of one of the Quadruples, Mr. Burgess's Bedtime Stories.

The Book contains 12 fascinating Fables which were written especially by Mr. Burgess to fit the Stamps.

**YOU Paste the STAMPS in the BOOK.**

On sale at the following Good Shops or at THE GLOBE,  
73 Dey St., New York:

Book & Stationery, Fifth Ave. and 12th St.  
MacFarlane, 217 Fifth Ave.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.

Book & Stationery, Fifth Ave. and 12th St.  
MacFarlane, 217 Fifth Ave.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.

Book & Stationery, Fifth Ave. and 12th St.  
MacFarlane, 217 Fifth Ave.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.

Book & Stationery, Fifth Ave. and 12th St.  
MacFarlane, 217 Fifth Ave.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.  
H. B. Kline, 100 W. 4th St.

**The Globe**  
Poster Stamp Dept., 73 Dey St.

# Bedtime Stories

*Done in Poster Stamps*

Every little member of THE  
GLOBE'S Bedtime Story Club



will of course want to have this  
set of beautiful

poster stamps of  
their little forest  
friends, Peter  
Rabbit, Buster  
Bear, Reddy  
Fox, Chatterbox  
the Red Squirrel,  
Bobby Con-



Sammy Jay and the rest of them  
and when they once have these

Stamps, which  
can be bought  
for 5 Cents a set  
of twelve, they  
will surely de-  
light in getting  
one of the new  
Bedtime Story  
Books, which  
has in it a fas-  
cinating fable about each of the  
little fellows pictured on the

stamps. These  
fables are a true  
history of the  
Bedtime animals  
written by their  
creator the au-  
thor of the Bed-  
time Stories, Mr.  
Thornton W.  
Burgess, and

mind you, this little book by  
special arrangement may also be pro-  
cured for  
5 Cents.

Just think,  
boys and  
girls, what

fun it is going to  
be pasting in the  
pictures where

they belong in  
this cute little  
story book, for

you will then  
have a real Bedtime  
Story Book all for yourself, and  
the only way that you can get  
this Bedtime Story Book complete  
is to make it yourself.

Do you know that the Bedtime  
Story Club now has nearly forty  
thousand members, and by July  
The Globe hopes to make it fifty  
thousand? What a great big fam-  
ily Peter Rabbit and his little  
friends belong to!



1915 Advertisements in The Globe for poster stamps and stamp book, containing twelve new "fables" written by Thornton W. Burgess especially for the book.



# PETER RABBIT Club Rings of Sterling Silver



Made Especially for  
Club Members and Readers  
of Bedtime Stories  
for a limited time.  
**25 cents**  
(27 Cents by Mail)

Each ring carries with it a membership  
in the Bedtime Stories Club. Send also  
with order for rings. Club Buttons and  
Certificates sent free.

## ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING SHOPS

NEW YORK CITY  
Best & Co., Fifth Ave. and 35th St.  
E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 Fifth Ave.  
F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Ave. & 51st St.  
A. G. Selles, 1234 Amsterdam Ave.  
Geo. Bell, 1 West 42d St.  
C. Reinheim, 512 West 145th St.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
M. Tushan, 1250 Flatbush Ave.  
or at

**The Globe**  
79 DEY ST.



## An Announcement to Our Little Bedtime Story Readers.

Harrison Cady, a man who draws dozens and dozens of pictures for books and magazines, has drawn a set of pretty colored pictures showing Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, and Danny Meadow Mouse in the fields and among the trees where they live.

The colors are so natural and the drawings so real that you almost feel when looking at them as if you are in the country where Johnny Chuck lives.

Mr. Cady drew these pictures so that our little Bedtime Story readers might have them framed and hung in their rooms, where they may be seen at Bedtime and Waking-Up time.

Just think, children, how nice it would be to have pictures of Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, and the others where you may look at them at any time.

Cut and fill out the following coupon, mail it to us with ten cents and we will send you a set of the four colored pictures.

Bedtime Story Prints, New York Globe,

New York:

Enclosed please find ten cents. Please send me a set of the  
Bedtime Story Colored Prints.

Name.....

Address.....

1915 Advertisements in *The Globe* for membership rings (also available in gold for \$2.50) and Bedtime Story Prints.

## MAP OF BRONX PARK.



Follow the arrows, which show the route to be used on Thursday at our o

### An Invitation to Good

#### Little Boys and Girls

The Globe is going to have a lovely outing in our most beautiful of parks in the Bronx on Thursday, Sept. 30. There will be fireworks, souvenirs, band music, free automobiles, refreshments, and safety.

If you are not a member of The Globe's Bedtime Stories Club—which is giving this outing—you may become one by writing the Bedtime Stories editor a letter, promising to be kind to all dumb animals and to protect public park property.

Club buttons and certificates will then be mailed without any charge. Why not write to-day?

Bedtime Stories Editor, The Globe, 73 Dey Street.

Map of Bronx Park route in advance of "monster meeting." (*The Globe*, September 25, 1915) and official invitation to "good little boys and girls" who were not yet Club members (*The Globe*, September 22, 1915).

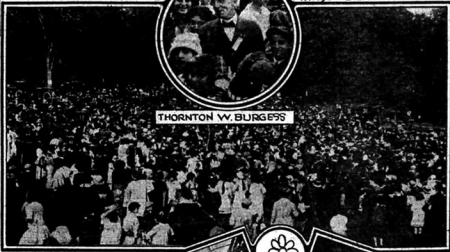
# BEDTIME-STORIES-CLUB-DOINGS



PHYLIS PEDERSEN · HENRY H. MILLEN · LOLA WEINBERG · NETTIE WILLIS · THORNTON W. BURGESS · MARJORIE LAPHAM · LEO MISHKIN · SAMUEL BLUMENTHAL · HARRIET GELLIN

Well, boys and girls, what do you think of our club now? Our member meeting is over and you agree with those who have told him that it was a magnificent success. The only thing that worried him is that there were so many little things that he missed. Remembering more time with you all. He would just love to have himself and asked to join more than he did because that was the pleasure of meeting you all together, but that of course, was impossible. You all know how busy he is, but he will try to get back to you all as soon as possible.

Now, to see how this story was made. Our members have joined our club. They have all been very busy, but they have all been very busy. Our members have joined our club. They have all been very busy, but they have all been very busy. Our members have joined our club. They have all been very busy, but they have all been very busy.



THORNTON W. BURGESS

PART OF THE BEDTIME ARMY



## Little Stories for Bedtime.

WATCH YOUR STEP!

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.



There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

There were three of them, and Peter was the smallest. Peter was a little mouse, and he was very shy. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table. He was always hiding under the table, and he was always hiding under the table.

Bedtime Stories Club page after "monster meeting." The photographs on the top row are of members of the Club advisory committee. The page also includes the daily Burgess story, the new Saturday "Our little Pets" column, and a special pet-related advertising section. See details on following page. (The Globe, October 2, 1915.)





Peter Rabbit, Alias J. H. Woodward.



Photographs from the “monster meeting” of September 30, including costumed Peter Rabbit (*The Globe*, October 1, 1915) and inset photos of Thornton W. Burgess and Ernest Thompson Seton (*The Globe*, October 2, 1915).

**COMING!**  
A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME  
"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"  
300—Big and Little Folks 300  
MATINEES DECEMBER  
ONLY 27, 29, 30 and 31

**• LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE •**

**4 GREAT BENEFIT PERFORMANCES**  
for the Sydenham and Flower Hospital

Don't miss this opportunity to see the little folks of the Green Forest in a delightful new production.

**BOOK AND LYRICS BY HORRER & TIBBE**  
**MUSIC BY TED WARD STAGED BY JACK MAHER**  
**"BOOK SET TO MUSIC BY MIRIAM TEICHNER"**

**SCALE OF PRICES**

Box Seats	..... \$3.00 and \$2.50—by Location
Orchestra	..... A to W ..... \$2.00
First Balcony	..... A to W ..... \$1.00
Second Balcony	..... A to W ..... \$1.00

to End of Row

*Peter Rabbit*  
in *Dreamland*

**A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**  
of the Green Forest and Its Little Dwellers

A Great, Big, Rollicking Musical Play of Woodland Fairyland and the Home of Old Mother Nature—(and Peter Rabbit)

OVER THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE will take part in this monster production, which is to be given under the auspices of The Bedtime Stories Club of The Globe.

New Book, Music, Scenery, Costumes With Broadway Stars and a GRAND OPERA-ORCHESTRA  
December 27th, 29th, 30th and 31st  
**Lexington Theatre**

**FOUR BIG MATINEES**  
for the benefit of the Sydenham Hospital and the Flower Hospital

Don't miss this opportunity to bring the children to see the little folks of the Green Forest. Big folks will like it, too.

Book and Lyrics By Horrer & Tibbe  
Music By Ted Ward  
Staged by Jack Maher  
Book set to music by Miriam Teichner

**SCALE OF PRICES**

Box Seats	..... \$3.00 and \$2.50—by Location
Orchestra	..... A to W ..... \$2.00
First Balcony	..... A to W ..... \$1.00
Second Balcony	..... A to W ..... \$1.00

to End of Row

Tickets Now on Sale at GIMBELS and MACY'S as well as at Both Offices of THE GLOBE.

**PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND**

**NEW BOOK. MUSIC. SCENERY. COSTUMES**

A Great, Big, Rollicking Musical Play of Woodland, Fairyland and the Home of Old Mother Nature.

**PETER RABBIT (Himself)**  
and over three hundred big and little people will take part in this monster

**CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**  
FOUR BIG MATINEES for the benefit of the Sydenham Hospital and the Flower Hospital.  
December 27th, 29th, 30th and 31st.

GIMBELS, MACY'S, HEARNER, BARNETT BROS., 11th Street and Columbus Ave.,  
S. & W. BAYMAN, 2161 Third Avenue,  
THE GLOBE, (Caption Office), 12 W. 31st St.  
THE GLOBE, (Downtown), Globe Square.

**Lexington Theatre**  
51ST STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE.

Advertisements for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." (*The Globe*, December 1, 3, 6, 1915).





# Peter Rabbit in Dreamland

**Monday! Monday! Monday!--And All the Rest of Next Week!**

The Gorgeous Christmas-Tide Extravaganza "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" Opens at the Lexington Theatre.

Monday at 2:15 P. M. the curtain goes up on the biggest, finest Christmas Show for Young and Old that New York has ever seen! Three orchestras in one start the gleeful scampering of the Little Peters--Peter Rabbit himself appears with Reddy Fox, Buster Bear, Old Man Wolf, and all his other crafty friends.

Then for nearly three solid hours of wonderful music, beautiful scenes, gorgeous costumes and funny happenings! Every minute will be a delight! Every second will be full of fun and excitement! Three hundred people appear! The great stage will be transformed into a fairyland! You simply can't afford to miss it!

**NOTED BROADWAY STARS AT EACH PERFORMANCE**

A Christmas Treat

For Young People

From 4 to 60 Years Old

Young in heart and young in years will alike delight in the gorgeous splendor of this Big Show! From start to finish it teems with action and sparkle with fun. Beautiful woodland and fairyland scenes delight the eye, while charming music mellows your enjoyment.

The singing and dancing and frisking will fill the children with glee. The costumes, the scenery, the ballet and music will enchant the grown-ups too.

It's the only really, truly Christmas show in town--the only one the children will enjoy as much as you will. Don't miss it yourself! Don't miss taking the children! Let them see dear old Peter and all the little woodland folk they know so well.

Give them the treat of a lifetime--Take them to see "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"--the finest Christmas show in town for the kiddies and You!



See This Monster Nature Play, Opera, and Musical Extravaganza All Rolled Into One!

Cast of 300--and Broadway Stars. Magnificent Orchestra of three times as many players as usual.

Novel and Beautiful Costumes, Brilliant Scene Effects, Marvelous Transformations, Rabbits, Squirrels, Bears and Foxes, Birds, and Reptiles.

**SEE**

Peter Rabbit Himself, all the little Peters--Reddy Fox--Buster Bear--Old Man Wolf--The Dream Spirit--The Good Fairy--Happy Jack Squirrel--The Wood Nymph--The Rainbows--Jolly Mr. Sun--Danny Meadow Mouse.

**SEE**

The Living Toys--The Dancing Bears--Red Riding Hood--The Spider Queen--The Candy Palace--and the Choruses and Ballets of 260 People.

Book and Lyrics by ..... H. S. TIBBS  
Staged by ..... JACK MASON  
Music by ..... TED HARD  
Book Adapted to Screen by ..... MERIAM TRICNER

**THIS ENTIRE EXTRAVAGANZA**  
Produced under the auspices of the  
Baltimore Motion Club at The  
Globe, which now has a  
membership of over  
75,000.

**SPECIAL PERFORMANCE OF  
ALICE IN WONDERLAND**  
The magnificent \$1,000,000 feature production  
of the Singapore Feature Film Co.  
Beginning and ending at Dec. 27th, 29th, 30th, 31st,  
and Jan. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th of 1916.  
Prices: 15c to 50c.

**FIVE MATINEES OF  
"PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND"**  
December 27th, 29th, 30th, 31st, Jan. 1st.  
**SPECIAL PERFORMANCE NEW YEARS  
EVE, DEC. 31ST.**  
MATINEES AT 2:30 P. M.  
NEW YEAR'S EVE PERFORMANCE AT 8:30 P. M.



**LEXINGTON THEATRE**

51st STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE

Box Office Open From 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Daily.

Tickets Also at Tyson Co.'s and McBride's

Agencies, Basconi's Biltmore Agency, Gimbels and at Macy's

**FOUR MATINEES WILL BE GIVEN  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF FLOWER AND SYDENHAM HOSPITALS**



Full page advertisement for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." (The Globe, December 24, 1915).



**This Little Girl Will Be Seen  
Posing in Christmas Pantomime**



La Verna Ballard.

**Two of the Dutch Toys and the Spider Queen  
in Peter Rabbit's Big Musical Extravaganza**



Photo by Underwood & Looney and .

**Five Child Actors in Pantomime "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."**



Photographs of cast members of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." (*The Globe*, December 3, 21, 22, 1915).

## Scene From the Peter Rabbit Musical Extravaganza.



Famous Film Stars in Peter Rabbit Play To-Day and To-Morrow, and Girl Who Dances



GRACE VALENTINE



LIONEL BARRYMORE



MARGUERITE SNOW



JULIE (SNOW) CRUZE • ELEANOR GRAHAM MILLAR

With the permission of the Metro Film Company, Miss Grace Valentine, the well-known Broadway star, will appear at "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" this afternoon; Lionel Barrymore will appear to-night, and Miss Marguerite Snow and little Miss Julie Snow will appear at to-morrow's matinee.

More photographs related to "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland." (*The Globe*, December 27, and 31, 1915). Note that some of the stars pictured "appeared" as audience members in visible box seats, not necessarily on stage.

# Ring Out the Old! Ring In the New!---with **Peter Rabbit in Dreamland**

New Year's Eve at the Lexington Theatre



Join the merry throng of Woodland Revelers in a New Year's Eve of fun and gaiety! Fling off old cares, put on new joys—drink deep with the sprites of the Wood from the Fountain of Youth. Join thoughts with the carefree elves of Fairyland in a gay godspeed to the Old Year—in a royal welcome to the New!

Celebrate with Peter Rabbit and all the little Peters—Reddy Fox—Buster Bear—Old Man Wolf—The Dream Spirit—The Good Fairy—Happy Jack Squirrel—The Wood Nymphs—The Rainbows—Jolly Mr. Sun—Danny Meadow Mouse—The Living Toys—The Dancing Bear—Red Riding Hood, and the Spider Queen.

Charm away the hours with light-hearted participation in the jolly doings of these happy folk.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is the only holiday show in town. It enters into the spirit of New Year's joy and jollification in a new and different way. It offers an evening's entertainment that is thrillingly interesting and decidedly novel.

It's unlike any other show in New York. It interests, amuses, and delights all who come to see it. Don't miss the gala performance New Year's Eve.

## The Show of All Shows For New Year's Eve

THE problem of how to best enjoy and properly celebrate New Year's Eve is solved! The question as to what show is newest, most different, and best is answered!

**"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" is in town!**

It's a Broadway production several times over. It has all the attractions of which other shows have only a few. It's a great, big Drury Lane pantomime, opera, and musical extravaganza all rolled into one.

There is music and acting; there is singing and dancing and posing. 300 people and Broadway stars take part!

It's the only show of its kind in town. It appeals to all ages and hearts—it entertains, thrills, and amuses the grown-ups—it charms and delights the young folk. There are two big acts and seven big scenes replete with action and interest.

Marvellous scenic transformation effects will surprise and delight you.

The music of an extra big orchestra conducted by J. Albert Brown will charm you.

The ballet, the costumes, the elves, and the sprites, and the animals—too many attractions to mention—make this the finest holiday show of all. It's the treat of a lifetime for the kiddies—the show of the season for you!

Remember the time, the place, and the show.

New Year's Eve at 8.20.

The Lexington Theatre.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Reserve your tickets to-day—the crowd will be great!

The crowds that swarmed to the first performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" yesterday afternoon is only a forerunner of the popularity the production is going to enjoy. Advance sales at the box office, at Tyson's, McBride's, Macy's and Gimbels predict crowded houses and great success. Get your tickets for performances to come as soon as possible at any of the agencies mentioned above.

**Tickets, 50c to \$2.00**

Entire extravaganza produced under the auspices of the Bedtime Stories Club of THE GLOBE.

See the first New York presentation of the  
Wonderful \$25,000 Film Production of  
**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**  
at the Lexington Theatre.

Six elaborate reels. A most picturesque and entertaining film version of the famous story by Lewis Carroll.  
Tuesday morning, afternoon, and evening.  
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday mornings at 10. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

15c. 25c. 50c.



## Lexington Theatre

51ST STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE.

"Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"

Matinees, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

For the Benefit of the Flower and Sydenham Hospitals

Special Gala Performances New Year's Eve  
at 8.20 o'clock, and Saturday Afternoon at 2.20

The Globe



Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle.

Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand will appear together at "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" to-morrow night. They have just come from the California studios of the Triangle-Keystone company to produce Keystone comedies here in the east. The last picture of the famous team, "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," will soon be shown here.

Advertisement for special New Year's eve performance of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" (*The Globe*, December 28, 1915) and photographs of Mabel Normand and Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, who attended the New Year's Eve performance. (*The Globe*, December 31, 1915).



# "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland"



Photos McClure  
PETER RABBIT (Horace Tibbs)  
and MRS. PETER RABBIT (Sally Hamlin)



LITTLE PETER RABBIT  
(Aida Horton)



MOTHER NATURE  
(Viola Raymond)

**A**GES ago some wisacre remarked that if a play was to be a success it must necessarily be designed to appeal at once to a multitude of people. This appeal on a whole-sale scale is undoubtedly the basis for the popularity of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland."

Everybody knows and loves Peter Rabbit. He is just as real a personality as Alice in Wonderland, Puss in Boots, or Cinderella. And everyone knows Mrs. Peter with her flock of little rabbits. There is scarcely a boy or a girl to-day who hasn't heard of that dreadful boaster and hardened plotter, Reddy Fox. Knowing all these people from hearsay, it was really great sport to see them, for it *does* make one so content to get near world-famous people.

"Peter's Adventures in Dreamland," as dramatized by H. S. Tibbs from the stories and characters of Thornton W. Burgess and Harrison Cayd, was presented to a most enthusiastic audience at The Century Theatre during Easter Week for the benefit of the Sydenham Hospital. The play opens with the Courtleigh's Christmas party and celebration in honor of the new nursery—a model of its kind. The children are delighted with their toys which suddenly come to life. The little tots go off to sleep and the Dream Spirit, radiant in a filmy purple robe, comes. Then Peter Rabbit appears and takes everyone off to Dreamland in the Drowsy Boat (children and Peter waving American flags). But even in Dreamland there are plotters, and Reddy Fox and his fellows almost succeed in their effort to make a rabbit stew of all the bunnies. Finally, when all is calm again, everybody wakes up and they live happily ever after.

Thus the plot. But it wasn't quite so simple as it sounds, for there were choruses and ballets, Candy Kids, Nymphs, Sun Girls, Sun Flowers, Daisies, Bob Whites, Baby Buntings, the Peter Rabbit Hop Chorus and the Mascot. There was even a fashion parade in which many of the exhibitors proved their unusual ability as mannequins. The biggest hit was made by the tiniest people—the sun flower chorus noticeable for their perfect rhythm and conscientious work, and the little Mascot. The Bob White Chorus was also heartily applauded.

The performance on the whole was charming. A very intelligent little girl of four who sat near me gave probably the best criticism of the play, for she said often during the performance:

"Mummie, *is it real?*" and finally, "Mummie, you tell me what *is* real and what isn't." And, of course, if a production can make that impression, it is really, truly real.

M. M.



PUCK (Sally Hamlin)



FROG  
(Hannibal Hamlin)



BOB WHITES  
(Mrs. A. J. Meister and Hilda Wierum)



THE DREAMER  
(Betty Spence)



DAISY  
(Dorothy Horwitz)

Full page spread in *Theatre Magazine* (June, 1916) reporting about an Easter Week production of "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" at the Century Theatre, New York.

# Peter Rabbit in Dreamland MUSIC

You heard it at the show! Now play it and sing it at home! Every single number is a hit! If you didn't see the show, hear this captivating music at once at one of the dealer's shops listed below.

It's the best music Broadway has heard in a long time. The melodies are beautiful and new—the rhythm swinging and catchy.

**YOU OUGHT TO HAVE ALL OF THESE!**

**"A TOY IN THE LAND OF DREAMS"**  
(Song and Waltz)

**"FASHIONETTE"**  
(Song and One-Step)

**"THE CANDY KID"**  
(Song and Two-Step)

**"PETER RABBIT HOP"**  
(Song and Fox Trot)

**"BEDTIME'S DROWSY BOAT"**  
(Song and Waltz)

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

In GUMMICK'S Music Department next Friday and Saturday afternoons, from 1:30 till 4 P. M., an "Authors' Party" will be held at which Ted Ward, who wrote the music, will be present. Lew Kemper and others who sang in the production, will sing all the Peter Rabbit music. All members of the Bedtime Stories Club and their parents are invited.



**MUSIC FOR SALE BY**

Gimbel Brothers, Broadway and 33rd St.      Lockhardt & Bolder, 36 W. 40th St.  
Charles H. Ditson & Co., 12 E. 34th St.      Lois Fox's Toy Shop, 43 E. 25th St.  
J. Fischer & Bro., 10-11 Bible House      Arata Bros., 16 Church Street  
J. G. McCrory Co., 2890 Third Avenue  
Novelty Post Card Store, 50 Church St.      Epstein & Borden, 1136 Fulton St., Bklyn.


**25 Cents Per Copy**

—Or—

Send 25c and 2c stamp to Globe Office, 73 Dey Street, and a copy will be mailed to you.

# PETER RABBIT IN DREAMLAND

EXTRAVAGANZA AND PANTOMIME IN TWO ACTS.



Book and Lyrics  
H.S.Tibbs

Music  
Ted D.Ward

Peter Rabbit Hop -- 60

A Toy in The Land of Dreams	60	Bedtime's Drowsy Boat	60
Fashionette	60	The Candy Kid	60

Staged by Jack Mason

Copyright and Music, Bed Stories of these songs and title reproduced by permission of the New York Globe and for sale by the publisher of this program.

Produced under the Auspices of the Bedtime Stories Club of the New York Globe.

Sheet music for "Peter Rabbit in Dreamland" was available the week of the production. A recording of "Peter Rabbit Hop" was released by Columbia in 1916.

# Index

## A

### Amphibians

Bullfrog, American (*Lithobates catesbeianus*)

Children and grandchildren of Grandfather Frog 134

Grandfather Frog 5, 9, 12, 42, 122, 134, 136, 144, 168, 169, 170, 250, 296, 304, 311, 389, 428, 458

Tadpoles 127

Hyla/Spring peeper (*Pseudacris crucifer*) 129, 132

Toad, American (*Anaxyrus americanus*)

Children and grandchildren of Mr. Toad 134, 136, 137

Mr. Toad 5, 12, 122, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 132, 134, 136, 137, 139, 140, 141, 144, 145, 155, 167, 221, 227, 229, 253, 254, 257, 261, 272, 275, 296, 299, 311, 330, 361, 428, 431

Treefrog, Gray (*Dryophytes versicolor*)

Sticktoes 129, 136, 275, 297, 299, 300, 301, 302, 304, 305, 306, 308, 310, 311

## B

### Birds

Blackbird, Red-Winged (*Agelaius phoeniceus*)

Mr. Redwing 127

Redwing the Blackbird 128, 132, 458

Bluebird, Eastern (*Sialia sialis*)

Winsome Bluebird 116, 128, 158, 161, 254, 271

Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*)

Bubbling Bob 254

Bobwhite, Northern (*Colinus virginianus*)

Bob White 330, 331, 332, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 343, 344, 345, 346, 348, 349, 350, 353, 354, 355, 357, 358, 361, 362, 363, 365, 366, 367, 371, 372, 374, 376, 377, 379, 380, 381, 452

Bob White's children 345, 346, 348, 349, 350, 353, 355, 356, 361, 362, 368, 370, 374, 376, 453

Injured bobwhite 368, 370, 372, 373, 376, 377, 379, 380, 381

Mrs. Bob 330, 334, 335, 336, 338, 339, 340, 343, 344, 345, 347, 348, 350, 353, 356, 361, 362, 368, 374, 376, 377, 379, 381, 453

Bunting, Snow (*Plectrophenax nivalis*)

Snowflake 456

Catbird, Gray (*Dumetella carolinensis*)

Kit the Catbird 254

Chickadee, Black-capped (*Poecile atricapillus*)

Tommy Tit 3, 11, 12, 35, 36, 38, 39, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 62, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 86,

116, 158, 161, 165, 166, 185, 253, 254, 260, 262, 293, 330, 426, 452  
 Chicken (*Gallus domesticus*) 39, 78, 80, 82, 116, 235, 236, 237, 240, 329, 380, 382  
     Henhouse rooster 236, 237, 240  
 Cowbird, Brown-headed (*Molothrus ater*)  
     Cowbird chick 269, 270  
     Sally Sly the Cowbird 268, 269, 271  
 Crow, American (*Corvus brachyrhynchos*)  
     Blacky's relatives 92, 93, 95, 98, 100  
     Blacky the Crow 9, 10, 12, 14, 17, 20, 25, 26, 27, 29, 31, 32, 35, 36, 38, 87, 89, 90,  
         91, 94, 95, 98, 99, 100, 102, 104, 108, 109, 155, 296, 385, 387, 421, 452  
 Duck, American Black (*Anas rubripes*)  
     Dusky the Black Duck 50  
 Eagle, Bald (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*)  
     King Eagle 394  
 Flycatcher, Great Crested (*Myiarchus crinitus*)  
     Cresty the Flycatcher 254  
 Goose, Canada (*Branta canadensis*)  
     Honker the Wild Goose 393, 394, 396, 397, 399, 400, 401, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408,  
         409, 410, 414, 423, 424  
 Grouse, Ruffed (*Bonasa umbellus*)  
     Mrs. Grouse 7, 11, 38, 39, 85, 86, 158, 161, 227, 253, 380, 449, 455  
 Harrier, Northern (*Circus hudsonius*)  
     Whitetail the Marsh Hawk 164  
 Hawk, Red-tailed (*Buteo jamaicensis*)  
     Mrs. Redtail 251  
     Redtail the Hawk 87, 89, 91, 94, 96, 101, 164, 185, 230, 250, 251, 257, 278, 330,  
         334, 339, 347, 349, 371, 374, 377, 381, 382  
     Redtail the Hawk's children 251  
 Hawk, Rough-legged (*Buteo lagopus*)  
     Roughleg the Hawk 38, 40, 44, 54, 421, 422, 430, 432, 456  
 Heron, Great Blue (*Ardea herodias*)  
     Longlegs the Heron 136  
 Hummingbird, Ruby-Throated (*Archilochus colubris*)  
     Mr. Hummer 263  
     Mrs. Hummer 263  
 Jay, Blue (*Cyanocitta cristata*)  
     Sammy Jay 3, 4, 9, 11, 12, 13, 20, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 34, 35, 36, 38, 39, 62, 69,  
         81, 83, 87, 89, 122, 128, 155, 156, 158, 160, 161, 163, 167, 174, 176, 178, 182,  
         185, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 210, 212, 215, 217, 254, 259, 266, 267, 269, 289,  
         293, 296, 302, 304, 305, 306, 308, 310, 321, 355, 367, 385, 387, 416, 421, 452  
 Junco, Dark-eyed (*Junco hyemalis*)  
     Slatie 456  
 Martin, Purple (*Progne subis*)  
     Twitter the Martin 254  
 Meadowlark, Eastern (*Sturnella magna*)  
     Carol the Meadow Lark 127, 128, 427



Mockingbird, Northern (*Mimus polyglottos*)  
     Mistah Mocker 254, 275  
 Nighthawk, Common (*Chordeiles minor*)  
     Boomer the Nighthawk 260, 275  
 Nuthatch, White-breasted (*Sitta carolinensis*)  
     Yank-yank the Nuthatch 452  
 Oriole, Baltimore (*Icterus galbula*)  
     Goldie the Oriole 254, 427  
 Owl, Great-Horned (*Bubo virginianus*)  
     Hooty the Owl 38, 40, 44, 48, 51, 53, 54, 91, 93, 94, 95, 98, 99, 100, 102, 103, 104,  
         120, 134, 153, 154, 193, 194, 275, 278, 288, 352, 353, 377, 407, 422, 437, 439,  
         440, 441, 442, 444, 445, 449  
     Mrs. Hooty 91, 94, 95, 98, 99, 100, 101, 103, 104  
 Owl, Snowy (*Bubo scandiacus*)  
     Whitey the Snowy Owl 47, 49, 50, 51, 53  
 Phoebe, Eastern (*Sayornis phoebe*)  
     Mrs. Pewee 268  
 Robin, American (*Turdus migratorius*)  
     Welcome Robin 116, 128, 158, 161, 254, 257, 271, 293, 303, 304, 427  
 Sparrow, Chipping (*Spizella passerina*)  
     Chippy the Sparrow 254, 260, 296  
     Mrs. Chippy 264, 268  
 Sparrow, House (*Passer domesticus*)  
     Bully the Sparrow 60, 268  
 Sparrow, Song (*Melospiza melodia*)  
     Little Friend the Song Sparrow 128, 132, 254, 302, 361  
 Swallow, Tree (*Tachycineta bicolor*)  
     Skimmer the Swallow 254  
 Thrasher, Brown (*Toxostoma rufum*)  
     Brownie the Thrasher 254, 260  
 Thrush species  
     Minstrel the Thrush 176  
 Vireo, Red-eyed (*Vireo olivaceus*)  
     Mrs. Redeye 264, 268, 269, 270  
     Redeye babies 269, 270  
     Redeye the Vireo 266, 269, 270  
 Vulture, Turkey (*Cathartes aura*)  
     Ol' Mistah Buzzard 164, 221, 278, 349, 364  
 Warbler, Yellow (*Setophaga petechia*)  
     Mrs. Tiny 262, 264, 266, 267  
     Tiny the Warbler 254, 257, 262, 264, 266, 267, 269, 271  
 Woodpecker, Downy (*Picoides pubescens*)  
     Drummer the Woodpecker 11, 35, 38, 39, 195, 196, 254, 260, 287, 293, 304, 319,  
         322, 325, 426, 452  
     Mrs. Drummer 195, 196  
 Wren, House (*Troglodytes aedon*)

Jenny Wren 103, 253, 254, 257, 271

## F

### Fish

Minnow species 134

Trout, Brook (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) 134, 178, 180

## I

### Insects

Honey Bee, Western (*Apis mellifera*) 114

Busy Bee 313, 314, 317, 318, 321, 322, 326, 327, 328

Water beetle species 136

## M

### Mammal

Bat species

Flitter the Bat 260, 271, 275

### Mammals

Badger, American (*Taxidea taxus*)

Digger the Badger 304, 306

Bear, American black (*Ursus americanus*)

Buster Bear 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 34, 35, 36, 39, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 113, 114, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 147, 165, 166, 271, 275, 313, 314, 315, 317, 318, 320, 321, 322, 325, 326, 327, 388, 394, 396, 397, 399, 400, 401, 404, 405, 408, 424, 430, 453

Beaver, American (*Castor canadensis*)

Paddy the Beaver 7, 40, 169, 392, 393, 394, 396, 397, 400, 401, 404, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 413, 415, 416, 423, 424, 436, 457

Cat, Domestic (*Felis catus*)

Black Pussy 60, 63, 64, 78, 83, 86, 148, 230, 235, 247, 249, 380

Cattle (*Bos taurus*) 123, 245

Bossy the Cow 148, 366

Chipmunk, Eastern (*Tamias striatus*)

Striped Chipmunk 12, 25, 40, 66, 67, 122, 147, 185, 247, 249, 253, 287, 306, 364, 392, 426, 428

Cottontail, New England (*Sylvilagus transitionalis*) 3

Miss Fuzzytail/Mrs. Peter Rabbit 4, 13, 16, 22, 25, 28, 34, 35, 38, 39, 139, 147, 149, 150, 255, 304, 327, 334, 335, 344, 345, 347, 349, 354, 375, 383, 384, 387, 391, 407, 416, 421, 422, 425, 432, 433, 440, 447, 450, 451

Old Jed Thumper 13, 349, 384, 387, 388, 391

Peter Rabbit 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 38, 39, 41, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 84, 85, 86, 87, 107, 108, 111, 121, 125, 127, 128, 129, 131, 134, 136, 137, 139, 140, 141, 144, 145, 147, 148, 150, 151, 153, 157, 158, 159, 160, 163, 164, 166, 168, 169, 170, 172, 173, 175, 176, 184, 185, 186,

187, 189, 191, 216, 218, 219, 221, 226, 229, 244, 250, 253, 255, 257, 258, 260, 271, 274, 275, 276, 278, 280, 281, 283, 284, 286, 287, 292, 293, 294, 295, 297, 303, 304, 305, 306, 309, 310, 311, 314, 317, 318, 320, 323, 325, 326, 327, 331, 334, 335, 336, 337, 343, 344, 345, 346, 348, 353, 354, 355, 357, 358, 367, 375, 376, 377, 382, 383, 384, 387, 390, 392, 393, 396, 398, 399, 400, 404, 405, 406, 408, 409, 411, 413, 414, 415, 416, 418, 419, 421, 422, 425, 426, 428, 430, 432, 433, 434, 436, 437, 439, 440, 441, 442, 444, 445, 447, 448, 450, 451, 458

Coyote (*Canis latrans*)

Old Man Coyote 30, 38, 40, 147, 154, 181, 182, 185, 194, 209, 275, 279, 306, 323, 332, 339, 349, 371, 374, 377, 384, 387, 388, 390, 391, 397, 406, 408, 409, 411, 413, 414, 415, 417, 418, 422, 430, 431, 437, 439

Deer, White-tailed (*Odocoileus virginianus*)

Lightfoot the Deer 277, 402, 455

Dog, Domesticated (*Canis familiaris*)

Bowser the Hound 14, 63, 64, 69, 83, 116, 148, 165, 225, 233, 234, 235, 244, 245, 288, 289, 318, 326, 328, 380, 416, 418, 419, 421, 422

Unnamed hunting dog 368, 370, 375

Fisher (*Pekania pennanti*)

Slim Jim the Fisher 394

Fox, American Red (*Vulpes vulpes fulva*)

Granny Fox 12, 13, 22, 27, 28, 32, 35, 38, 40, 49, 51, 54, 147, 154, 185, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 206, 208, 209, 210, 212, 215, 216, 219, 220, 223, 224, 225, 226, 249, 337, 339, 340, 343, 346, 349, 350, 406, 408, 409, 411, 413, 423, 430

Reddy Fox 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 32, 35, 38, 39, 40, 41, 44, 49, 54, 69, 122, 136, 147, 153, 154, 155, 159, 163, 164, 174, 185, 194, 198, 201, 202, 209, 275, 279, 296, 306, 318, 323, 327, 330, 332, 336, 337, 339, 340, 343, 346, 349, 350, 355, 371, 374, 377, 381, 382, 385, 387, 388, 390, 397, 406, 408, 409, 410, 411, 413, 414, 416, 422, 430, 431, 435, 437, 439, 455

Hare, Snowshoe (*Lepus americanus*)

Jumper the Hare 10, 11, 13, 18, 23, 32, 45, 47, 48, 49, 85, 150, 151, 160, 167, 272, 274, 275, 276, 277, 385, 387, 388, 394, 396, 400, 401, 408, 449, 453

Human, Modern (*Homo sapiens*)

Farmer Brown 60, 74, 83, 112, 113, 114, 117, 118, 119, 120, 123, 177, 225, 226, 261, 297, 318, 326, 359, 362, 364, 365, 374, 380, 381, 383, 388, 389, 390

Farmer Brown's boy 5, 57, 58, 62, 64, 65, 66, 68, 71, 72, 74, 75, 77, 80, 82, 85, 99, 100, 101, 103, 104, 108, 109, 111, 112, 113, 116, 118, 119, 120, 177, 178, 180, 182, 225, 228, 229, 230, 232, 234, 235, 236, 237, 240, 241, 242, 245, 247, 250, 252, 254, 255, 257, 258, 260, 261, 288, 289, 297, 299, 300, 317, 326, 328, 329, 330, 353, 354, 356, 357, 361, 362, 363, 364, 366, 367, 371, 372, 373, 380, 381, 382, 383, 388, 389, 390, 416, 451, 452

Farmer Jones 367, 370, 372, 374

Mrs. Farmer Brown 65, 74, 75, 83, 113, 119, 326

Unnamed hunter 368, 371, 372, 374, 376, 379, 387, 402, 404, 405

Unnamed neighbors 389

Unnamed trapper 397, 400

Lynx, Canada (*Lynx canadensis*)

- Tufty the Lynx 394
- Mink, American (*Neogale vison*)
- Billy Mink 19, 20, 23, 26, 31, 38, 42, 80, 107, 108, 122, 134, 147, 151, 153, 157, 160, 167, 168, 275, 296, 389, 457
- Mole, Eastern (*Scalopus aquaticus*)
- Miner the Mole 259
- Moose (*Alces alces*)
- Flathorns the Moose 394, 401, 404, 405, 408
- Mrs. Flathorns 402
- Mouse, White-footed (*Peromyscus leucopus*)
- Whitefoot the Wood Mouse 12, 39, 167, 185, 275, 392, 434, 439, 449
- Muskrat (*Ondatra zibethicus*)
- Jerry Muskrat 40, 41, 122, 132, 134, 136, 147, 150, 151, 154, 157, 160, 167, 168, 169, 170, 250, 275, 304, 389, 392, 407, 424, 457
- Opossum, Virginia (*Didelphis virginiana*)
- Bumpy 192, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 210, 212, 213, 215, 218, 219, 220, 223, 224, 225, 228, 230, 232, 234, 235, 242, 243, 244, 246, 247, 249, 250, 251
- Frumpy 192, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 210, 212, 213, 215, 218, 219, 220, 223, 224, 225, 228, 230, 232, 234, 235, 242, 243, 244, 250
- Grumpy 192, 194, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 210, 212, 213, 215, 217, 218, 219, 220, 223, 224, 225, 228, 230, 232, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 241, 242, 243, 244, 246, 250
- Mrs. Possum 184, 185, 186, 189, 191, 192, 194, 195, 200, 201, 202, 203, 206, 212, 216, 223, 243, 251, 453
- Possum children 184, 185, 186, 189, 191, 192
- Unc' Billy Possum 4, 7, 69, 126, 127, 129, 147, 150, 151, 154, 157, 160, 167, 183, 185, 186, 189, 190, 192, 198, 201, 202, 206, 208, 216, 217, 238, 241, 243, 244, 251, 275, 288, 296, 348, 407, 418, 419, 424, 432, 453
- Otter, North American river (*Lontra canadensis*)
- Foolish little otter 182
- Little Joe Otter 42, 85, 134, 151, 160, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172, 174, 175, 176, 178, 180, 181, 182, 275, 348, 389, 458
- Mrs. Joe Otter 169, 170, 174, 175, 176, 178, 180, 181, 182
- Otter children 173, 175, 176, 180, 181
- Porcupine, North American (*Erethizon dorsatum*)
- Prickly Porky 4, 8, 11, 13, 23, 147, 150, 151, 154, 155, 156, 160, 167, 199, 275, 394, 396, 400, 401, 408, 425, 426, 428, 430, 445, 447, 449, 450, 453
- Raccoon, Common (*Procyon lotor*)
- Bobby Coon 4, 122, 147, 150, 151, 154, 160, 167, 184, 275, 277, 288, 296, 407, 424, 428, 431, 453
- Rat, Brown (*Rattus norvegicus*) 233, 237
- Skunk, Striped (*Mephitis mephitis*)
- Jimmy Skunk 3, 5, 35, 36, 38, 69, 84, 123, 125, 127, 129, 147, 150, 151, 154, 160, 167, 184, 254, 257, 261, 271, 274, 275, 276, 277, 296, 306, 337, 341, 343, 346,

355, 396, 407, 435, 439, 449

Squirrel, American Red (*Tamiasciurus hudsonicus*)

Chatterer's mother 86, 122

Chatterer the Red Squirrel 3, 25, 38, 39, 40, 81, 150, 151, 156, 160, 185, 225, 227, 229, 230, 232, 253, 269, 285, 295, 302, 306, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 325, 355, 364, 392, 424, 452

Squirrel, Eastern Gray (*Sciurus carolinensis*)

Happy Jack Squirrel 38, 39, 40, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63, 65, 66, 67, 69, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 80, 82, 84, 85, 87, 147, 150, 151, 154, 157, 160, 225, 253, 285, 302, 306, 364, 392, 424, 427, 435, 452

Squirrel, Flying species

Timmy the Flying Squirrel 260, 277, 279, 280, 281, 283, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289

Vole, Eastern Meadow (*Microtus pennsylvanicus*)

Danny Meadow Mouse 5, 7, 39, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49, 121, 150, 151, 154, 157, 159, 160, 163, 165, 167, 174, 176, 275, 304, 306, 337, 348, 377, 387, 390, 392, 455

Midget 44

Mite 44

Nanny Meadow Mouse 44, 45, 47, 48, 49, 160, 163, 165, 308, 348, 387, 392, 455

Teeny 44

Weeny 44

Weasel species

Shadow the Weasel 45, 47, 51, 55, 56, 57, 58, 62, 64, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 78, 80, 81, 82, 85, 147, 198, 338, 352, 397, 437, 439, 440, 441, 442, 444, 445, 447, 448, 450

Wolf, Gray (*Canis lupus*)

Howler the Wolf 394

Wolverine (*Gulo gulo*)

Glutton the Wolverine 394, 396, 397, 399, 400, 408

Woodchuck (*Marmota monax*)

Johnny Chuck 3, 5, 9, 12, 13, 25, 122, 143, 147, 148, 150, 172, 174, 176, 247, 253, 258, 259, 287, 292, 293, 294, 295, 303, 304, 306, 318, 327, 348, 355, 370, 392, 426, 428, 430

Polly Chuck 147, 149, 150, 172, 303, 348

The Little Chuck who didn't mind 227

Meteorological

Brother North Wind 37, 39, 41, 45, 49, 51, 87, 392, 393, 406, 424, 425

Jack Frost 38, 39, 41, 44, 87, 364, 392, 393, 406, 424, 427, 458

Jolly Little Sunbeams 10, 74, 198, 215, 221, 247, 310, 329, 350, 416, 418, 453

Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun 3, 14, 26, 38, 60, 72, 76, 87, 105, 108, 111, 113, 119, 132, 143, 150, 151, 160, 167, 189, 193, 194, 215, 221, 254, 260, 272, 274, 275, 287, 297, 299, 302, 303, 305, 306, 308, 350, 408, 418, 421, 432, 433, 451, 453

Little Stars 407, 416

Merry Little Breezes 18, 123, 127, 132, 159, 211, 221, 250, 274, 289, 297, 304, 367, 388, 389, 391

Mistress Moon 286, 433, 445

Mistress Spring 44, 87, 90, 105, 116, 134, 430

Old Mother West Wind 123, 132, 297, 388, 389, 390

Sister South Wind 105, 108

### Mythological

Old Mother Nature 26, 38, 40, 82, 98, 132, 139, 141, 158, 172, 174, 293, 296, 305, 339, 348, 392, 430, 432, 441, 443

## P

### Plants

Alder species 128

Apple (*Malus domestica*) 172, 247, 250, 262, 263, 302, 318, 319, 325, 330, 452

Chestnut, American (*Castanea dentata*) 72

Common mullein (*Verbascum thapsus*) 44

Goldenrod species 44, 313, 314

Hemlock, Eastern (*Tsuga canadensis*) 3, 10, 28, 29, 32, 38, 84, 95, 107, 176, 410, 433, 443, 444, 453

Hickory species 151, 153, 160, 385, 421, 432

Maple species 62, 63, 71, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 83

Maple, Sugar (*Acer saccharum*) 111, 113, 114

Pine, Eastern White (*Pinus strobus*) 3, 14, 29, 30, 31, 91, 93, 105, 107, 272, 274, 275, 277, 453

Poplar species 8

Spruce species 3, 107

## R

### Reptiles

Snake, Black (*Pantherophis obsoletus*)

Mr. Blacksnake 123, 127, 198, 296, 349

Snake, Eastern Garter (*Thamnophis sirtalis*)

Mr. Garter Snake 292, 293, 294, 295

Turtle, Spotted (*Clemmys guttata*)

Spotty the Turtle 42, 250, 389, 458